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COLONIAL LESSONS OF ALASKA.

"And there's never a law of God or man runs
north of Fifty-Three."

KIPLING.

THE United States is about to enter on an experience which the London Speaker cleverly describes as "compulsory imperialism." Wisely or not, willingly or not, we have assumed duties toward alien races which can be honorably discharged only by methods foreign to our past experience. In the interests of humanity, our armies have entered the mismanaged territories of Spain. The interests of humanity demand that they should stay there, and the duties we have hastily assumed cannot be discharged within a single generation.

It is an axiom of democracy that "government must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed." This has been the fundamental tenet of our political system. But government by the people is not necessarily good government. It can never be ideally good until individual intelligence and patriotism rise to a higher level than they have yet reached in any nation whatever. It is possible that government by the people may be intolerably bad. This is the case where individual indifference and greed make effective coöperation impossible. Such a condition exists in several of the so-called republics of the New World, for whose independence our Monroe Doctrine has been solicitous in the past. Such will be the case with the Spanish colonies of to-day, if we leave them to their own devices. For the civic ideas of these peo-

ple and of their self-constituted leaders rise to no higher plane than those of the vulgar despots from whom they have so long suffered.

In such cases as these, a government, for the time at least, may "derive just powers" otherwise than from the consent of the governed. It may justify itself by being good government. This is, indeed, the justification of the excellent paternal despotism by which "Diaz holds Mexico in the hollow of his hand." It is the foundation of the imperialism of Great Britain. Wherever the flag of England floats it teaches respect for law. There is but one political lesson more important, and that lesson is respect for the individual man. To teach the one has been the mission of England; to teach the other has been the glory of the United States.

The essential function of British imperialism is to carry law and order, "the Pax Britannica," to all parts of the globe. This function has been worked out in three ways, corresponding to England's three classes of tributary districts or colonies. The first class consists of regions settled and civilized by Englishmen already imbued with the spirit of law, and capable of taking care of themselves. In our day such colonies are self-governing, and the bond of imperialism is little more than a treaty of perpetual friendship. Over the local affairs of Canada, for example, England exerts no authority, and claims none. The sovereignty of the home government rests on tradition, and

it is maintained through mutual consideration and mutual respect.

A second class of colonies consists of military posts, strategic points of war or of commerce, wrested from some weaker nation at one time or another in the militant past. In the control of these outposts "the consent of the governed" plays no part. The justification of England's rule lies in the use she makes of it. The inhabitants of Gibraltar, for instance, count no more than so many "camp followers." They remain through military suffering, and the forms of martial law suffice for all the government they need.

The third class of colonies is made up of conquered or bankrupt nations, — people whose own governmental forms were so intolerable that England's paternalism was forced to take them in hand. These countries still govern themselves in one fashion or another, but each act of their rulers is subject to the veto of the British colonial office. "Said England unto Pharaoh, 'I will make a man of you ;'" and with Pharaoh, as with other irresponsibles of the tropics, England has in some degree succeeded. But this success has been attained only through the strictest discipline of military methods; not by the method by which we have made a man of Brother Jonathan, not by the means through which republics make free citizens out of the masses of which they are constituted. England has thus become the guardian of the weak nations of the earth, the police force of the unruly, the assignee of the bankrupt. England, as Benjamin Franklin said a century and a half ago, is an island which, "compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, with scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry." Yet, by the force of arms, the force of trade, and the force of law, she has become the ruler of the earth. It is English brain and English muscle which hold the world together, and have made it an Anglo-Saxon planet. The final secret of England's

strength lies, as I have said, in her respect for law. Good government is the justification of British imperialism. If victories at sea, happy accident, the needs of humanity, "manifest destiny," or any combination of events force foreign dominion on the United States, American imperialism must have the same justification.

It is a common saying of the day that the American flag, wherever once raised, must never be hauled down. This would have the ring of higher patriotism, were another resolve coupled with it: the stars and stripes shall never bring bad government, — shall never wave over misrule, injustice, waste, or neglect. Whatever lands or people may come under our flag, they are entitled to good government, the best that we can give them. This should be better than we give ourselves, for it is not accompanied by the advantages of self-government.

Imperialism can succeed only along lines such as England has already laid down. In the hands of all other nations — except thrifty Holland — the colony has been a source of corruption and decay. It will be so with us, if we follow the prevalent methods of waste and neglect. It is not for the colonies to make us wealthy through taxation and trade. That is the outworn conception which we have forced Spain to abandon. It is for us to enrich them through enterprise and law. There are duties as well as glories inherent in dominion, and the duties are by far the more insistent.

For an object lesson illustrating methods to be avoided in the rule of our future colonies we have not far to seek. Most forms of governmental pathology are exemplified in the history of Alaska. From this history it is my purpose to draw certain lessons which may be useful in our future colonial experience.

Thirty years ago (1867) the United States purchased from Russia the vast territory of Alaska, rich in native re-

sources, furs, fish, lumber, and gold, thinly populated with half-civilized tribes from whose consent no government could "derive just powers" nor any other. In the nature of things, the region as a whole must be incapable of taking care of itself, in the ordinary sense in which states, counties, and cities in the United States look after their own affairs. The town meeting idea on which our democracy is organized could have no application in Alaska, for Alaska is not a region of homes and householders. The widely separated villages and posts have few interests in common. The settlements are scattered along a wild coast, inaccessible one to another; most of the natives are subject to an alien priesthood, the white men knowing "no law of God or man." With these elements, a civic feeling akin to the civic life in the United States can in no way be built up.

It is a common saying among Americans in the north that "they are not in Alaska for their health." They are there for the money to be made, and for that only; caring no more for the country than a fisherman cares for a discarded oyster-shell. Of the few thousand who were employed there before the mining excitement began, probably more than half returned to San Francisco in the winter. Their relation to the territory was and is commercial only, and not civil.

Alaska has an area nearly one fifth as large as the rest of the United States, and a coast line as long as all the rest. Outside the gold fields the permanent white population is practically confined to the coast, and only in two small villages, Juneau and Sitka, can homes in the American sense be said to exist. Even these towns, relatively large and near together, are two days' journey apart, with communication, as a rule, once a week.

When Alaska came into our hands, we found there a native population of about 32,000. Of these, about 12,000 —

Thlinkits, Tinnehs, Hydas, etc. — are more or less properly called Indians. Of the rest, about 18,000 — Innuits, or Eskimos, and some 2500 Aleuts — are allied rather to the Mongolian races of Asia. There were about 2000 Russian Creoles and half-breeds living with the Aleuts and Innuits, and in general constituting a ruling class among them, besides a few Americans, mostly traders and miners.

Then, as now, the natives in Alaska were gentle and childlike; some of them with a surface civilization, others living in squalid fashion in filthy sod houses. They all supported themselves mainly by hunting and fishing. Dried salt salmon, or *ukl*, was the chief article of diet, and the luxuries, which as time went on became necessities of civilization, — flour, tea, sugar, and tobacco, — were purchased by the sale of valuable furs, especially those of the sea otter and the blue fox. The Greek Church, in return for its ministrations, received, as a rule, one skin in every nine taken by the hunters. The boats of the natives outside the timbered region of southeastern Alaska were made of the skin of the gray sea lion, which had its rookeries at intervals along the coast. With the advent of Americans the sea lion became rare in southern Alaska, great numbers being wantonly shot because they were "big game;" and the natives in the Aleutian region were forced to secure sea lion skins by barter with the tribes living farther to the north. This process was facilitated by the Alaska Commercial Company, which maintained its trading-posts along the coast, exchanging for furs, walrus tusks, and native baskets the articles needed or craved by the natives.

Of all articles held by the latter for exchange, the fur of the sea otters was by far the most important. Since these animals were abundant throughout the Aleutian region thirty years ago, and the furs were valued at from \$300 to \$1000 each, their hunters became relatively wealthy, and the little Aleut villages be-

came abodes of comparative comfort. In the settlement of Belkofski, on the peninsula of Alaska, numbering 165 persons all told, I found in the Greek church a communion service of solid gold, and over the altar was a beautiful painting, — small in size, but exquisitely finished, — which had been bought in St. Petersburg for \$250. When these articles were purchased, Belkofski was a centre for the sea otter chase. With wise government, this condition of prosperity might have continued indefinitely. But we have allowed the whole herd to be wasted. The people of Belkofski can now secure nothing which the world cares to buy. As they have no means of buying, the company has closed its trading-post, after a year or two of losses and charity. The people have become dependent on the dress and food of civilization. Suffering for want of sugar, flour, tobacco, and tea, which are now necessities, and having no way of securing material for boats, they are abjectly helpless. I was told in 1897 that the people of Wosnessenski Island were starving to death, and that Belkofski, the next to starve, had sent them a relief expedition. I have no information as to conditions in 1898, but certainly starvation is imminent in all the various settlements dependent on the company's store and on the sea otter.¹ Some time ago it was reported that at Port Etches the native population was already huddled together in the single cellar of an abandoned warehouse, and that other villages to the eastward were scarcely better housed. However this may be, starvation is inevitable along the whole line of the southwestern coast. From

Prince William's Sound to Attu, a distance of nearly 1800 miles, there is not a village (except Unalaska and Unga²) where the people have any sure means of support. "Reconcentrado" between Arctic cold and San Francisco greed, these people, 1165 in number, have no outlook save extermination. For permitting them to face such a doom we have not even the excuse we have had for destroying the Indians. We want neither the land nor the property of the Aleuts. When their tribes shall have disappeared, their islands are likely to remain desolate forever.

The case of the sea otter merits further examination. The animal itself is of the size of a large dog, with long full gray fur, highly valued especially in Russia, where it was once an indispensable part of the uniform of the army officer. The sea otters wander in pairs, or sometimes in herds of from twenty to thirty, spending most of their time in the sea. They are shy and swift, and when their haunts on land are once disturbed they rarely return to them. Any foreign odor — as the smell of man, or of fire, or of smoke — is very distasteful to them. Of late years the sea otters have seldom come on shore anywhere, as the whole coast of Alaska has been made offensive to them. The single young is born in the kelp, and the mother carries it around in her arms like a babe.

In the old days the Indians killed the otters with spears. When one was discovered in the open sea, the canoes closed upon it, and the hunters made wild noises and incantations. To the Indian who actually killed it the prize was awarded ;

¹ In 1897, the trading-posts of Akutan, San-nok, Morjovi, Wosnessenski, Belkofski, Chernofski, Kashaga, Makushin, and Bjorka were abandoned by the Alaska Commercial Company, while the stores at Atka and Attu were turned over to a former agent.

² In Unga the Aleuts find work in the gold mines, at Unalaska in the lading of vessels. Very lately extensive shipyards have been established at Unalaska, and natives from the

various settlements in the Aleutian Islands, from Akutan to Attu, are temporarily employed there. It has been found necessary to build vessels destined for the Yukon River at some port in Bering Sea, as none of those constructed to the southward have survived the rough seas of the North Pacific. But this ship-building industry must be of very short duration.

the others, who assisted in "rounding up" the animal, getting nothing. In case of several wounds, the hunter whose spear was nearest the snout was regarded as the killer. This was a device of the priests to lead the Indians to strike for the head, so as not to tear the skin of the body.

Originally, the sea otter hunt was permitted to natives only. By their methods there were never enough taken seriously to check the increase of the species. The Aleut who had obtained one skin was generally satisfied for the year. If he found none after a short hunt, the "sick tum-tum" or "squaw-heart" would lead him to give up the chase.

Next appeared the "squaw-man" as a factor in the sea otter chase. The squaw-man is a white man who marries into a tribe to secure the native's privileges. These squaw-men were more persistent hunters than the natives, and they brought about the general use of rifles instead of spears. A larger quantity of skins was taken under these conditions, but the numbers of sea otters were not appreciably reduced.

The success of squaw-men in this and other enterprises aroused the envy of white men less favorably placed. A law was passed by Congress depriving native tribes of all privileges not shared by white men. This opened the sea otter hunt to all men, and thus forced the commercial companies, against their will, to enter on a general campaign of destruction.

Schooners were now equipped for the sea otter hunt, each one carrying about twenty Indian canoes, either skin canoes or wooden dugouts, with the proper crew. Arrived at the Aleutian sea otter grounds, a schooner would scatter the canoes so as to cover about sixty square miles of sea. It would then come to anchor, and its canoes would patrol the water, thus securing every sea otter within the distance covered. Then a station further on would be taken and

the work continued. In this way, in 1895, 1896, and 1897, every foot of probable sea otter ground was examined. At the end of the season of 1897 only a few hundred sea otters were left, most of them about the Sannak Islands, while a small number of wanderers were scattered along remote coasts. Of these, two were taken off Año Nuevo Island, California, and two were seen at Point Sur. One, caught alive on land, was allowed to escape, its captor not knowing its value. One was taken in 1896 on St. Paul Island, in the Pribilof, and one in 1897 on St. George.

The statistics of the sea otter catch have been carefully compiled by Captain Calvin N. Hooper, commander of the Bering Sea Patrol Fleet, a man to whom the people of Alaska owe a lasting debt of gratitude. These show that in the earliest years of American occupation upwards of 2500 skins were taken annually by canoes going out from the shore, and this without apparent diminution of the herd. Later, with the use of schooners, this number was increased, reaching a maximum of 4152 in 1885. Although the number of schooners continued to increase, the total catch fell off in 1896 to 724, these being divided among more than 40 schooners, with nearly 800 canoes. Very many of the hunters thus obtained no skins at all.

At the earnest solicitation of Captain Hooper, this wanton waste was finally checked in 1898. By an order of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, all sea otter hunting, whether by white men or by natives, was limited to the original Indian methods. In this chase, no one is now allowed "the use of any boat or vessel other than the ordinary two hatch skin-covered bidarka or the open Yakutat canoe."

This simple regulation will prevent any further waste. Had it been adopted two years ago, it would have saved \$500,000 a year to the resources of Alaska, besides perhaps the lives of a

thousand people, who must now starve unless fed by the government, — a tardy paternalism which is the first step toward extermination. The loss of self-dependence and of self-respect which government support entails is as surely destructive to the race as starvation itself.

Our courts have decided that the Aleuts are American citizens, their former nominal status under Russian law being retained after annexation by the United States. But citizenship can avail nothing unless their means of support is guarded by the government. They have no power to protect themselves. They can have no representatives in Congress. A delegate from Alaska, even if such an official existed, would represent interests wholly different from theirs. They cannot repel encroachments by force of arms, nor indeed have they any clear idea of the causes of their misery, for they have cheerfully taken part in their own undoing. In such case, the only good government possible is an enlightened paternalism. This will be expensive, for otherwise it will be merely farcical. If we are not prepared to give such government to our dependencies, we should cede them to some power that is ready to meet the demands. Nothing can be more demoralizing than the forms of democracy, when actual self-government is impossible.

In general, the waste and confusion in Alaska arise from four sources, — lack of centralization of power and authority, lack of scientific knowledge, lack of personal and public interest, and the use of offices as political patronage.

In the first place, no single person or bureau is responsible for Alaska. The Treasury Department looks after the charting and the patrol of its coasts, the care of its animal life, the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, and the control of the fishing industries. The investigation of its fisheries and marine animals is the duty of the United States Fish Commission.

The army has certain ill-defined duties, which have been worked out mainly in a futile and needless relief expedition, with an opera bouffe accompaniment of dehorned reindeer. The legal proceedings within the territory are governed by the statutes of Oregon, unless otherwise ordered. The Department of Justice has a few representatives scattered over the vast territory, whose duty it is to enforce these statutes, chiefly through the farce of jury trials. The land in general is under control of the Department of the Interior. The Bureau of Education has an agent in charge of certain schools, while the President of the United States finds his representative in his appointee, the governor of the territory. The office of governor carries large duties and small powers. There are many interests under the governor's supervision, but he can do little more than to serve as a means of communication between some of them and Washington. It is to be remembered that Alaska is a great domain in itself, and, considering means of transportation, Sitka, the capital, is much further from Attu or Point Barrow than it is from Washington.

The virtual ruler of Alaska is the Secretary of the Treasury. But in his hands, however excellent his intentions, good government is in large degree unattainable for lack of power. Important matters must await the decision of Congress. The wisest plans fail for want of force to carry them out. The right man to go on difficult errands is not at hand, or, if he is, there is no means to send him. In the division of labor which is necessary in great departments of government, the affairs of Alaska, with those of the customs service elsewhere, are assigned to one of the assistant secretaries. Of his duties Alaskan affairs form but a very small part, and this part is often assigned to one of the subordinate clerks. One of the assistant secretaries, Mr. Charles Sumner Hamlin, visited Alaska in 1894, in order to

secure a clear idea of his duties. This visit was a matter of great moment to the territory, for the knowledge thus obtained brought wisdom out of confusion, and gave promise of better management in the future.

To this division of responsibility and confusion of authority, with the consequent paralysis of effort, must be added the lack of trustworthy information at Washington. Some most admirable scientific work has been done in Alaska under the auspices of the national government, notably by the United States Coast Survey, the United States Fish Commission, and the United States Revenue Service. But for years a professional lobbyist has posed as the chief authority in Alaskan affairs. Other witnesses have been intent on personal or corporation interests, while still another class has drawn the longbow on general principles. Such testimony has tended to confuse the minds of officials, who have come to regard Alaska chiefly as a departmental bugbear.

Important as the fur seal question has become, its subject matter received no adequate scientific investigation until 1896 and 1897. Vast as are the salmon interests, such investigation on lines broad enough to yield useful results is yet to be made. The sole good work on the sea otter is that of a revenue officer whose time was fully occupied by affairs of a very different kind.

Thus it has come to pass that Alaskan interests have suffered alike from official credulity and official skepticism. Matters of real importance have been shelved, in the fear that in some way or other the great commercial companies would profit by them. At other times the word of these same corporations has been law, when the department might well have asserted its independence. The interest of these corporations is in general that of the government, because they cannot wish to destroy the basis of their own prosperity. To protect them in their

rights is to prevent their encroachments. These facts have been often obscured by the attacks of lobbyists and blackmailers. On the other hand, in minor matters the interests of the government and the companies may be in opposition, and this fact has been often obscured by prejudiced testimony.

Another source of difficulty is the lack of interest in distant affairs which have no relation to personal or partisan politics. The most vital legislation in regard to Alaska may fail of passage, because no Congressman concerns himself in it. Alaska has no vote in any convention or election, no delegate to be placated, and can give no assistance in legislative log-rolling. In a large degree, our legislation at Washington is a scramble for the division of public funds among the different congressional districts. In this Alaska has no part. She is not a district filled with eager constituents who clamor for new post-offices, custom-offices, or improved channels and harbors. She is only a colony, or rather a chain of little colonies; and a colony, to Americans as to Spaniards, has been in this case merely a means of revenue, a region to be exploited.

Finally, the demands of the spoils system have often sent unfit men to Alaska. The duties of these officials are delicate and difficult, requiring special knowledge as well as physical endurance. Considerable experience in the north, also, is necessary for success. When positions of this kind are given as rewards for partisan service, the men receiving them feel themselves underpaid. The political "war-horse," who has borne the brunt of the fray in some great convention, feels himself "shelved" if sent to the north to hunt for salmon-traps, or to look after the interests of half-civilized people, most of whom cannot speak a word of English. A few of these men have been utterly unworthy, intemperate and immoral; and occasionally one, in his stay in Alaska, earns

that "perfect right to be hung" which John Brown assigned to the "border ruffian." On the other hand, a goodly number of these political appointees, in American fashion, have made the best of circumstances, and by dint of native sense and energy have made good their lack of special training. The extension of the classified civil service has raised the grade of these as of other governmental appointments. The principles of civil service reform are in the highest degree vital in the management of colonies.

As an illustration of official ineffectiveness in Alaska, I may take the control of the salmon rivers by means of a body of "inspectors." In a joint letter to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in 1897, Captain Hooper and I used the following language:—

"At present this work is virtually ineffective for the following reasons: The appointees in general have been men who know little or nothing of the problems involved, which demand expert knowledge of salmon, their kinds and habits, the methods of fishing, and the conditions and peculiarities of Alaska. For effective work, special knowledge is requisite, as well as general intelligence and integrity. These men are largely dependent upon the courtesy of the packing companies for their knowledge of the salmon, for their knowledge of fishing methods, for all transportation and sustenance (except in southeastern Alaska), and for all assistance in enforcing the law. The inspectors cannot go from place to place at need, and so spend much of their time in enforced inaction. They have no authority to remove obstructions or to enforce the law in case of its violation. For this reason, their recommendations largely pass unheeded.

"To remedy these conditions, provision should be made for the appointment only of men of scientific or practical training, thoroughly familiar with fishes

or fishery methods, or both, and capable of finding out the truth in any matter requiring investigation. For such purposes, expert service is as necessary as it would be in bank inspection or in any similar specialized work. The department should provide suitable transportation facilities for its inspectors. It should be possible for them to visit at will any of the canneries or salmon rivers under their charge. They should be provided with means to pay for expenses of travel and sustenance, and should receive no financial courtesies from the packing companies, or be dependent upon them for assistance in carrying on their work. The inspectors should be instructed to remove and destroy all obstructions found in the rivers in violation of law. They should have large powers of action and discretion, and they should have at hand such means as is necessary to carry out their purposes."

Under present conditions, the newly appointed inspector, knowing nothing of Alaska, and still less of the salmon industry, is landed at some cannery by a revenue cutter. He becomes the guest of the superintendent of the cannery, who treats him with politeness, and meets his ignorance with ready information. All his movements are dependent upon the courtesy of the canners. He has no boat of his own, no force of assistants, no power to do anything. He cannot walk from place to place in the tall, wet rye-grass, and he cannot even cross the river without a borrowed boat. All his knowledge of the business comes from the superintendent. If he discovers infraction of law, it is because he is allowed to do so, and he receives a valid excuse for it. It is only by the consent of the law-breaker that the infraction can be punished. The law-breaker is usually courteous enough in this regard; for his own interests would be subserved by the general enforcement of reasonable laws. The most frequent

violation of law is the building of a dam across the salmon river just above the neutral tide water where the fish gather as if to play, before ascending the stream to spawn. Such a dam, if permanent, prevents any fish from running, and thus shuts off all future increase. Meanwhile, by means of nets, all the waiting fish can be captured. This is forbidden by law, which restricts the use of nets to the sea beaches. Yet dams exist to-day in almost every salmon river in Alaska; even in those of that most rigidly law-abiding of communities, New Metlakahtla, on Annette Island. The lawlessness of the few forces lawlessness on all.

All that the inspector can do in the name of the government is to order the destruction of an unlawful dam. He has no power to destroy it; and if he had, he must borrow a boat from the company and do it himself. Then, in the evening, as he sits at the dinner table, the guest of the offending superintendent, he can tell the tale of his exploits.

The general relation of the salmon interests to law deserves a moment's notice. Most of the streams of southern and southwestern Alaska are short and broad, coming down from mountain lakes, swollen in summer by melting snows. The common red salmon, which is the most abundant of the five species of Alaska, runs up the streams in thousands to spawn in the lakes in July and August. One of these rivers, the Karluk, on the island of Kadiak, is perhaps the finest salmon stream in the world, having been formerly almost solidly full of salmon in the breeding season. The conditions on Karluk River may serve as fairly typical. A few salmon are smoked or salted, but most of them are put up in one pound tins or cans, as usually seen in commerce. This work of preservation is carried on in large establishments called canneries. One of these factories was early built at Karluk, on a sand-spit at the mouth of

the river. All Alaska is government land. The cannery companies are therefore squatters, practically without claim, without rights, and without responsibilities. The seining-ground on this sand-spit of Karluk is doubtless the best fishing-ground in Alaska. The law provided that no fish should be taken on Saturday, that no dams or traps should be used, that no nets should be placed in the river, and no net set within one hundred feet of a net already placed. This last clause is the sole hold that any cannery has on the fishing-ground where it is situated. Soon other factories were opened on the beach at Karluk by other persons, and each newcomer claimed the right to use the seine along the spit. This made it necessary for the first company to run seines day and night, in order to hold the ground, keeping up the work constantly, whether the fish could be used or not. At times many fish so taken have been wasted; at other times the surplus has been shipped across to the cannery of Chignik, on the mainland. Should the nets be withdrawn for an hour, some rival would secure the fishing-ground, and the first company would be driven off, because they must not approach within a hundred feet of the outermost net. With over-fishery of this sort the product of Karluk River fell away rapidly. Some understanding was necessary. The stronger companies formed a trust, and bought out or "froze out" the lesser ones, and the canneries at Karluk fell into the hands of a single association. All but two of them were closed, that the others might have full work. Under present conditions, Alaska has more than twice as many canneries as can be operated. Some of these were perhaps built only to be sold to competitors, but others have entailed losses both on their owners and on their rivals.

Meanwhile, salmon became scarce in other rivers, and canners at a distance began to cast greedy eyes on Karluk.

In 1897 a steamer belonging to another great "trust" invaded Karluk, claiming equal legal right in its fisheries. This claim was resisted by the people in possession, — legally by covering the beach with nets, illegally by threats and interference. More than once the heights above Karluk have been fortified; for to the "north of Fifty-Three" injunctions are laid with the rifle. On the other hand, "Scar-Faced Charley" of Prince William's Sound and his reckless associates stood ready to do battle for their company. In one of the disputes, a small steamer sailed over a net, cast anchor within it, then steamed ahead, dragged the anchor, and tore the net to pieces. In another case, a large steamer anchored within the fishing-grounds. The rival company cast a net around her, and would have wrecked her on the beach. The claim for damages to the propeller from the nets brought this case into the United States courts. Fear of scandal, and consequent injury to the company's interests in the East, is doubtless the chief reason why these collisions do not lead to open warfare. The difficulty in general is not due to the lawlessness of the companies, nor to any desire to destroy the industry by which they live. Our government makes it impossible for them to be law-abiding. It grants them no rights and no protection, and exacts of them no duties. In short, it exercises toward them in adequate degree none of the normal functions of government. What should be done is plain enough. The rivers are government property, and should be leased on equitable terms to the canning companies, who should be held to these terms and at the same time protected in their rights. But Congress, which cannot attend to two things at once, is too busy with other affairs to pay attention to this. The utter ruin of the salmon industry in Alaska is therefore a matter of a short time. Fortunately, however, unlike the sea otter, the salmon cannot be exterminated, and a few years

of salmon-hatching, or even of mere neglect, will bring it up again.

Of the marine interests of Alaska, the catch of the fur seal is by far the most important, and its details are best known to the public. Whenever the fur seal question promises to lead to international dispute, the public pricks up its ears; but this interest dies away when the blood ceases to "boil" against England. The history of this industry is more creditable to the United States than that of the sea otter and the salmon, but it is not one to be proud of. When the Pribilof Islands came into our possession, in 1867, we found the fur seal industry already admirably managed. A company had leased the right to kill a certain number of superfluous males every year, under conditions which thoroughly protected the herd. This arrangement was continued by us, and is still in operation. If not the best conceivable disposition of the herd, it was the best possible at the time; and to do the best possible is all that good government demands.

We were, however, criminally slow in taking possession of the islands after their purchase from Russia. In 1868, about 250,000 skins of young males (worth perhaps \$2,000,000), the property of the government, were openly stolen by enterprising poachers from San Francisco. As only superfluous males were taken, this onslaught caused no injury to the herd. It was simply the conversion to private uses of so much public property, or just plain stealing. After 1868 the Pribilof Islands yielded a regular annual quota of 100,000 skins for twenty years, when "pelagic sealing," or the killing of females at sea, was begun, and rapidly cut down the herd. This suicidal "industry" originated in the United States; but adverse public opinion and adverse statutes finally drove it from our ports, and it was centred at Victoria, where, as this is written, it awaits its *coup de grâce* from the Quebec commission of 1898.

During the continuance of this monstrous business,¹ the breeding herd of the Pribilof Islands was reduced from about 650,000 females (in 1868-84) to 130,000 (in 1897). It is not fair to charge the partial extinction of this most important of fur-bearing animals to our bad government of Alaska, inasmuch as it was accomplished by foreign hands against our constant protest. Yet in a large sense this was our own fault, for the lack of exact and unquestioned knowledge has been our most notable weakness in dealing with Great Britain in this matter. The failure to establish as facts the ordinary details of the life of the fur seal caused the loss of our case before the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration. Guesswork, however well intended, was met by the British with impudent assertion. British diplomacy is disdainful of mere opinion, though it has a certain respect for proved fact. Moreover, it was only after a long struggle that our own people were prevented (in 1898) from doing the very things which were the basis of our just complaint against Great Britain.

The other interests of Alaska I need not discuss here in detail. The recent discovery of vast gold fields in this region has brought new problems, which Congress has made little effort to meet. If we may trust the newspapers, our colonial postal system is absurdly inadequate, and the administration of justice remains local or casual. The Klondike adventurers make their own law as they go along, with little responsibility to the central government. Lynch law may be fairly good law in a region whence criminals can escape only to starve or to freeze; but martial law is better, and the best available when the methods of the common law are out of the question.

The real criminals of Alaska have been the "wild-cat" transportation com-

panies which sprang up like mushrooms with the rush for the Klondike. There are three or four well-established companies running steamers to Alaska, well-built, well-manned, and destined to ports which really exist. But besides the legitimate business there has been a great amount of wicked fraud. A very large percentage of the Klondike adventurers know nothing of mining, nothing of Alaska, little of the sea, and little of hard-ship. These people have been gathered from all parts of the country, and sent through foggy, rock-bound channels and ferocious seas, in vessels unseaworthy and with incompetent pilots, their destination often the foot of some impossible trail leading only to death. I notice in one circular that a graded railroad bed is shown on the map, through the tremendous ice-filled gorges of Copper River, a wild stream of the mountains, in which few have found gold, and from whose awful glaciers few have returned alive. In the height of the Klondike season of 1898, scarcely a day passed without a shipwreck somewhere along the coast, — some vessel foundering on a rock of the Alaskan Archipelago or swamped in the open sea. Doubtless most of the sufferers in these calamities had no business in Alaska. Doubtless they should have known better than to risk life and equipment in ships and with men so grossly unfit. But the public in civilized lands is accustomed to trust something to government inspection. The common man has not learned how ships may be sent out to be wrecked for the insurance. In established communities good government would have checked this whole experience of fraud; but in this case no one seemed to have power or responsibility, and the affair was allowed to run its own course. The "wild-cat" lines have now mostly failed, for the extent of the Klondike traffic is

¹ Monstrous in an economic sense, because grossly and needlessly wasteful; monstrous in a moral sense, because grossly and needlessly

cruel; withal perfectly legal, because not yet condemned by any international agreement in which Great Britain has taken part.

far less than was expected, and the Alaska promoter plies his trade of obtaining money under false pretenses in some other quarter.

The control of the childlike native tribes of Alaska offers many anomalies. As citizens of the United States, living in American territory, they are entitled to the protection of its laws; yet in most parts of Alaska the natives rarely see an officer of the United States, and know nothing of our courts or procedures. In most villages the people choose their own chief, who has vaguely defined but not extensive authority. A Greek priest is furnished to them by the Established Church of Russia. He is possessed of power in spiritual matters, and such temporal authority as his own character and the turn of events may give him. The post trader, representing the Alaska Commercial Company, often a squawman of some superior intelligence, has also large powers of personal influence, which are in general wisely used. The fact that the natives are nearly always in debt to the company¹ tends to accentuate the company's authority. The control of the Greek priest varies with the character of the man. Some of the priests are devoted Christians, whose sole purpose is the good of the flock. To others, the flock exists merely to be shorn for the benefit of the Church or the priest. But there are a few whom to call brutes, if we may believe common report, would be a needless slur on the bear and the sea lion.

On the Pribilof Islands, an anomalous joint paternalism under the direction of the United States government and the lessee companies has existed since 1868.

¹ The credit system has been almost wholly abandoned recently, as the future of the sea otter leaves no hope of payment of debts.

² For example, some ten or twelve years ago N. K. was fined fifty dollars by the government agent in charge of the Pribilof Islands, for "disturbance of the peace." His fault was a too vehement remonstrance against the violation of his young wife by American scoundrels

The lessees furnish houses, coal, physician, and teacher, besides caring for the widows and orphans. The government agent has oversight and control of all operations on the islands, and is the official superior of the natives, having full power in all matters of government. This arrangement is not ideal, and is in part a result of early accident. It has worked fairly in practice, however, and the natives of these islands are relatively prosperous and intelligent. The chief danger has been in the direction of pampering. With insurance against all accidents of life, there is little incentive to thrift. Outside of the seal-killing season (June and July) the people become insufferably lazy. There are records of occasional abuses of power in the past,²—abuses of a kind to be prevented only by the sending of men of honor as agents. In general, self-interest leads the commercial companies to send only sober and decent men to look after their affairs; and the government cannot afford to do less, even for Alaska. Of this the appointing power at Washington seems to have a growing appreciation.

Among the irregular methods of government in Alaska we must mention one of the most remarkable experiments in the civilization of wild tribes yet attempted anywhere in the world. I refer to the work of William Duncan, the pastor and director of a colony of Simsimian Indians at New Metlakahla. I can only mention Duncan's work in passing, but his methods and results deserve careful study,—far more than they have yet received. The single will of this strong man has, in thirty years, converted a band of cannibals into a sober, law-

temporarily employed on the island. The case was a most flagrant one, but the weak-minded agent felt unable to cope with it. With the plea that "boys will be boys" he excused the culprits, visiting the punishment on the injured husband. The ill feeling resulting from this action is still a source of embarrassment on St. Paul Island.

abiding, industrious community, living in good houses, conducting a large salmon cannery, navigating a steamer built by their own hands, and in general proving competent to take care of themselves in civilized life.

One of the least fortunate acts of the United States Congress in regard to Alaska has been the enactment of a most rigid prohibitory law as to alcoholic liquors. This is an iron-clad statute forbidding the importation, sale, or manufacture of intoxicants of any sort in Alaska. The primary reason for this act is the desire to protect the Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos from a vice to which they are excessively prone, and which soon ruins them. But a virtuous statute may be the worst kind of law, as was noted long ago by Confucius. This statute has not checked the flow of liquor in Alaska, while it has done more than any other influence to subvert the respect for law. Usually, men who "are not in Alaska for their health" are hard drinkers, and liquor they will have. It is shipped to Alaska as "Florida water," "Jamaica ginger," "bay rum." Demijohns are placed in flour barrels, in sugar barrels, in any package which will contain them.¹ With all this there is a vast amount of outright smuggling, which the Treasury Department tries in vain to check. All southeastern Alaska is one vast harbor, with thousands of densely wooded islands, mostly uninhabited. Cargoes of liquors can be safely hidden almost anywhere,

to be removed piece by piece in small boats. Many such cargoes have been seized and destroyed; but the risk of capture merely serves to raise the price of liquor. Once on shore the liquor is safe enough. Upwards of seventy saloons are running openly in Juneau, and perhaps forty in Sitka. There are dives and groggeries wherever a demand exists. Most of the tippling-houses are the lowest of their kind, because, as they are outlaws to begin with, the ordinary restraints of law and order have no effect on them.

In 1878, it is said, a schooner loaded with "Florida water" came to the island of St. Lawrence, in Bering Sea, and the people exchanged all their valuables for drink. The result was that in the winter following the great majority died of drunkenness and starvation, and in certain villages not a person was left. Sometimes the stock in trade of whiskey smugglers is seized by the Treasury officials. But high prices serve as a sort of insurance against capture, and there are ways of securing a tip in advance when raids are likely to occur. This traffic demoralizes all in any way connected with it. But one conviction for illegal sale of liquors has ever been obtained in Alaska, so far as I know; and it was understood that this was a test case for the purpose of determining the constitutionality of the law.² A jury trial in any case means an acquittal, for every jury is made up of law-breakers, or of men in sympathy with the law-breaking.

¹ It is said that when the Umatilla foundered off Port Townsend, August, 1896, those who took away her cargo found in each of the sugar barrels consigned to Alaska only a demijohn of whiskey, the sea having dissolved the sugar.

² The appeal of this case (*Endleman et al. vs. the United States*) has proved a matter of the greatest importance in relation to the government of American colonies. It was contended (according to the *New York Evening Post*) "that the law on which the prosecution was based was unconstitutional, because the government of the United States can exercise only those specific powers conferred upon it by the

Constitution; that the Constitution guarantees to the citizen the right to own, hold, and acquire property, and makes no distinction as to the character of the property; that intoxicating liquors are property, and are subject to exchange, barter, and traffic, like any other commodity in which a right of property exists; that inasmuch as the power to regulate commerce was committed to Congress to relieve it from all restrictions, Congress cannot itself impose restrictions upon commerce by prohibiting the sale of a particular commodity; and that if Congress has the power to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors within the territories

This fact vitiates all other criminal procedure in Alaska. It should secure the entire abolition of jury trials and other forms of procedure adapted only to a compact civilization.¹

Whatever laws are made for the control of the liquor traffic in Alaska should be capable of enforcement. They should be supported, if need be, with the full force of the United States. To impose upon a colony laws with which the people have no sympathy, and then to leave these people to punish infraction for themselves, is to invite anarchy and to turn all law into a farce.

Whiskey is the greatest curse of the people of Alaska, — American, Russian, and native. I have not a word to say in favor of its use, yet I am convinced that unrestricted traffic, that any condition of things, would be better than the present law, with its failure in enforcement. The total absence of any law would not make matters much worse than they are. In fact, law would hardly be missed. In any case, Alaska gets along fairly well, — much better than any tropical region would under like conditions.

as a police regulation, it can only enact laws applicable to all the territories alike.”

Judge W. W. Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for California, declaring the decision of the court upon these claims, said: —

“The answer to these and other like objections urged in the brief of counsel for the defendant is found in the now well-established doctrine that the territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law, but are the creation exclusively of the legislative department, and subject to its supervision and control. The United States, having rightfully acquired the territories, and being the only government which can impose laws upon them, have the entire domain and sovereignty, national and municipal, federal and state. Under this full and comprehensive authority, Congress has unquestionably the power to exclude intoxicating liquors from any or all of its territories, or limit their sale under such regulations as it may prescribe.

Cold disinfects in more ways than one, and Alaska gets the benefit of it.

We cannot throw blame on the officials at Washington. They do the best they can under the circumstances. The dishonest men at the capital are not many, and most of them the people elect to send there. The minor officials in general are conscientious and painstaking, making the best possible of conditions not of their choosing. The primary difficulty is neglect. We try to throw the burden of self-government on people so situated that self-government is impossible. We impose on them statutes unfitted to their conditions, and then leave to them the enforcement. Above all, what is everybody's business is nobody's, and what happens in Alaska is generally nobody's business. No concentration of power, no adequate legislation, no sufficient appropriation, — on these forms of neglect our failure chiefly rests.

If we have colonies, even one colony, there must be some sort of a colonial bureau, some concentrated power which shall have exact knowledge of its people,

It may legislate in accordance with the special needs of each locality, and vary its regulations to meet the circumstances of the people. Whether the subject elsewhere would be a matter of local police regulations or within the state control under some other power, it is immaterial to consider; in a territory, all the functions of government are within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, and may be exercised through a local government or directly by such legislation as we have now under consideration.”

In other words, the colonies are under the absolute control of Congress, subject to no restrictions of any sort, and free from the operation of any form of constitutional checks and balances. Only through such freedom is colonial government under the United States possible.

¹ These facts were stated in detail a few years ago by a special agent of the United States Treasury. As a result, this truthful witness was indicted by the grand jury at Sitka for slander, — a futile act, but one which was the source of much annoyance.

its needs, and its resources. The people must be protected, their needs met, and their resources husbanded. This fact is well understood by the authorities of Canada. While practically no government exists in the gold fields of Alaska, Canada has chosen for the Klondike within her borders a competent man, thoroughly familiar with the region and its needs, and has granted him full power of action. The dispatches say that Governor Ogilvie has entire charge through his appointees of the departments of timber, land, justice, royalties, and finances. "The federal government believes that one thoroughly reliable, tried, and trusted representative of British laws and justice, and of Dominion federal power, can better guide the destinies of this new country than a number of petty untried officials with limited powers, and Ogilvie thinks so himself."¹

Under the present conditions, when the sea otters are destroyed, the fur seal herd exterminated, the native tribes starved to death, the salmon rivers depopulated, the timber cut, and the placer gold fields worked out, Alaska is to be thrown away like a sucked orange. There is no other possible end, if we continue as we have begun. We are "not in Alaska for our health," and when we can no longer exploit it we may as well abandon it.

But it may be argued that it will be a very costly thing to foster all Alaska's widely separated resources, and to give good government to every one of her scattered villages and posts. Furthermore, all this outlay is repaid only by the enrichment of private corporations,² which, with the exception of the fur seal

lessees, pay no tribute to the government.

Doubtless this is true. Government is a costly thing, and its benefits are unequally distributed. But the cost would be less if we should treat other resources as we have treated the fur seal. To lease the salmon rivers and to protect the lessees in their rights would be to insure a steady and large income to the government, with greater profit to the salmon canneries than comes with the present confusion and industrial war.

But admitting all this, we should count the cost before accepting "colonies." It is too late to do so when they once have been annexed. If we cannot afford to watch them, to care for them, to give them paternal rule when no other is possible, we do wrong to hoist our flag over them. Government by the people is the ideal to be reached in all our possessions, but there are races of men now living under our flag as yet incapable of receiving the town meeting idea. A race of children must be treated as children, a race of brigands as brigands, and whatever authority controls either must have behind it the force of arms.

Alaska has made individuals rich, though the government has yet to get its money back. But whether colonies pay or not, it is essential to the integrity of the United States itself that our control over them should not be a source of corruption and waste. It may be that the final loss of her colonies, mismanaged for two centuries, will mark the civil and moral awakening of Spain. Let us hope that the same event will not mark a civil and moral lapse in the nation which receives Spain's bankrupt assets.

David Starr Jordan.

¹ San Francisco Chronicle, August 15, 1898.

² The interests of Alaska, outside of mining, are now largely in the hands of four great companies, — the Alaska Commercial Company,

the North American Commercial Company, the Alaska Packers' Association, and the Pacific Steamer Whaling Company.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

ONE of the chief services of education is to show us our position in the line of historical development, to make us aware of what has been done, and to give a true point of departure. The educated man avoids waste of time and strength in repetition of work already done; he accepts the race experience as a background for his own life, and continues the story of spiritual unfolding from the point where his predecessors left off. There are new points of departure in the history of the race, but there is no new beginning. History opens fresh chapters from time to time; there has been but one introductory chapter. The race goes on telling the marvelous story of its life, with additions and elaborations, and the introduction of new characters, and the shifting of the narrative to new places; but the modern effect still appears related to the ancient cause, and he who listens attentively is constantly aware of the play of forces as old as man, and of the influence of actors who passed off the stage thousands of years ago. There is never any real break with the past, although there are at times abrupt changes of direction. That past, which survives in vital rather than in formal conditions, constantly reasserts itself; and the race can no more break away from it than a man can cut himself loose from what he has been. This spiritual continuity of race history makes real progression possible, and contains both the promise and the potency of spiritual evolution.

Some of the men who settled this continent probably felt that they were beginning all things new, although we must beware of reading into their consciousness the somewhat rhetorical interpretations of our later enthusiasm for their courage and political sagacity. As a matter of fact, they concerned themselves very little with abstract statements or general

conceptions of their various motives and enterprises; they were absorbed in the work in hand, which was of a peculiarly pressing character. There was, it is hardly necessary to remind ourselves, no general plan for the settlement of the continent; in fact, there was no thought of a continent. The successive groups of colonists established themselves at points along the coast by the accident of sighting land at those points, or for local reasons. There was not only no concert of action; there were suspicion, rivalry, and in many cases animosity between the settlements. Differences of race, religion, politics, and standards of life made the settlers distrustful of one another. These differences were brought from Europe, and the early history of the continent is mainly an expansion of European history. The picturesque struggle which dramatically culminated in the fall of Montcalm and Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham was an incident in the long trial of strength between England and France; and the debate which passed from stage to stage, until the war for independence was seen to be the only final solution, was the extension to the colonies of the radical discussion which was to modify the form of the English government. The colonists found a New World awaiting them, but they brought the Old World with them; and the history of America has been a continuation of the story of that older world. So far below the surface are the deeper currents of racial interaction that it is probably no exaggeration to say that the struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard, begun by Drake, was ended by Sampson.

All attempts to break this historical continuity, to sever the present from the past, are not only futile, but would be spiritually disastrous if they could be

successfully carried out. To discard the teachings of the past is even more dangerous than to imitate them slavishly; to set up for ourselves in the difficult business of life, as if we were the first-comers in the field and could frame the laws of trade to suit our convenience, would be to invite a failure which would be not only complete, but ridiculous. The race is greater than any community or individual, and it is the part of wisdom to take it into partnership in all our undertakings. We moderns have our own duties, responsibilities, rights, and work; we have fresh fields to conquer and new tools to work with. But the ancients were our forbears; we are blood of their blood, and bone of their bone. They survive in us in instinct, temperament, and character; we have entered into the fruit of their labors; they did a large part of the work of life for us in the slow and painful making of that invisible home for the race which we call civilization. We may break with the traditions of the past, but we cannot escape from its vital influence; we may discard the teachings of our fathers, but we can never get away from them until we can get away from ourselves. The hope of the world is in this unbroken continuity of human experience and effort.

Men in great masses act from instinct rather than from intelligence; and the early colonists on this continent, however radical in religious or political conviction, kept in close touch with the spiritual life of the race, even while they endeavored with passionate earnestness to break with some of its traditions. No section of the new country and no group of settlers was long content with the hewing of wood and the drawing of water. There was work of the most rudimentary kind to be done, and it was done in many cases with consuming energy; but the Atlantic, which then presented such serious obstacles to intercourse, was not broad enough to sever the men in the New World from the men in the Old.

The hands of the early colonists were set to pressing tasks; they were clearing wild land, fighting wild men, building homes and churches and blockhouses; but their minds were dealing with the old questions, and their spiritual fellowship with the world behind them was never broken. The schools, the universities, the literature, philosophy, and science of Europe had left their impress on many of these pioneers, planters and builders; and the tradition of culture, the unbroken spiritual life of the race, was not suffered to fall into abeyance. The tools of the mind were brought over with the tools of the hand; there were small collections of books in many well-to-do homes in every colony. The Puritan had his scholarly traditions; Emmanuel College was one of the formative influences in the making of the new nation. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the rivulets of knowledge which found their way from Cambridge University to this virgin continent, and contributed largely to its fertilization. The continuity of the essential life of men, behind all changes of condition and environment, was never more strikingly shown than in the reappearance in new institutions, on new soil, in a remote quarter of the globe, of the ideals and spirit of schools imbedded in ancient tradition and already venerable with years. There was a wide difference of external aspect between the plain, unadorned buildings in which the earliest American colleges began their work, and those ivy-clad walls and lovely gardens beside the Cam or on the Isis; but there was no break in the continuity of interest and work which the ripe old university and the crude young college were set to conserve and accomplish. The time-honored course of study, in its transference from the Old to the New World, suffered no serious change. In the homes of the well-to-do colonists, the great textbooks, which many generations had already thumbed

and conned and learned by heart, were read with the zest of men whose minds were often forced to postpone their claims until a more convenient season. The older classics found places and times in those homes. Theological works were read with avidity, but the love of literature for its own sake never died out. The seeds of the first important movement in American literature were planted in those early days of hardship and arduous toil.

Harvard College had its modest beginning in 1636, and Yale followed it sixty-four years later; both institutions not only fostering and aiding the struggling intellectual life of the young communities, but appearing because the time was ripe in the needs and demands of these communities. As soon as the colonies could gain time from the necessities of their physical work, they began building for the spirit as ardently as they had already built for the body.

In New York the Dutch influence was soon blended with the English influence, but, in spite of great commercial opportunities, it was not devoid of intellectual quality. Kings College, which has grown into Columbia University, and became one of the most promising and progressive of the higher schools of the country, was founded in 1754. Nassau Hall, now expanded to the large dimensions of Princeton University, dates back to 1746. The University of Pennsylvania was organized as a university in 1779. Virginia brought from the Old World an intellectual tradition which differed from that which was fostered in New England chiefly in its indifference to theological issues and its leaning toward belles-lettres. In those fine old houses on the James, which registered the high water mark of social development in the New World, were to be found small collections of the best literature in at least four languages. The library of Mr. Byrd, of Westover, contained six hundred and fifty volumes of

classics. The best class of Virginians were bred, later, in the school of Addison, Pope, Steele, and Johnson. They were attracted by the elegance of style, the urbanity of manner, the social quality, of the writers of the Queen Anne period and their immediate successors. The New Englander put the emphasis on the intellectual quality of literature, its content of thought; the Virginian, on its form, atmosphere, polish. The New Englander, for instance, would have cared for Lucretius; the Virginian, for Horace. The New Englander would have been drawn to Aristotle by the closeness of his intellectual processes; the Virginian would have drifted to Plato under the attraction of the rich and varied social life in the atmosphere of which the Dialogues are steeped.

Those who have grown up under the influence of New England education and of the New England writers have failed, as a rule, to understand and appreciate the culture which was shared by the best people of Virginia, and the depth and vital power of which are suggested by the fact that of the five chief makers of the nation four were Virginians. That culture found its expression in statesmanship rather than in literature, and it is owing to the inadequate and somewhat sectional idea of culture which once prevailed that its quality and extent were so long overlooked. In any true history of the spiritual life of the nation Virginia must always have its place beside New England. The two sections were not only the chief factors in the shaping of affairs in the colonies, the direction of the Revolutionary movement, and the organization of the government; they were also original sources of intellectual influences which supplemented each other in a very unusual fashion. If the intellectual quality which Virginia gave to public life in the early days of the government had been sustained at the level which it reached in Madison, Jefferson, and Mar-

shall, we should have furnished an example of the highest intellect dealing with public affairs which society has seen since the days of Pericles.

The University of Virginia was opened for students in 1825. Kings and bishops have often laid the foundations of great schools, but that magnificent service to humanity has rarely come in the way of a statesman. It was Wolsey the ecclesiastic, rather than Wolsey the minister of state, who founded Christ Church. Jefferson was as far as possible removed from the ecclesiastical tradition. He was a man of affairs, with a distinct philosophical bent of mind; a politician by instinct and in method, a statesman in temper and aim. For abstract education he had small sympathy; for culture as a mere refinement of the processes of mind he had no respect. His conception of education had a touch of antique breadth and vitality; it was, in his view, the occupation of the scholar and the privilege of the gentleman, but it was also the duty of the citizen. Its fruits were not to be ripened in studious seclusion; they were to be borne in the tumult of public affairs. Culture was to find expression in politics no less than in literature and the arts. He defined the purposes of the higher education in this fashion:—

“(1.) To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend. (2.) To expound the principles and structures of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which, banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another. (3.) To harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well-informed views of political economy to give a free scope to the public industry. (4.) To develop

the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil into them the principles of virtue and order. (5.) To enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences, which advance the arts, and administer to the health, the subsistence, and comforts of human life. (6.) And generally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others, and of happiness within themselves.”

Here was an ideal of culture essentially different from that which New England shaped with such definiteness, and, later, illustrated with such beauty, and set forth with such persuasiveness,—an ideal which took less account of spiritual relations, and concerned itself more with the harmonizing of existing conditions with high aims and ultimate principles. These two ideals have so far dominated our civilization; neither of them has been realized, but both have been immensely influential. It is impossible to say which has been the more important; the higher interests of the country would have suffered irreparably if either had been lost. When a national ideal finally takes shape on this continent, it will be born of the fusion of these different ideals; which are, in reality, attempts to realize in consciousness the relations of men to two great aspects of experience.

In the endeavor to give reality to Jefferson's ideal of education, rooted in public interests and duties, as contrasted with education for the advancement of knowledge pure and simple, the University of Virginia instinctively took a long step in advance in assuming greater moral maturity in its students; aiming to train men of affairs in their social relations, it took for granted a certain preliminary moral as well as intellectual preparation. It based its discipline on the sense of honor in its students, and prepared men for self-government by permitting them to govern themselves; it went a step beyond,

in harmony with its ideal, and gave its students wide latitude in the choice of lines of study; and it took the further and final step, inevitable alike in the working out of its system and in the impulse received from its founder, and planted itself on the basis of absolute religious liberty. Here, then, was a singularly coherent and consistent expression, along educational lines, of the ideal of life which silently formed itself in the mind of the Virginia community: an ideal essentially social, as the ideal of New England was essentially individual; an ideal secular and practical, as the New England ideal was religious and ethical; an ideal which involved the training of communities, as that of New England involved the training of persons. When the spiritual history of the continent is written, five hundred years hence, the University of Virginia will be given a much larger place in the making of the American community than has yet been set aside for her.

The richness of the colonies in types of character, temper, and training is brought out very strikingly as one follows the coast line from Boston to New Orleans. In those early times, New York was already a town of cosmopolitan interests and habits, speaking eighteen languages before the Revolution. Philadelphia was combining a certain quietism of spirit with charm of manner and sagacity in dealing with practical affairs. In Charleston there was as distinct a background of religious conviction as in Boston, but it was less radical in its individualism, and it was speedily modified by social and economic conditions. The Huguenots brought into the new country not only religious convictions as deep as those of the Puritan colonists, but also a large infusion of the best blood of France. Many of their children were educated in Europe, and society had the interest and charm of an intimate contact with the Old World.

The community at New Orleans ap-

proached life from another side, and produced a type of character with a distinct touch of the Latin passion for intimacy of relationship in meeting the experiences and developing the resources of life. In this semi-tropical city, which has not lost its traditional charm of manner, nor that hospitality which adopts rather than simply includes and entertains, one finds individualism, which is so prominent in New England, entirely absorbed in the social ideal: the ideal which makes the family and the community the units; which continually checks the tendency to self-assertion by insistence upon the superior authority of the family and the community; which brings individual opinion to the bar of general opinion; and which develops the common life of the community by drawing into it all that is best in personal life. Types are thrown into striking relief by their abnormal illustration in individuals. In New England, where the emphasis of nearly three centuries has been on individuality, the abnormal characters are distinctly anti-social; they take refuge in solitude, in isolation from society, in the extravagant assertion of their opinions, convictions, and purposes. They are the victims of a will which has become tyrannical and irrational. Many of Miss Wilkins's studies of the New England degenerate convey an impression of the helplessness of men and women in whom the will acts arbitrarily, and is no longer coördinated with the reason. These extreme illustrations of individualism are the inevitable results, upon certain classes of minds, of centuries of emphasis on the sovereignty of the individual conscience. In the South, on the other hand, the abnormal types show an excessive development of the social instinct. They do not hide themselves in solitary houses or live like hermits; they frequent the taverns, are found at the country stores, and seem to seek rather than shun companionship. The habit of living together is so deep-

seated that it acts automatically when the mind loses its balance.

This habit of acting together in all the affairs of life bears its fruit in New Orleans in a grace, ease, and freedom of human intercourse which owes something, it must be confessed, to French influence. The social ideal, which dominates every kind of organization and every form of art in France, is modified in the fascinating city, with its reminiscence of Spain in the architecture of the older quarters, its atmosphere of human intimacy in the presence of the Latin temperament, and the commercial energy which has its roots in the American character.

The art of human intercourse, like other arts of the deepest charm, is not distinctively intellectual in its origin and its expression; and its significance as an expression or product of culture has been greatly undervalued in this country. The urbanity, tact, delicate subordination of self to the ease and comfort of others; the sensitiveness which discerns and shares other moods and minds without formal approach; that nice harmonizing of divergent tempers, dispositions, and aims which is effected only in a highly civilized society for the purpose of making common stock of individual knowledge, experience, and charm. — these things are understood in New Orleans, and are utilized perhaps with more effect than in any other city in the country. To the ideal of individual development in New England, and to that of community development in Virginia, New Orleans adds an ideal of social development which could not be lost without losing one of those graces of living which are invaluable not only for the pleasure they give, but also for the refinement of spirit which they constantly reveal. This is the distinctive contribution of New Orleans, and the communities it represents, to American civilization.

In so large a country, with such long distances between the centres of industry and intelligence, a certain develop-

ment of provincialism was inevitable; for lack of contact involves lack of knowledge, and lack of knowledge is the prolific mother of that form of unabashed and unconscious ignorance which we call provincialism. Before the Revolution, the colonies were distrustful and jealous of one another, because they were in contact at so few points. After the Revolution, the states, into which the original colonies were divided and subdivided, looked askance at one another; and the misconceptions of spirit, aim, and relative strength which grew out of that soil bore fruit in the tragedy of the civil war. This failure to perceive the deeper drift of affairs, to discern the partial character of sectional ideals, and to recognize the necessity of harmonizing the national types did not end with the tremendous shock of two diverse conceptions of the national idea thirty-five years ago. It has continued to show itself in the blindness or indifference of the older communities to the spiritual development of the newer sections of the country; and this latest provincialism is shown in the assumption, not uncommon in some parts of the East, that while material progress has been phenomenal in the Mississippi Valley and the Far West, spiritual progress has not kept pace with it.

The chief difference between the older and the newer sections of the country in the matter of culture is a difference of time; or, in other words, of opportunity. The history of the country has been so far a history of colonization; the wave of human restlessness and energy which rolled over the seaboard in the seventeenth century has moved across the continent, and the successive communities which sprung up in its track have reproduced, with certain inevitable modifications, the stages through which the older communities passed. Virginia saw her history repeated in Kentucky, and New England read her story again in Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas; and for a generation the old East and that West which

was its first-born have been able, if they have had insight, to discern the working out of their own destiny in the further West. There have been interruptions, but there has been no break in the historical process; new influences have made their appearance and novel conditions have bred strange types, but at bottom the historical movement has been continuous and consistent. The West has passed stage by stage through the experience of the East. It has had to create the physical conditions of life, but it has never been content with them; it has no sooner laid the material foundations of the state than it has proceeded to lay its spiritual foundations. It has not waited to get the rough work done before taking up the higher work.

It has founded colleges with too liberal a hand, and the word "university" has come to mean, in some sections of the West, any school above the primary grade. That the university ideal has been temporarily cheapened by this reckless and misleading use of the word "university" is beyond question. But, apart from what appears to be the natural tendency of new countries to exaggerate the rank and importance of undertakings still in the rudimentary stages, the instinct which prompted the founding of such a large number of colleges is identical with that which early began the work of organizing the higher education on the seaboard. Many of these colleges have not only rendered an immediate service of the highest importance to the growing communities in which they were placed, but have maintained a high level of teaching and scholarship. The University of Michigan has long been recognized as one of the centres of higher education in the country, — a university in spirit and standards as well as in name. Rarely has the practical value of generous dealing with the educational question been more significantly illustrated than in the history of Michigan, a state which has gained in public

regard and in general reputation through the high standing and widespread fame of its university. Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska have shown a similar breadth of view in building up and supporting state universities, which are repaying the community an hundredfold every dollar appropriated to their use. The group of institutions represented by the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Miami University, Beloit, Kenyon, Marietta, Knox, and Iowa colleges have borne the fruit of personal sacrifice and unselfish love of knowledge. Often limited in income, and working during their earlier years at least, with very inadequate educational apparatus, they have never lacked the generous service of men and women of noble character and of genuine culture, and they have contributed to the active scholarship of the country some of the most productive and thoroughly trained men in many departments.

The University of Chicago is too recent a foundation, and has been too widely discussed, to need extended comment. It is easy to point out the mistakes in the rapid development of an institution of such magnitude as the new university on the shore of Lake Michigan, and it is quite certain that some of the fruits of the higher culture cannot be plucked until time has ripened them; but those who attempt to minimize the work of this vigorous institution, because it has not yet completed its first decade, lay themselves open to the charge of a serious lack of true vision. A young university cannot wholly escape the crudity which is the healthful characteristic of youth, because it is the necessary accompaniment of all growth; but it is the very essence of provincialism to be blind to vitality, energy, and power, because the use of these great forces is not ideally mastered at the start. No one who has spent any time in the atmosphere of the University of Chicago; has taken account of the opportunities it offers; has

become aware of its invigorating influence on the colleges of the West, and of the stimulus which it is giving the teachers of the South and West; and has recognized the far-seeing sagacity with which it is steadily organizing educational forces, can question the reality of the intellectual impulse which it expresses on such a great scale, or the important place which it is to occupy in the educational history of the country. It holds a strategical point in the development of the higher civilization, and it is to be one of the leaders in its spiritual unfolding.

That a distinct type of academic life will be developed at the University of Chicago, which will reflect and define the characteristics and aims of the Central West, is highly probable. But it takes time to harmonize temperament and character, and to give them definiteness and firmness of outline; and time is an element for which the most generously endowed institution must wait with such patience as it can command. That type, when it appears, will present unmistakable differences from the types already formed in New England, the Middle States, and the South. It will, sooner or later, care as much for thoroughness; for the appreciation of the fundamental quality of genuine scholarship and of the intellectual life is only a matter of time, in a community so energetic, so sensitive to criticism, and so eager to lay hold of the best in life. It will care for thoroughness, but it is likely to care still more for vitality. The peculiar dryness of mind which once infected universities, as certain fevers infect hospitals, has of late years almost disappeared, in the presence of intellectual and social forces which have stimulated into active coöperation or equally energetic antagonism the great majority of the most cultivated men and women; but the detachment from affairs, which always endangers the freshness of feeling and the sense of partnership with one's people

and one's age among scholars, is not likely, for a long time to come, to affect the Western universities.

The student and scholar in the West is likely to be not only energetic, but aggressively hopeful and ardently patriotic. He may not always disclose perfect balance of intelligence and feeling; he may sometimes err on the side of optimistic confidence in the value of what he is doing and what his community is doing. But fortunate is the country in which scholars share those deep and vital impulses which keep races productive and masterful. In their greatest moments, progressive races are likely to have a touch of audacity in their temper and a touch of arrogance in their manners. This was true of the Greeks of the age of Pericles, of the Romans of the time of the Republic, of the Italians of the Renaissance, and of the English of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." A superabundance of life invariably finds escape in a fuller and more assured note of self-confidence; in an unquestioning faith that life is not only worth living, but worth the most intense living. In answer to the charge of excesses and violence brought against the American colonists, Burke, with characteristic breadth of view, urged that something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty. It is a fortunate hour when peoples are obliged to concede something to the spirit of life; when vitality is too deep and too vigorous to find adequate expression through critical forms, to conform wholly to accepted opinions, or to wear easily the conventional garb. Too much vitality is far better than too little vitality, and the crudest life is more promising than the most polished death. The note of boastful self-assertion so often sounded in the West is irritating because it misrepresents the real force of the section, and dreary because it is inflated out of all proportion to the thought or fact behind it. There is something touching in the patience with which Americans in the

newer sections of the country will listen to wearisome repetitions of the same boastful platitudes decade after decade. The politician whom Mr. Lincoln once described as throwing back his head, inflating his lungs, and leaving the rest to God is still heard in the West, and sometimes in the East, with an attention which deserves a better reward.

But this inflated note is, after all, the escape of a real force through an inferior personality; there is something genuine and true behind it, and that something is the confidence which is born of the sense of vitality. This sense the students and scholars of the West are certain to share; and they are likely to gain and to keep ultimate leadership in public life.

It would not be easy to find a more characteristically American community than that which has grown to such large proportions around Oberlin College. In this academic village, which contains, during the college year, a population of not less than fifteen hundred students of both sexes, one finds himself in contact with a life which is shaped exclusively by American conditions and absorbed in American interests. Not long ago, an intelligent student of education in this country said that, in his judgment, a dollar went further in educational purchasing power at Oberlin than at any other college in the land. It is probable that economy of expenditure and lavishness of opportunity and of work are nowhere more fruitfully united. The sturdy, plain, God-fearing, hard-working people, who have the conscience of the country so largely in their keeping, have put behind Oberlin a background of ethical education which is one of the most important endowments of the college. The moral life of the institution is insistent and strenuous; one cannot breathe its atmosphere without becoming conscious of that moral energy which once found utterance in Dr. Finney's stirring preaching, but which has found more adequate

expression in the closeness of touch between the college and the moral agitations and reforms of the last fifty years. At Oberlin education instinctively shapes itself for immediate ends in the needs of the time and the community, and in the courses of study and in the interests and tastes of the students one finds a keen sense of the utility of studies for practical uses. There is little of that sense of leisure which lingers in the older colleges, and gives the undergraduate the feeling that the four years will never run their course; there is, in its place, an alert perception of the value of the time of preparation, and a great eagerness to get to work.

This does not prevent genuine enjoyment of student life; on the contrary, no academic life could be more simple and hearty. The kindliness and frank sociability which, in certain ways, make the whole continent one great community find the freest possible expression in the village of young men and women, associating with one another on the most easy and unconventional terms. A foreign observer would probably find himself as much perplexed by social conditions at Oberlin as at any other place in America; nowhere else would his traditions and experience be more likely to mislead him. The contrast between the English or Continental university and Oberlin is so marked as to be violent to a scholar from beyond the sea; even to an American it is so broad as to be humorous. But if the scholar brought with him not only traditions, but freshness of feeling and keenness of insight, he would soon discern in the conditions at Oberlin the most convincing evidence of the soundness of American character and the purity of the American home. Such a community would not be possible in the seaboard states, North or South; but it is the natural growth of social conditions in its own wide neighborhood, and it is one of the most distinctive and interesting places in America to all who

wish to understand the spiritual life of the country.

The view from Colorado College is perhaps as striking as that which can be commanded from any college windows. There are those who affirm that the outlook from Robert College, with the ceaseless movement of the commerce of the Bosphorus, is the most enchanting academic prospect in the world; the charm of the surroundings of Heidelberg has been felt by generations of travelers; Cambridge and Oxford have a spell that no sensitive mind escapes; Williams and Amherst hold the imagination of their students loyal to a beauty of hill and shaded street which exerts no small educational influence; Wellesley has a noble setting, and Princeton looks across a charming country. On the campus of Colorado College one recalls these and other college outlooks, of exceptional grandeur or extent or loveliness, and is fain to confess that this young institution holds its own among the most fortunately placed colleges of the world. The absence of depth of foliage and the restfulness of a rich and long cultivated country finds compensation in the brilliancy of a mountain background, notable not only for mass and ruggedness, but also for color. In the stimulating air one shares the general faith that on this lofty plateau, where the continent reaches its highest habitable altitude, there must be bred a race of men and women of keen intelligence and quick imagination, who will render the country higher services than the opening of mines, the reclamation of great stretches of arid territory to the uses of agriculture, and the herding of cattle. The local witticism, that it is impossible to tell the truth about Colorado without lying, is only another way of saying that in any complete account of a country you must include the sky and the air as well as the soil.

Colorado College may be taken as a type of the Far Western college, and as such it gives every lover of sound learn-

ing the assurance that the light which has been handed down from generation to generation with such jealous care will not suffer any loss of purity or intensity on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is not a rich college, for the wealth of the country is still largely prospective; but it is well equipped, its endowment is steadily increasing, and the affection and interest of the community are quietly gathering about it. That which gives the college its deepest significance, however, is the spirit of its body of self-denying teachers. Bred in the best traditions of the older communities, they are putting into their work not only trained intelligence, but a devotion which found expression last year, when a large sum of money was urgently needed in order to secure a conditional gift, in a cheerful surrender of a considerable proportion of salaries already taxed to the utmost to meet the most moderate personal expenses. It is this missionary spirit in the hearts of men and women who have obtained thorough special training in their different fields, and who are giving themselves, body and soul, to the work of teaching in the new West, which furnishes ground for the belief that the foundations of the latest commonwealths are as genuinely ethical and spiritual as those which the Puritans laid.

On the Pacific coast, such institutions as the University of California and the younger and more aggressive Leland Stanford University give expression to the spiritual aspiration of communities which are still dealing with material problems in their most pressing forms; while such noble beginnings of educational foundations as Whitman College attest the persistence of that devout spirit in which so many American colleges have had their inception.

There are too many colleges in certain sections of the West, especially of the Central West; and in many cases these institutions have no claim to the

use of the word "college;" but it remains true that the majority of higher institutions of learning in the West belong, by right of honorable descent and of present service, to the academic brotherhood. Their foundations are very much larger than were those of Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, or Princeton at the same age; they are served by men as thoroughly equipped as were the teachers in the oldest colleges. They are placed in a society more alert and energetic, with vigorous impulses and a determination to know and to possess the best life has to offer; and wherever this vital ambition controls, time and experience will inevitably correct false ideas of the relative values of ends, and advance standards which are too low.

The few and scattered centres and sources of intellectual influence which have been enumerated are representative of a great group of organized endeavors to convey and to advance learning in the newer parts of the continent: the work of these institutions is supplemented by a great volume of personal and private effort to the same end. Those who know the Central West well are persuaded that it has entered what may be called the culture stage of its development; the stage, that is, which involves a serious attempt to rationalize its life, to measure its spiritual success, to secure an accurate estimate of the value of its material production, to know the best the older communities have thought and spoken, to command the ultimate uses of life and its materials. Those who can recognize a spiritual development in the germ as well as in the complete unfolding are deeply impressed by the eagerness with which great numbers of sincere people are reaching out after the things of the spirit, and are determined to possess them. If there is an immense amount of crudity in this country, there is also an immense force of aspiration working in it and through it. The head of an Oxford college,

who happened to be at one of those summer assemblies which have become a feature of life in many parts of the country, confessed that all his traditions as a university man were shocked by some of the methods and a good deal of the teaching which he had been observing; but added that he was filled with reverence for the hunger and thirst for knowledge which had become a passion with a multitude of people whose work is severe and whose leisure is limited: men and women of limited educational opportunities, who were striving in middle life to gain the outlook on life which was denied them in youth; hard-worked mothers, who were pathetically endeavoring to keep within spiritual reach of their more fortunate children in college. It is easy to dismiss the movement which finds expression in summer schools and assemblies as shallow in method and superficial in spirit. The methods are, it is true, sometimes inadequate and even cheap, but they are also, in many cases, intelligent and wisely planned; and the spirit behind the movement is quite as deep and genuine and uplifting as that which has from time to time set great educational forces at work in older societies. In the long run, it will be found that these assemblies and schools are the nurseries of the colleges and universities; and that the awkward and sometimes badly directed endeavor of the unprivileged classes intellectually to share the higher resources of civilization with the more fortunate is not only sound and real, but the clear prophecy of the approach of an era of culture in this country, — an extended though often unconscious endeavor to assimilate the culture of the race, and to realize in clear ideals the deepest impulses, instincts, and aspirations of the New World.

One of the significant signs of this movement is the enthusiasm with which Froebel's educational ideas have been received during the last ten years. The

movement to establish kindergartens has become national in its scope; mothers' classes have been organized in nearly all the large cities, as well as in smaller communities; the study of children, as well as their care, is engrossing the attention of many of the most intelligent women. It is a long time since any educational movement has swept so great a number of people into its current, and has inspired so many sincere and cultivated women to active coöperation. The two enthusiastic women who, not long ago, drove through a considerable section of one of the Central Western States, and held out-of-door meetings for the purpose of extending the knowledge of the kindergarten, showed no exceptional devotion to a movement which promises to become the most important feature of contemporary educational history. It is a great mistake to interpret this movement as a new expression of a more intelligent conception of motherhood on the one hand, and of the importance, for educational purposes, of the years between three and six on the other hand; it is deeper and more inclusive. The Froebelian philosophy is something more than a system of education; it is a spiritual conception and interpretation of life, and it has been eagerly received because it gives rational form and expression to a deep stirring of spiritual instinct in this country. It identifies education with the vital processes of experience; sets the individual in harmonious order with his kind; establishes science, art, and history on a basis of revelation; roots all activity and growth in religion; and interprets the life of the race in the light of spiritual progression. Such a conception, in the contention of diverse theories of religion, art, and education, has not only commanded the intellectual assent of a host of open-minded men and women, but has touched their imaginations and awakened their enthusiasm. It is as a spiritual even more than as an intellectual movement that

the remarkable spread of the kindergarten idea must be interpreted; it is a significant phase of the movement for culture.

One of its chief sources, on this continent, must be sought in the remarkable group of men and women who gave the schools of St. Louis a new and vigorous impulse more than a quarter of a century ago. It is a notable fact that *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy* was issued beyond the Mississippi River, and that for years an interest in philosophy was sustained in St. Louis which has been more directly fruitful along educational lines than any other movement of the kind in the history of the country. That interest did not exhaust itself in the study of Kant and Hegel; it carried the larger vision into the interpretation of art, literature, and teaching. Dr. Harris, who is now, as Commissioner of Education, the official representative of the educational system of the country, has made philosophical study constantly fruitful in the application of philosophical ideas to educational questions. Miss Blow has made original and important contributions to the literature of education. Mr. Denton J. Snider has interpreted literature in its greatest creations as revelations of the inner structure of the soul and of the laws of life, in a series of very suggestive commentaries on Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare, and has spent many years of enthusiastic work in the classroom and on the platform, expounding what he has called the four literary Bibles of the world. In his tireless zeal, the range of his knowledge, the vitality of his methods, Mr. Snider is a true descendant of the Humanists; whose wandering life he has also adopted, moving like a true missionary of scholarship through the Central West, and leaving behind him a new ardor for learning in schools and communities.

There are other names associated with the St. Louis movement which deserve

an attention that is made impossible by the limits of this article. The influence of this group of scholars and thinkers has made itself felt through a large part of the Central West, and can be traced in the deepening of educational ideas and the freshening of educational methods.

The Literary Schools which have been held under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College, and under the direction of the friends of the kindergarten in St. Louis, have been notable for breadth of view and insight. Concerned chiefly with the study and discussion of the most important works of literature, they have revealed an instinctive tendency to interpret art in terms of human experience, and to arrive at the fundamental unity which gives structure and significance to every manifestation of the human spirit. In the predominance of the interpretative over the purely critical or scholastic spirit, which has characterized the sessions of these schools, some observers have found the evidence of genuine culture, and the promise of a vigorous artistic activity in the future; and to such observers these schools have seemed to bring to light a real and widespread interest in the spiritual achievements of the race, and a passionate eagerness to share the spiritual experience of the race.

To these observers there come all manner of confirmations of this conviction from all parts of the West: stories of eager young scholars who are making struggles for educational opportunities as heroic as those which have touched the history of the German universities with a noble idealism, of the Scotch universities with a courage akin to the spirit which inspires the Scotch ballads, and have introduced into the life of our own older institutions a strain of the highest moral energy; the incident of the elaborate carving of the entire interior of a church, in a small com-

munity, by the loving skill of a congregation which gave up its leisure hours for many months in order that the art of wood-carving might be mastered sufficiently to be put to use in the service of religion. The product of this zeal may not remind one of the work of the Flemish carvers, but it was out of the depths of such a feeling for beauty that the skill of the Low Countries was born.

One recalls also the countless organizations for the study of history, political economy, literature, art, and philosophy which cover the West with a network of intellectual influences; the wide interest in serious lectures; the general habit of serious reading, the evidences of which, in remote localities, surprise the uninformed visitor from the East; the large numbers of students from the West who are pursuing advanced courses of study in this country and in Europe.

It would be impossible to present any inclusive survey of the signs and evidences of the intellectual activity of the Central and Far West, and it would be an impertinence to set these few typical facts in order, if a certain provincialism in some of the older sections of the country did not call for enlightenment. That provincialism has its roots in an ignorance which is easily explained by the great distances which separate commercial and social centres from one another, and constitute a serious obstacle to community of feeling and unity of action in this country. This ignorance is, unfortunately, shared by many cultivated people who ought to be quick to recognize and sympathize with a spiritual movement of the very highest importance. That such a movement is the most significant fact in the contemporary history of the West is the conviction of many who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with their own country. The material progress of the section is reported with the utmost detail and in the most flamboyant style; but its real progress, revealed in its intellectual lib-

eration and its realization of its own character and work, is very inadequately presented.

It is probable that no country has ever invested so much spiritual, moral, and monetary capital in education, taking into account the brevity of its history, as the West; it has done far more for its intellectual life than the East did in the same number of years. It is, in fact, repeating the history of the East; for it is eagerly assimilating the experience of the race, expressed in its thought, its art, and its history. This is the impulse behind the passion for knowledge,—the instinctive desire to know what the race knows, and then to cooperate in the race life and work. In the face of declamatory assertions of inde-

pendence of the past, this instinct steadily asserts itself and has its way. The struggle of the new community to break with the race, and start out for itself, is inspired by a mistaken idea of independence. Real freedom comes from that mastery, through knowledge, of historic conditions and race character which makes possible a free, and intelligent use of experience for the purposes of progress. This is the process through which the West is now passing, and which gives its society a deep and appealing interest. For out of this movement for the clear realization in its own consciousness of its race relationships and inheritance, modified by its own conditions and shaped by its own needs, are to come, at no distant date, its own ideals.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

THE success of our navy in the war now happily concluded is only what we had reason to expect, considering the difference between the resources of the two countries and the qualities of the men engaged on the two sides. The ships did their work so quickly and with such precision that we are likely to be led into erroneous conclusions, if the conditions which made their victories possible are not very carefully studied. It will not be safe to draw too many lessons from the results. In the first place, we must not forget that our enemy was so weak and unprepared that it seems almost pitiful to glory over him. Military prowess passed away from Spain many years ago, and her organization to manage the modern ship, composed principally of machinery, is wretchedly deficient. In the next place, our ships were never even severely tested, as they would have been against a stronger foe with greater staying power. We have only to imagine

the situation if a Northern port had been attacked by a good-sized fleet, while our whole effective navy was off the coast of Cuba, to obtain some idea of what might have been our condition in a contest with a maritime country. Let us hope that self-confidence over our victories may not lead us to early disaster.

The great triumph of the British navy under Nelson was achieved when the naval administration was utterly corrupt, and the whole system of promotion formed a bitter grievance. Success came only through the entire inadequacy of the other side. Yet the British acquired convictions of their invincibility which made them the easy prey of American seamen in the war of 1812. Not that our navy is at all corrupt or lacking in good judgment, but it may suffer from false notions instilled into the minds of our Congressmen by an easy success. The price of achievement is constant effort.

To a certain extent, the lesson that we

have learned is practically the same as that stated briefly by a French admiral writing of our victories in 1812: "There is success only for those who know how to prepare it." Our chief glory, therefore, is careful preparation and an accurate fitting of means to end. This remark applies mainly to the individual ships in service before the war broke out, and not to the general preparedness of the country for a severe struggle. There are many elements which go toward success in war, and the commonest of these is courage. Most nations, with proper training and good leadership, will produce good soldiers; it is only a question of time. Thorough familiarity with the weapons and instruments placed in their hands is one of the requisites even of courage. The lack of mechanical instinct accounts for the failure of some nations to produce first-rate seamen, especially in these days of machinery upon the sea. This quality is perhaps the vital difference between Americans and Spaniards. The latter seem incapable of grappling with the construction and management of guns and machinery. The war, therefore, sets clearly before our people the value of education and technical training to a specific end, and the lesson is applicable as well to the vocations of peace as to the preparations for war.

But at no time have we been prepared for a prolonged conflict against a well-equipped navy, and our fortunate exodus from the affair should serve as a warning. We had at the outset only a few well-selected types of ships manned by a first-rate personnel, or what has been called the nucleus of a good navy. The smaller craft for picket, patrol, and supply duty had to be obtained and equipped in a great hurry. In not a few cases the money placed at the disposal of the President was squandered, to the minimum benefit of the country. This is doubtless inevitable in stress of emergency, when all the safeguards of

purchase and inspection do not obtain. On the eve of the recent war the supply of powder for the navy was at a very low ebb, through the neglect of Congress, and the Bureau of Ordnance deserves no small credit for making good the deficiency so quickly that not a ship lacked ammunition when the demand for it came. This speaks volumes for the efficiency of the system prevailing in the Navy Department.

While our ships were individually well prepared for the conflict, the fleets as a whole were at first composed of ill-assorted vessels. There had never been a settled policy in Congress looking toward the development of the navy. As a consequence, we find monitors of ten knots speed and torpedo boats of twenty knots associated in the blockade of Cuba. The squadron that went to Porto Rico was made up of battleships, torpedo boats, and monitors, with an average speed pulled down from fifteen to ten knots for the benefit of the last-named. It seems absurd to have expected vessels of little freeboard and of minimum coal capacity, designed especially for harbor defense, to cruise in squadron, and yet the department was forced into the selection of these ships for want of others. Then, again, we had no choice but to send two monitors on the long cruise across the Pacific. The torpedo boats suffered all kinds of ill usage, even taking part in the bombardment of shore fortifications. They served as tenders, dispatch boats, scouts, and in fact as anything except torpedo boats. Some of them carried only a few hours' supply of fresh water for their boilers, which would have been ruined by the free introduction of salt water; nevertheless, they were required to steam hundreds of miles. It seemed a pity, but the officers felt obliged to use what was at hand, rather than to delay the campaign for boats better adapted to the purpose. Later, the converted yachts and tugs, armed in great haste, arrived to take their places.

And it may be added that these little boats rendered effective service; two of them participated in the battle of Santiago.

The history of the naval part of the war falls naturally into four chapters, — the preparation, the blockade, and the total destruction of two fleets; but it is not the purpose of this article to give more than a passing glance at the two principal events. Our small fleet in the Pacific went from Hong Kong to Manila, destroyed a Spanish fleet, and held the bay until an American army arrived to control the situation on land. A fleet in the Atlantic closed up the harbors of Cuba, and destroyed a second Spanish fleet off Santiago. Incidentally, there were many smaller conflicts in Cuban waters.

The problems which confronted the commanders on the two oceans were essentially different, and time will show them to have been solved with equal ability and good sense. The situation at Manila was very simple. Upon the declaration of war, Admiral Dewey was turned out of Hong Kong by Great Britain, and all other Asiatic ports were closed to him. He was seven thousand miles from home, a distance which none of his ships could make without recoaling, and his line of communication was liable to interruption at any time. Furthermore, the safety of our Pacific coast trade was in jeopardy so long as a hostile vessel remained in the Orient. The duty was a plain one, — to obtain a base in the Philippines, and to capture or destroy every Spanish ship that could be found. With rare good judgment, Admiral Dewey made straight for Manila, and caught the whole fleet before they had time to scatter. He had already proven himself to be a man of foresight by loading up with provisions and coal before war was declared. When the English told him to go he was ready. His fleet passed through the fortified entrance of Manila bay by night, and attacked

the ships and shore batteries simultaneously. The victory over what must be conceded to have been a weak and disorganized foe, although gun for gun there was not much difference between the two sides, was a great one, in the splendid management of the American ships, and in the results which must flow from our enforced entrance into Asiatic politics.

There was not an armored ship on either side, and the battle sheds little light upon construction for the future. We know that the Spaniards suffered fearfully from fire, and that our ships escaped with little damage. No victory was ever purchased more cheaply; not a man was killed on the American side.

The task before Admiral Sampson was immensely more complicated. He had to maintain the blockade over a long coast line, to be on the lookout for torpedo boats and ships whose whereabouts he could not fix, and to convoy troop ships. The sustained readiness and vigilance of the fleet, during its long wait before Santiago, were enough in themselves to make the reputation of an ordinary commander-in-chief. Added to these duties he had to contend with certain newspaper reporters and dispatch boats, striving to ascertain his plans for the benefit of their unscrupulous employers. The last was not the least of his difficulties, and the attempt of the Associated Press to besmirch his reputation and to deprive him of the credit of Santiago sprang, no doubt, from disappointment in obtaining authentic news as to his intentions. The first expedition against Porto Rico was practically ruined by the press, and the slightest movement of any ship was promptly cabled home by way of neutral lines over which the government could exercise no control. The Spaniards thus obtained regular information of the location of our squadrons, and profited by it in directing Admiral Cervera's fleet. The astonishing feature of the matter is that the Navy

Department should have prohibited communication of war news by officers, and then have forced newspaper reporters upon them to pick up and to color the bits of information they could glean. It was only natural that our people should want news of their fleet, and some of the newspapers served them well. The end would have been attained far better by placing an officer on the staff of every commander of a squadron, with authority to supply legitimate news which would not affect the conduct of the campaign. The element of the picturesque might have been lacking, but the descriptions would have been accurate. This, however, would not have eliminated the dispatch boat. It was common talk in the fleet, after the return to New York, that an Associated Press boat had led the Oregon a chase of one hundred miles toward Jamaica, and when finally hauled up had displayed her flag, and treated the matter as a huge joke.

The progress of the blockade, the numerous attacks upon Spanish fortifications, and the search for Admiral Cervera's fleet will form an interesting story when all the threads can be gathered together in a connected whole. The work of the navy in the West Indies was virtually completed at Santiago, and our ships were set free for a movement against the coast of Spain. As the Atlantic was at the same time freed from all danger of fleet cruisers, the home coast no longer required protection. The naval battle at Santiago was very different from that at Manila, in the character of the ships engaged. The Spaniards had six of their best vessels: four armored cruisers, and two very fast torpedo destroyers, with an average speed of eighteen and a half knots. We had four battleships, two armored cruisers, and several smaller craft, with a mean speed of fifteen and a half knots. In both cases, the maximum speed of the slowest ship is taken as the average for the fleet. There were only two very fast

ships on the American side, the New York and the Brooklyn, and the former was hull down to eastward of the harbor. Admiral Cervera's plan was, therefore, to go out quickly, turn to the westward along the coast, and disable the Brooklyn before the slower ships could come to her rescue, thus carving out a road to the sea. The plan, though well conceived, could be carried out only in part. He did not succeed in disabling the Brooklyn, which was evidently manoeuvred with a view to chasing, and five of his ships were overwhelmed by the American fleet before they had time to gather full headway. The battle had resolved itself into but little more than an exciting target practice for our ships, when each Spanish vessel, in turn, headed toward the beach, and hauled down her flag. The Cristobal Colon, which had passed through the fire without injury, and had escaped to the westward, survived only two hours. The Brooklyn, and, to the surprise of everybody, the Oregon, overtook her about fifty miles from the mouth of the harbor. Her burst of speed had lasted only a short time, and she had not averaged more than fourteen knots, just six knots less than she was capable of making. Her captain struck his flag and ran her ashore without a fight. Our ships did their work with the precision of machines set up on shore, and nothing broke down in stress of action. The rapid and complete destruction of the whole Spanish fleet, within three hours and a half after it had emerged under full head of steam, forms a "victory big enough for all of us," as reported by Admiral Schley; and yet one cannot help sympathizing with the American commander who said, "Don't cheer, boys; they are dying." We lost only one man.

When the Spanish ships came out, the Oregon and the Gloucester appear to have been the only ships ready for them, and nothing but lack of engineering skill prevented two of them from escaping.

Had the *Colon* really attained her speed, she could easily have outrun all the American ships. As it was, the *Brooklyn*, which should have overhauled her rapidly, was distanced at the start. The unexpected had occurred, and she was not ready. Some of her boilers had no steam, and the forward propelling engines were not coupled up. Fifteen or twenty miles would have been lost in bringing her to full speed, if the *Colon* could have done her best. The *Iowa* and the *Indiana* were even worse off than the *Brooklyn*. The *Oregon*, on the other hand, was able to make even better than her maximum recorded speed in less than half an hour after the order was given. From a position of fourth place in the line, she passed the other ships and overtook even the *Brooklyn*, a faster ship by four knots. It is very comforting to know that Admiral Cervera's plan would not have succeeded, even if he had been able to overcome the *Brooklyn*.

The *Oregon's* performance, which officers of other ships pronounce one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed, will always remain the ideal toward which our navy must strive. She made a long voyage, at fair speed, from California to the coast of Florida, without accident or repairs, and joined Admiral Sampson's fleet in first-rate condition for immediate duty. After a number of weeks off Santiago, she was still ready to do her best, and even to excel anything else on the station. This splendid record was possible only with good workmanship and a very capable engineering staff. This combination is a necessary requisite to the highest success of a well-conducted battleship under steam. The readiness of the *Oregon* to do her best illustrates in a forcible manner the influence of small things upon a ship's career. Her steam joints were all tight. Consequently, there was so little waste of steam or of fresh water that no sea water had to be pumped into her boilers, and none of the boilers had to be laid

off for cleaning and repairs during the entire blockade. The other ships had greater or less difficulty in making up the fresh water supply, and their boilers suffered from the use of salt water. When Cervera appeared, the *Oregon* had good fires in every furnace.

Another marked feature of the battle was the part taken by the *Gloucester*, a converted yacht with a few rapid-fire guns placed on board. Her maximum speed was fully a knot below that of the slowest Spanish ship, and she had no protection to her machinery; yet her commander fearlessly turned her against the two dreaded torpedo boat destroyers, while they were still under the protection of the shore batteries and of the enemy's fleet. As he says in his report: "It was the plain duty of the *Gloucester* to look after the destroyers, and she was held back gaining steam until they appeared at the entrance." In the captains' reports, several of the battleships claim to have struck one of them with a heavy shell. It is probable that they were both finished by the *Gloucester*. If Commander Wainwright's action savors of rashness, let one stop to ask whether it was not better to risk a small yacht against torpedoes than to send in a battleship. It was as deliberate a piece of self-renunciation as we have in our history. There is a curious story connected with this incident. When the *Gloucester* turned to intercept the torpedo destroyers, she had to cross the line of fire from the *Indiana*, and her captain felt quite reassured by a signal on the latter ship which he read, "Gunboats will close in." The commanding officer of the *Indiana* afterward stated that the signal he ordered was, "The torpedo boats are coming out."

The Spaniards appear to have been frightened, and their officers to have taken advantage of the earliest possible excuse for running their ships ashore. As one of the *Oregon's* officers remarked: "The *Colon* was weak. She

surrendered with a good two hours' fight left in her." Beyond the fact that they came out to hazard an escape in the face of great odds, there are few acts of heroism recorded in their favor. Their men were slaughtered and their ships destroyed, with little damage to their foe.

The deficiency of mechanical skill throughout the Spanish navy was counted upon to give our sailors a decided advantage, but no one supposed the Spaniards would display what at this distance looks like cowardice. It may have been the untrained man in the presence of the machine. Courage springs from two sources, — experience in the work which the men have to do, and entire confidence in their leaders. Even a brave man may run from a cow, if he has not been brought up on a farm. Familiarity with guns and machinery is the essential element of success in a modern battleship. It was probably ignorance which "robbed" the Spaniard of his courage. Added to this, he found himself so suddenly under a withering fire that he could do nothing with his own guns. The board ordered to examine the wrecks found many of the guns loaded, thus indicating the haste with which their crews had deserted them. Some of the gunsights had evidently been set for thirty-nine hundred yards at the beginning of the action, and they had never been changed, although the ships had closed up to a thousand or fifteen hundred yards. The most significant aspect of this sad failure is that it sprang from deficiency in that kind of knowledge which probably cannot be supplied in many generations.

For obvious reasons, the war has shed little light upon future developments in naval warfare. Many details of construction will be changed, no doubt; but there have been no startling revelations destined to render our battleships antiquated, or even seriously to impair their efficiency. Hereafter the minimum of combustible materials will enter into the

construction of fighting ships. The battle of the Yalu in the Japanese-Chinese war, and the two great battles of this war, have demonstrated beyond peradventure the danger from fire. In many cases the Spaniards were driven from their guns by burning woodwork, and their fire mains were cut by shell. This experience will relegate all water mains and steam pipes to the hold well below the water line, with branches rising to the necessary connections on the upper decks.

The value of rapid-fire guns was so clearly shown at Santiago that improvement can hereafter follow only along the line of a more rapid fire. The smaller guns are already fitted with special mechanism to facilitate loading and firing, and we shall be obliged to extend the system to the whole battery. Our chief lesson, however, in connection with battleships is that we need more of them. The cost is great, but these ships are well-nigh impregnable; and they must continue to hold their own as our main reliance for offense and defense. Higher speeds will undoubtedly be demanded. The coal problem has apparently solved itself. Our ships found no trouble in taking coal from colliers at sea, and it was habitually done at Santiago before Guantanamo bay was captured. It follows, therefore, that a coaling station is a convenience, and not an absolute necessity, in conducting a campaign far from home ports.

Cruisers like the *Columbia* and the *Minneapolis* had no real test. As scouts they are too large, and as fighting vessels they are of no real value against an armored fleet. The country would profit by putting the money for such ships into a subsidy for merchant vessels of sufficient size to serve as transports or scouts in emergency. The smaller cruisers and gunboats did fine work at Manila and on the blockade, but we must not conclude from their immunity against shore batteries in Cuba that they would be

equally fortunate again. Some of the attacks seem almost foolhardy, and the use of torpedo boats in a fortified harbor, except as a desperate measure, should not be encouraged.

We have learned next to nothing about torpedoes. They played no part in the war, except as a moral barrier at Santiago. It seems doubtful if they will ever prove dangerous to any but a careless foe; on the other hand, they may become a source of real peril to the ship which is trying to use them. Two torpedoes exploded on the *Almirante Oquendo*, and killed a great number of men. One was reported to have been struck by the fragments of a shell, and the other to have been set off by the heat of the flames near it. A loaded torpedo may thus become a more serious menace to friend than to foe. The fast torpedo boat accomplished none of the terrific feats we expected. The duties performed by our own boats have already been described, and the principal business of the Spanish destroyers was evidently to keep out of the way. Their defeat by an ordinary yacht must have been very humiliating. One advantage possessed by our fleet around the entrance to Santiago harbor added materially to their harmlessness: the attack could come only from one quarter, and the skillful manipulation of search lights destroyed all hope of success. The contrast between our early fears of the torpedo boat flotilla and its subsequent achievements is simply ludicrous. It would not be safe to draw sweeping conclusions as to the use of these craft in future wars. If the *Pluton* and the *Furor* had been handled by Englishmen, the *Gloucester* would probably be at the bottom of the sea, and some of the larger ships might possibly have suffered a like fate.

The monitors seem to have been out of their element on the blockade. We had no need of them in the defense of coast or harbors, and, with none of the excitement of the chase, they served prin-

cipally as prisons for a few unhappy officers and men. Our experimental craft, such as the dynamite cruiser, the submarine boat, and the ram, had no opportunity to indicate their possible utility. The *Vesuvius* threw a few hundred pounds of dynamite upon the hills outside of Santiago, and she may have exerted some moral pressure toward the surrender, but there is nothing to prove that she is of value to the country.

Men are, after all, more important than types of ships, and we may well inquire what we have learned about them in stress of action. It has been asserted that the war has demonstrated the perfection of our organization, and that it cannot be improved. This is like selecting a crew for a four mile race by a half mile spurt. The trade of the seaman has been changing during the past generation, and while we know him in peace, we have not had time to study him in a war which would call out all his strength and resources. We could make no greater mistake than to rest satisfied with what we have, in the face of the additions and changes destined to come during the next ten years. Congress authorized almost a new navy during its late session, and we have that to consider in the new organization. So far as physical courage is concerned, we have seen that our sailors possess the same qualities in the presence of the machine that their ancestors possessed in the old sailing frigate. Time has not changed their nature, however much it may have modified their occupation.

The attempt of Somers, ninety-four years ago, to destroy the Tripolitan fleet with a fire ship is paralleled by Hobson on the *Merrimac*. The two cases have many points in common: both crews carried explosives for the destruction of their ships; both planned to escape in small boats after having applied the match; both entered boldly a well-fortified channel; both left friends waiting outside to pick them up; and both failed

to accomplish what they had set out to do. There the likeness ceases. One went in under steam, with directive power dependent upon himself, and all his men were saved; the other depended upon wind and sails, and all were lost. The deed of Hobson and his crew is only what we have a right to expect of our men and our race. Many officers of the fleet volunteered for duty as soon as they heard that the Merrimac was to go in. Few other opportunities for individual heroism presented themselves, and our list is brief only on that account. The journey of Lieutenant Blue on a scouting expedition around Santiago, the coolness of Cadet Powell waiting close under the batteries in a steam launch to carry back the Merrimac's crew, and the rescue of many prisoners from their burning ships are all of a piece.

The contrast between the two nations stands out very clearly in connection with the Vizcaya. The torpedo boat Ericsson ran close alongside of her, and sent a small boat to take off all that were alive of her crew. A few boats from the Iowa assisted. The Vizcaya was on fire fore and aft; the ammunition on board was exploding, and the guns that had been left loaded were going off one after another in the intense heat, to say nothing of the proximity of the shore. The position of the little craft has been described as perilous in the extreme. Our men risked their lives repeatedly to help their fallen enemy; but no sooner were the Spaniards transferred to the deck of the Ericsson than they urged immediate withdrawal, without regard to their comrades who had been left behind. To the honor of our navy, Lieutenant Ushur remained until every living being had been rescued from the burning ship. A similar scene was enacted around the two torpedo boat destroyers. It was a case of mad panic on the one side, and of perfect coolness on the other. One officer of the Vizcaya afterward stated, on board the Iowa, that

they were obliged to close the gun ports on the disengaged side of the ship, to prevent the men from jumping overboard rather than face the American gun fire.

Even the cadets fresh from the Naval Academy caught the spirit of their countrymen, and entered into the contest with the greatest zeal and fearlessness. During the blockade, a number of picket launches were kept close around the entrance every night, to guard against surprise. These small boats, in charge of cadets, sometimes approached within a hundred feet of the shore, and remained all night. They had orders to go out at the first streak of dawn, and they were almost invariably fired on. One boat got nine shots through her hull. The danger seemed to be an incentive to these boys, and there was considerable rivalry among them for the privilege of taking the night picket.

The behavior of the seamen, firemen, and marines was beyond praise. Happily few lost their lives, while all were prepared to risk them. The story of the men in the fire rooms of the Oregon has the true ring of the old navy. They had no share in the exciting, spectacular part of the fight. Their duty was simply to push the ship ahead with all their might. Shut up below an armored deck in watertight compartments, they were in the presence of dangers which they could not see, and their safety depended upon the good judgment and courage of their comrades. Yet they thought only of getting their ship into action. In the long chase of the Colon the strain began to tell on them, and the chief engineer, walking up to the bridge, requested the captain to "fire a gun just to cheer my men up." The roar of a thirteen-inch rifle acted like magic upon their flagging energies, and gave them a new incentive to shovel coal. Apart from the rapidity of movement introduced by steam, the whole scene resembles the old fleet actions of the English navy in its best days. We may safely

say that the blockade of Santiago, the carefully planned attack, and the total destruction of six good ships were carried out in a manner worthy of the finest traditions of our race.

Few details of the battle of Manila have reached us, but we may be sure that officers and men were inspired by the example of Admiral Dewey. The great central fact of his entering a landlocked bay on the other side of the world, and without hesitation attacking a fleet under the guns of shore batteries, will forever give a character to this battle. As victory has meant so much, defeat would have been fatal to him. Its profound significance cannot now be measured. The admiral's signal to haul off for breakfast is not the least characteristic part of the battle.

There is another question in relation to organization aside from the qualities of individual men. Every seaman must fulfill a special function in addition to being as generally useful as possible in making his ship a fighting machine. The war has confirmed some theories in this direction, and the tendency to educate all combatants, especially officers, in machinery, or what is better, in engineering, will doubtless be accelerated. The fate of battle will always be governed by men, whatever the changes in store for us may be, but their education must be adapted to the times. The man of wood and hemp must give way to his successor of iron and steel.

Fears were expressed from time to time, before the war, that our engineering force would prove insufficient, and that the machinery would therefore suffer from lack of intelligent care. The first of these fears was found to be justified, and a large number of volunteer engineers, many of them young men of no experience in marine work, were added to the list. Notwithstanding, on the whole they have done as well as could be expected.

The anxiety over the performance of

machinery has proved to be groundless, as engines and boilers have done remarkably well. No serious breakdown hampered the movement of any ship, and the fleets were able to go about their business without undue delay. It was to be expected that materials put into machinery and subjected to wear would suffer, and the Navy Department very wisely made provisions for rapid repairs. The Vulcan, a ship specially fitted as a repair shop, and capable of dealing with all ordinary casualties, was sent to Santiago before the battle. This development is a new one, and we have reason to be well satisfied with it.

The whole subject of the education and training of officers had been under serious discussion for a year before war was declared, and the opinion of the navy had gradually crystallized into a bill in Congress for the improvement of the personnel. This bill was drawn up by a board of officers, with Mr. Roosevelt as chairman, and the Secretary of the Navy presented it to Congress with his approval last winter. It was reported favorably to the House of Representatives by the committee, but the pressure of other business forced it into the second session. The measure provides for a combination of the deck officers and engineers into one corps; for such a flow of promotion that officers will reach command rank before they have passed middle life; and for pay substantially equal to that of the army, grade for grade. It remains to be seen how far the results of the war will modify the views of the service on this subject. At present, every clause of the bill seems to have been strengthened. The last two parts will be accepted without dissent by all persons interested in the improvement of the national service. The first part, which really looks toward the education of all officers in engineering, has already been accomplished to a certain extent in the duties of the men without change of title. As the captain of one

of our ships writes me: "I am asked often to account for the little injury to lives or ships. One great reason is that many of us are seamen, and most of us engineers; we should all be both seamen and engineers."

It was a curious phase of the war to find deck officers serving as engineers on torpedo boats, and an engineer serving as deck officer on a converted yacht. The change from one duty to the other is not so violent as it seems, for the men received practically the same education at the Naval Academy. Our striking success is chargeable in a large measure to familiarity with machines. There was little opportunity for the desperate courage which the Spanish might have displayed. It would appear, therefore, that any system which contemplates a more thorough training in engineering all through the navy is in the right direction.

The proper promotion of officers in time of peace has always presented great difficulty, and the navy list is like a long line of men toiling gradually upward without regard to ability or zeal. We dare not adopt a system of selection for advancement, through fear of opening wide the door to political and social intrigue in Washington. The war has developed a method of promotion which might almost be called iniquitous. When the advancement of officers has been accomplished by pushing backward other deserving men, the result is bad enough; but when officers have been advanced simply for being present in an engagement, the whole service may well feel disheartened. All captains, first lieutenants, and chief engineers in the battle of Santiago were promoted in numbers at the expense of their seniors. Most of them contributed to the success of the battle, and are no doubt worthy; but some of them have been carried on the shoulders of their juniors for so many years as to be incapable of responsible service. In justice to the navy, the whole

list should be scrutinized in Congress with the greatest care. It would be better to promote none than to reward men whose careers have been a discredit to the navy.

This war has called attention to prize money as a blot upon the civilization of the dawning century. Congress should abolish it in the same bill which advances the pay of the navy to an equality with that of the army. The better sentiment of the whole service would sustain such action. While so much is appearing in the newspapers about Admiral Sampson and his prize money, a remark of his, bearing indirectly on the subject, may prove illuminating. In a conversation last fall, I suggested a method of increasing the pay of officers as an inducement for continued good service and study, and the admiral said: "No, that won't do. The word 'inducement' is bad. You will get the best work out of officers from a high sense of duty, and not otherwise."

The lessons for peace taught by this war should not pass without profit to the nation. We learn the value and efficiency of training to a specific end. Our consular service and our civil service can be vastly improved by requiring all applicants for office to give some evidence of special fitness for the positions which they seek to fill. On the other hand, the inefficiency and waste of a bad system are plainly exhibited in the unhappy experience of the War Department. The two services present a striking contrast, although the officers of both have been educated at government schools. The army, unfortunately, is not looked upon as a profession, and any one who has sufficient political influence is regarded as competent for a commission. Officers educated at West Point are set aside, and the service is so diluted with inexperienced men that its esprit is well-nigh destroyed, and its efficiency seriously impaired. The same scandal has always attended the forma-

tion of an army in the United States, and our country has in every case been denied the full benefit of its expenditure for the education of army officers. There is no doubt of the quickness with which our enlisted force responds to training. By sheer good sense and native self-reliance, they can sometimes offset the ignorance of their officers, as an intelligent horse often knows the way home better than its master. Their principal difficulty springs from inability of the country to secure the proper men to train them. Through political aspirations or downright stupidity, even a Secretary of War may become an insurmountable obstacle to the effectiveness of his own department.

The army may well take a lesson from the navy in this matter. During the late war many volunteer commissions were issued in the navy, but the recipients were invariably placed in subordinate positions where they came under the directions of regular officers. Besides this precaution, every officer appointed in the line and engineer corps had to pass an examination to establish his competency. The administration of the Navy Department has been wise in this respect, aided doubtless by the nature of the seaman's calling. The chaos that might have been created by a political secretary can be more easily imagined than described. It is to be hoped that years of peace will never lead the country into a volunteer establishment for the navy, like the state organizations for the army. The naval reserves belonging to the different states have filled a gap for the time being, but their permanent usefulness has not been established. However courageous the individual members may be, they carry into the service local influences essentially disorganizing. The habit of reaching the President and the Navy Department through governors and senators cannot fail to undermine discipline. The idea that courage in the face of an en-

emy makes up for other deficiencies is too prevalent. Obedience and attention to a carefully planned routine become at times far more important elements in holding a command to its work for any length of time. The difference in effectiveness between the marines at Guantanamo and the soldiers at Santiago, after they had been three weeks in the enemy's country, is sufficient proof of that. The naval reserve should be wholly under national control, and not in any way connected with a state. The relation of the navy to the general government would seem to warrant more effective organization than the army. It must always take the first blow in any foreign war, and its readiness to act may in some cases become the surest guarantee of peace.

• The spectacular side of the war has attracted the whole attention of the press, and we have read much about the nerve and coolness of individuals under fire. It is unquestionably a great thing for a man to risk his life for his country, but there is something to be said for the men who are behind him. Efficiency in supplying the needs of a fleet or an army, and in maintaining it in a condition for effective work, is not so common that we can afford to pass it by in silence, while the combatant is earning distinction and promotion. The creditable record of guns and machinery throughout the war does not spring from chance or solely from the skill of the ship's officers and crews, and Congress should find some method of rewarding the administrative officers responsible for them.

The head of the navy deserves the gratitude of the whole nation for a wise and sensible administration. There has been no interference with the duties belonging properly to trained officers, and no selection of civilians for duties which they could not perform. The efficiency of a navy depends as much upon the strength and intelligence which control

it as it does upon the ships and personnel. Suppose, for instance, that a weak secretary had directed Admiral Dewey to establish a pacific blockade of Manila! The result would have been disastrous, and the war might have been indefinitely prolonged. The case is not an imaginary one, as worse errors have been committed in other wars; in fact,

even in this war they were committed by the Spanish naval administration. We have much to be thankful for in having found two true and loyal sons of America at the head of the Navy Department during the early days of preparation for action, when Dewey was supplied with coal and ammunition, and the standard of accomplishment was set.

Ira Nelson Hollis.

MESSMATES.

HE gave us all a good-by cheerily
 At the first dawn of day;
 We dropped him down the side full drearily
 When the light died away.
 It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
 Where the Trades and the tides roll over him,
 And the great ships go by.

He's there alone, with green seas rocking him
 For a thousand miles round;
 He's there alone, with dumb things mocking him.
 And we're homeward bound.
 It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 While the months and the years roll over him,
 And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
 As they thrash to and fro,
 And the battleships' bells ring clear enough
 To be heard down below;
 If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
 When the great ships go by.

Henry Newbolt.

AMONG THE ANIMALS OF THE YOSEMITE.

THE Sierra bear, brown or gray, the sequoia of the animals, tramps over all the park, though few travelers have the pleasure of seeing him. On he fares through the majestic forests and cañons, facing all sorts of weather, rejoicing in his strength, everywhere at home, harmonizing with the trees and rocks and shaggy chaparral. Happy fellow! his lines have fallen in pleasant places, — lily gardens in silver-fir forests, miles of bushes in endless variety and exuberance of bloom over hill-waves and valleys and along the banks of streams, cañons full of music and waterfalls, parks fair as Eden, — places in which one might expect to meet angels rather than bears.

In this happy land no famine comes nigh him. All the year round his bread is sure, for some of the thousand kinds that he likes are always in season and accessible, ranged on the shelves of the mountains like stores in a pantry. From one to another, from climate to climate, up and down he climbs, feasting on each in turn, — enjoying as great variety as if he traveled to far-off countries north and south. To him almost everything is food except granite. Every tree helps to feed him, every bush and herb, with fruits and flowers, leaves and bark; and all the animals he can catch, — badgers, gophers, ground squirrels, lizards, snakes, etc., and ants, bees, wasps, old and young, together with their eggs and larvæ and nests. Craunched and hashed, down all go to his marvelous stomach, and vanish as if cast into a fire. What digestion! A sheep or a wounded deer or a pig he eats warm, about as quickly as a boy eats a buttered muffin; or should the meat be a month old, it still is welcomed with tremendous relish. After so gross a meal as this, perhaps the next will be strawberries and clover, or raspberries with mushrooms and nuts, or puckery

acorns and chokecherries. And as if fearing that anything eatable in all his dominions should escape being eaten, he breaks into cabins to look after sugar, dried apples, bacon, etc. Occasionally he eats the mountaineer's bed; but when he has had a full meal of more tempting dainties he usually leaves it undisturbed, though he has been known to drag it up through a hole in the roof, carry it to the foot of a tree, and lie down on it to enjoy a siesta. Eating everything, never is he himself eaten except by man, and only man is an enemy to be feared. "B'ar meat," said a hunter from whom I was seeking information, "b'ar meat is the best meat in the mountains; their skins make the best beds, and their grease the best butter. Biscuit shortened with b'ar grease goes as far as beans; a man will walk all day on a couple of them biscuit."

In my first interview with a Sierra bear we were frightened and embarrassed, both of us, but the bear's behavior was better than mine. When I discovered him, he was standing in a narrow strip of meadow, and I was concealed behind a tree on the side of it. After studying his appearance as he stood at rest, I rushed toward him to frighten him, that I might study his gait in running. But, contrary to all I had heard about the shyness of bears, he did not run at all; and when I stopped short within a few steps of him, as he held his ground in a fighting attitude, my mistake was monstrously plain. I was then put on my good behavior, and never afterward forgot the right manners of the wilderness.

This happened on my first Sierra excursion in the forest to the north of Yosemite Valley. I was eager to meet the animals, and many of them came to me as if willing to show themselves and

make my acquaintance ; but the bears kept out of my way.

An old mountaineer, in reply to my questions, told me that bears were very shy, all save grim old grizzlies, and that I might travel the mountains for years without seeing one, unless I gave my mind to them and practiced the stealthy ways of hunters. Nevertheless, it was only a few weeks after I had received this information that I met the one mentioned above, and obtained instruction at first-hand.

I was encamped in the woods about a mile back of the rim of Yosemite, beside a stream that falls into the valley by the way of Indian Cañon. Nearly every day for weeks I went to the top of the North Dome to sketch ; for it commands a general view of the valley, and I was anxious to draw every tree and rock and waterfall. Carlo, a St. Bernard dog, was my companion, — a fine, intelligent fellow that belonged to a hunter who was compelled to remain all summer on the hot plains, and who loaned him to me for the season for the sake of having him in the mountains, where he would be so much better off. Carlo knew bears through long experience, and he it was who led me to my first interview, though he seemed as much surprised as the bear at my unhunter-like behavior. One morning in June, just as the sunbeams began to stream through the trees, I set out for a day's sketching on the dome ; and before we had gone half a mile from camp Carlo snuffed the air and looked cautiously ahead, lowered his bushy tail, drooped his ears, and began to step softly like a cat, turning every few yards and looking me in the face with a telling expression, saying plainly enough, "There is a bear a little way ahead." I walked carefully in the indicated direction, until I approached a small flowery meadow that I was familiar with, then crawled to the foot of a tree on its margin, bearing in mind what I had been told about the shyness of

bears. Looking out cautiously over the instep of the tree, I saw a big, burly cinnamon bear, about thirty yards off, half erect, his paws resting on the trunk of a fir that had fallen into the meadow, his hips almost buried in grass and flowers. He was listening attentively and trying to catch the scent, showing that in some way he was aware of our approach. I watched his gestures, and tried to make the most of my opportunity to learn what I could about him, fearing he would not stay long. He made a fine picture, standing alert in the sunny garden walled in by the most beautiful firs in the world.

After examining him at leisure, noting the sharp muzzle thrust inquiringly forward, the long shaggy hair on his broad chest, the stiff ears nearly buried in hair, and the slow, heavy way in which he moved his head, I foolishly made a rush on him, throwing up my arms and shouting to frighten him, to see him run. He did not mind the demonstration much ; only pushed his head farther forward, and looked at me sharply as if asking, "What now ? If you want to fight, I'm ready." Then I began to fear that on me would fall the work of running. But I was afraid to run, lest he should be encouraged to pursue me ; therefore I held my ground, staring him in the face within a dozen yards or so, putting on as bold a look as I could, and hoping the influence of the human eye would be as great as it is said to be. Under these strained relations the interview seemed to last a long time. Finally, the bear, seeing how still I was, calmly withdrew his huge paws from the log, gave me a piercing look as if warning me not to follow him, turned, and walked slowly up the middle of the meadow into the forest ; stopping every few steps and looking back to make sure that I was not trying to take him at a disadvantage in a rear attack. I was glad to part with him, and greatly enjoyed the vanishing view as he waded through the lilies and columbines.

Thenceforth I always tried to give bears respectful notice of my approach, and they usually kept well out of my way. Though they often came around my camp in the night, only once afterward, as far as I know, was I very near one of them in daylight. This time it was a grizzly I met; and as luck would have it, I was even nearer to him than I had been to the big cinnamon. Though not a large specimen, he seemed formidable enough at a distance of less than a dozen yards. His shaggy coat was well grizzled, his head almost white. When I first caught sight of him he was eating acorns under a Kellogg oak, at a distance of perhaps seventy-five yards, and I tried to slip past without disturbing him. But he had either heard my steps on the gravel or caught my scent, for he came straight toward me, stopping every rod or so to look and listen; and as I was afraid to be seen running, I crawled on my hands and knees a little way to one side and hid behind a libocedrus, hoping he would pass me unnoticed. He soon came up opposite me, and stood looking ahead, while I looked at him, peering past the bulging trunk of the tree. At last, turning his head, he caught sight of mine, stared sharply a minute or two, and then, with fine dignity, disappeared in a manzanita-covered earthquake talus.

Considering how heavy and broad-footed bears are, it is wonderful how little harm they do in the wilderness. Even in the well-watered gardens of the middle region, where the flowers grow tallest, and where during warm weather the bears wallow and roll, no evidence of destruction is visible. On the contrary, under nature's direction, the massive beasts act as gardeners. On the forest floor, carpeted with needles and brush, and on the tough sod of glacier meadows, bears make no mark, but around the sandy margin of lakes their magnificent tracks form grand lines of embroidery. Their well-worn trails extend along the

main cañons on either side, and though dusty in some places make no scar on the landscape. They bite and break off the branches of some of the pines and oaks to get the nuts, but this pruning is so light that few mountaineers ever notice it; and though they interfere with the orderly lichen-veiled decay of fallen trees, tearing them to pieces to reach the colonies of ants that inhabit them, the scattered ruins are quickly pressed back into harmony by snow and rain and over-leaning vegetation.

The number of bears that make the park their home may be guessed by the number that have been killed by the two best hunters, Duncan and old David Brown. Duncan began to be known as a bear-killer about the year 1865. He was then roaming the woods, hunting and prospecting on the south fork of the Merced. A friend told me that he killed his first bear near his cabin at Wawona; that after mustering courage to fire he fled, without waiting to learn the effect of his shot. Going back in a few hours he found poor Bruin dead, and gained courage to try again. Duncan confessed to me, when we made an excursion together in 1875, that he was at first mortally afraid of bears, but after killing a half dozen he began to keep count of his victims, and became ambitious to be known as a great bear-hunter. In nine years he had killed forty-nine, keeping count by notches cut on one of the timbers of his cabin on the shore of Crescent Lake, near the south boundary of the park. He said the more he knew about bears, the more he respected them and the less he feared them. But at the same time he grew more and more cautious, and never fired until he had every advantage, no matter how long he had to wait and how far he had to go before he got the bear just right as to the direction of the wind, the distance, and the way of escape in case of accident; making allowance also for the character of the animal, old or young,

cinnamon or grizzly. For old grizzlies, he said, he had no use whatever, and he was mighty careful to avoid their acquaintance. He wanted to kill an even hundred; then he was going to confine himself to safer game. There was not much money in bears, anyhow, and a round hundred was enough for glory.

I have not seen or heard of him lately, and do not know how his bloody count stands. On my excursions, I occasionally passed his cabin. It was full of meat and skins hung in bundles from the rafters, and the ground about it was strewn with bones and hair, — infinitely less tidy than a bear's den. He went as hunter and guide with a geological survey party for a year or two, and was very proud of the scientific knowledge he picked up. His admiring fellow mountaineers, he said, gave him credit for knowing not only the botanical names of all the trees and bushes, but also the "botanical names of the bears."

The most famous hunter of the region was David Brown, an old pioneer, who early in the gold period established his main camp in a little forest glade on the north fork of the Merced, which is still called "Brown's Flat." No finer solitude for a hunter and prospector could be found; the climate is delightful all the year, and the scenery of both earth and sky is a perpetual feast. Though he was not much of a "scenery fellow," his friends say that he knew a pretty place when he saw it as well as any one, and liked mightily to get on the top of a commanding ridge to "look off."

When out of provision, he would take down his old-fashioned long-barreled rifle from its deer-horn rest over the fireplace and set out in search of game. Seldom did he have to go far for venison, because the deer liked the wooded slopes of Pilot Peak ridge, with its open spots where they could rest and look about them, and enjoy the breeze from the sea in warm weather, free from troublesome flies, while they found

hiding-places and fine aromatic food in the deer-brush chaparral. A small, wise dog was his only companion, and well the little mountaineer understood the object of every hunt, whether deer or bears, or only grouse hidden in the fir-tops. In deer-hunting Sandy had little to do, trotting behind his master as he walked noiselessly through the fragrant woods, careful not to step heavily on dry twigs, scanning open spots in the chaparral where the deer feed in the early morning and toward sunset, peering over ridges and swells as new outlooks were reached, and along alder and willow fringed flats and streams, until he found a young buck, killed it, tied its legs together, threw it on his shoulder, and so back to camp. But when bears were hunted, Sandy played an important part as leader, and several times saved his master's life: and it was as a bear-hunter that David Brown became famous. His method, as I had it from a friend who had passed many an evening in his cabin listening to his long stories of adventure, was simply to take a few pounds of flour and his rifle, and go slowly and silently over hill and valley in the loneliest part of the wilderness, until little Sandy came upon the fresh track of a bear, then follow it to the death, paying no heed to time. Whenever the bear went he went, however rough the ground, led by Sandy, who looked back from time to time to see how his master was coming on, and regulated his pace accordingly, never growing weary or allowing any other track to divert him. When high ground was reached a halt was made, to scan the openings in every direction, and perchance Bruin would be discovered sitting upright on his haunches, eating manzanita berries; pulling down the fruit-laden branches with his paws and pressing them together, so as to get substantial mouthfuls, however mixed with leaves and twigs. The time of year enabled the hunter to determine approximately

where the game would be found: in spring and early summer, in lush grass and clover meadows and in berry tangles along the banks of streams, or on peavine and lupine clad slopes; in late summer and autumn, beneath the pines, eating the cones cut off by the squirrels, and in oak groves at the bottom of cañons, munching acorns, manzanita berries, and cherries; and after snow had fallen, in alluvial bottoms, feeding on ants and yellow-jacket wasps. These food places were always cautiously approached, so as to avoid the chance of sudden encounters.

"Whenever," said the hunter, "I saw a bear before he saw me, I had no trouble in killing him. I just took lots of time to learn what he was up to and how long he would be likely to stay, and to study the direction of the wind and the lay of the land. Then I worked round to leeward of him, no matter how far I had to go; crawled and dodged to within a hundred yards, near the foot of a tree that I could climb, but which was too small for a bear to climb. There I looked well to the priming of my rifle, took off my boots so as to climb quickly if necessary, and, with my rifle in rest and Sandy behind me, waited until my bear stood right, when I made a sure, or at least a good shot back of the fore leg. In case he showed fight, I got up the tree I had in mind, before he could reach me. But bears are slow and awkward with their eyes, and being to windward they could not scent me, and often I got in a second shot before they saw the smoke. Usually, however, they tried to get away when they were hurt, and I let them go a good safe while before I ventured into the brush after them. Then Sandy was pretty sure to find them dead; if not, he barked bold as a lion to draw attention, or rushed in and nipped them behind, enabling me to get to a safe distance and watch a chance for a finishing shot."

"Oh yes, bear-hunting is a mighty interesting business, and safe enough if fol-

lowed just right, though, like every other business, especially the wild kind, it has its accidents, and Sandy and I have had close calls at times. Bears are nobody's fools, and they know enough to let men alone as a general thing, unless they are wounded, or cornered, or have cubs. In my opinion, a hungry old mother would catch and eat a man, if she could; which is only fair play, anyhow, for we eat them. But nobody, as far as I know, has been eaten up in these rich mountains. Why they never tackle a fellow when he is lying asleep I never could understand. They could gobble us mighty handy, but I suppose it's nature to respect a sleeping man."

Sheep-owners and their shepherds have killed a great many bears, mostly by poison and traps of various sorts. Bears are fond of mutton, and levy heavy toll on every flock driven into the mountains. They usually come to the corral at night, climb in, kill a sheep with a stroke of the paw, carry it off a little distance, eat about half of it, and return the next night for the other half; and so on all summer, or until they are themselves killed. It is not, however, by direct killing, but by suffocation through crowding against the corral wall in fright, that the greatest losses are incurred. From ten to fifteen sheep are found dead, smothered in the corral, after every attack; or the walls are broken, and the flock is scattered far and wide. A flock may escape the attention of these marauders for a week or two in the spring; but after their first taste of the fine mountain-fed meat the visits are persistently kept up, in spite of all precautions. Once I spent a night with two Portuguese shepherds, who were greatly troubled with bears, from two to four or five visiting them almost every night. Their camp was near the middle of the park, and the wicked bears, they said, were getting worse and worse. Not waiting now until dark, they came out of the brush in broad daylight, and boldly carried off as

many sheep as they liked. One evening, before sundown, a bear, followed by two cubs, came for an early supper, as the flock was being slowly driven toward camp. Joe, the elder of the shepherds, warned by many exciting experiences, promptly climbed a tall tamarack pine, and left the freebooters to help themselves; while Antone, calling him a coward, and declaring that he was not going to let bears eat up his sheep before his face, set the dogs on them, and rushed toward them with a great noise and a stick. The frightened cubs ran up a tree, and the mother ran to meet the shepherd and dogs. Antone stood astonished for a moment, eying the oncoming bear; then fled faster than Joe had, closely pursued. He scrambled to the roof of their little cabin, the only refuge quickly available; and fortunately, the bear, anxious about her young, did not climb after him, — only held him in mortal terror a few minutes, glaring and threatening, then hastened back to her cubs, called them down, went to the frightened, huddled flock, killed a sheep, and feasted in peace. Antone piteously entreated cautious Joe to show him a good safe tree, up which he climbed like a sailor climbing a mast, and held on as long as he could with legs crossed, the slim pine recommended by Joe being nearly branchless. "So you too are a bear coward, as well as Joe," I said, after hearing the story. "Oh, I tell you," he replied, with grand solemnity, "bear face close by look awful; she just as soon eat me as not. She do so as eef all my sheeps b'long every one to her own self. I run to bear no more. I take tree every time."

After this the shepherds corralled the flock about an hour before sundown, chopped large quantities of dry wood and made a circle of fires around the corral every night, and one with a gun kept watch on a stage built in a pine by the side of the cabin, while the other slept. But after the first night or two this fire

fence did no good, for the robbers seemed to regard the light as an advantage, after becoming used to it.

On the night I spent at their camp the show made by the wall of fire when it was blazing in its prime was magnificent: the illumined trees round about relieved against solid darkness, and the two thousand sheep lying down in one gray mass, sprinkled with gloriously brilliant gems, the effect of the firelight in their eyes. It was nearly midnight when a pair of the freebooters arrived. They walked boldly through a gap in the fire circle, killed two sheep, carried them out, and vanished in the dark woods, leaving ten dead in a pile, trampled down and smothered against the corral fence; while the scared watcher in the tree did not fire a single shot, saying he was afraid he would hit some of the sheep, as the bears got among them before he could get a good sight.

In the morning I asked the shepherds why they did not move the flock to a new pasture. "Oh, no use!" cried Antone. "Look my dead sheeps. We move three four time before, all the same bear come by the track. No use. To-morrow we go home below. Look my dead sheeps. Soon all dead."

Thus were they driven out of the mountains more than a month before the usual time. After Uncle Sam's soldiers, bears are the most effective forest police, but some of the shepherds are very successful in killing them. Altogether, by hunters, mountaineers, Indians, and sheepmen, probably five or six hundred have been killed within the bounds of the park, during the last thirty years. But they are not in danger of extinction. Now that the park is guarded by soldiers, not only has the vegetation in great part come back to the desolate ground, but all the wild animals are increasing in numbers. No guns are allowed in the park except under certain restrictions, and after a permit has been obtained from the officer in

charge. This has stopped the barbarous slaughter of bears, and especially of deer, by shepherds, hunters, and hunting tourists, who, it would seem, can find no pleasure without blood.

The Sierra deer — the blacktail — spend the winters in the brushy and exceedingly rough region just below the main timber-belt, and are less accessible to hunters there than when they are passing through the comparatively open forests to and from their summer pastures near the summits of the range. They go up the mountains early in the spring as the snow melts, not waiting for it all to disappear; reaching the High Sierra about the first of June, and the coolest recesses at the base of the peaks a month or so later. I have tracked them for miles over compacted snow from three to ten feet deep.

Deer are capital mountaineers, making their way into the heart of the roughest mountains; seeking not only pasturage, but a cool climate, and safe hidden places in which to bring forth their young. They are not supreme as rock-climbing animals; they take second rank, yielding the first to the mountain sheep, which dwell above them on the highest crags and peaks. Still, the two meet frequently; for the deer climbs all the peaks save the lofty summits above the glaciers, crossing piles of angular boulders, roaring swollen streams, and sheer-walled cañons by fords and passes that would try the nerves of the hardest mountaineers, — climbing with graceful ease and reserve of strength that cannot fail to arouse admiration. Everywhere some species of deer seems to be at home, on rough or smooth ground, lowlands or highlands, in swamps and barrens and the densest woods, in varying climates, hot or cold, over all the continent; maintaining glorious health, never making an awkward step. Standing, lying down, walking, feeding, running even for life, it is always invincibly graceful, and adds beauty and animation to every landscape, —

a charming animal, and a great credit to nature.

I never see one of the common black-tail deer, the only species in the park, without fresh admiration; and since I never carry a gun I see them well: lying beneath a juniper or dwarf pine, among the brown needles on the brink of some cliff or the end of a ridge commanding a wide outlook; feeding in sunny openings among chaparral, daintily selecting aromatic leaves and twigs; leading their fawns out of my way, or making them lie down and hide; bounding past through the forest, or curiously advancing and retreating again and again.

One morning when I was eating breakfast in a little garden spot on the Kaweah, hedged around with chaparral, I noticed a deer's head thrust through the bushes, the big beautiful eyes gazing at me. I kept still, and the deer ventured forward a step, then snorted and withdrew. In a few minutes she returned, and came into the open garden, stepping with infinite grace, followed by two others. After showing themselves for a moment, they bounded over the hedge with sharp, timid snorts and vanished. But curiosity brought them back with still another, and all four came into my garden, and, satisfied that I meant them no ill, began to feed, actually eating breakfast with me, like tame, gentle sheep around a shepherd, — rare company, and the most graceful in movements and attitudes. I eagerly watched them while they fed on ceanothus and wild cherry, daintily culling single leaves here and there from the side of the hedge, turning now and then to snip a few leaves of mint from the midst of the garden flowers. Grass they did not eat at all. No wonder the contents of the deer's stomach are eaten by the Indians.

While exploring the upper cañon of the north fork of the San Joaquin, one evening, the sky threatening rain, I searched for a dry bed, and made choice of a big juniper that had been pushed

down by a snow avalanche, but was resting stubbornly on its knees high enough to let me lie under its broad trunk. Just below my shelter there was another juniper on the very brink of a precipice, and, examining it, I found a deer-bed beneath it, completely protected and concealed by drooping branches, — a fine refuge and lookout as well as resting-place. About an hour before dark I heard the clear, sharp snorting of a deer, and looking down on the brushy, rocky cañon bottom discovered an anxious doe that no doubt had her fawns concealed near by. She bounded over the chaparral and up the farther slope of the wall, often stopping to look back and listen, — a fine picture of vivid, eager alertness. I sat perfectly still, and as my shirt was colored like the juniper bark I was not easily seen. After a little she came cautiously toward me, sniffing the air and gazing, and her movements, as she descended the cañon side over boulder piles and brush and fallen timber, were admirably strong and beautiful; she never strained or made apparent efforts, although jumping high here and there. As she drew nigh she sniffed anxiously, trying the air in different directions until she caught my scent; then bounded off, and vanished behind a small grove of firs. Soon she came back with the same caution and insatiable curiosity, — coming and going five or six times. While I sat admiring her, a Douglas squirrel, evidently excited by her noisy alarms, climbed a boulder beneath me, and witnessed her performances as attentively as I did, while a frisky chipmunk, too restless or hungry for such shows, busied himself about his supper in a thicket of shadbushes, the fruit of which was then ripe, glancing about on the slender twigs lightly as a sparrow.

Toward the end of the Indian summer, when the young are strong, the deer begin to gather in little bands of from six to fifteen or twenty, and on the approach of the first snowstorm they set out on

their march down the mountains to their winter quarters; lingering usually on warm hillsides and spurs eight or ten miles below the summits, as if loath to leave. About the end of November, a heavy, far-reaching storm drives them down in haste along the dividing ridges between the rivers, led by old experienced bucks whose knowledge of the topography is wonderful.

It is when the deer are coming down that the Indians set out on their grand fall hunt. Too lazy to go into the recesses of the mountains away from trails, they wait for the deer to come out, and then waylay them. This plan also has the advantage of finding them in bands. Great preparations are made. Old guns are mended, bullets moulded, and the hunters wash themselves and fast to some extent, to insure good luck, as they say. Men and women, old and young, set forth together. Central camps are made on the well-known highways of the deer, which are soon red with blood. Each hunter comes in laden, old crones as well as maidens smiling on the luckiest. All grow fat and merry. Boys, each armed with an antlered head, play at buck-fighting, and plague the industrious women, who are busily preparing the meat for transportation, by stealing up behind them and throwing fresh hides over them. But the Indians are passing away here as everywhere, and their red camps on the mountains are fewer every year.

There are panthers, foxes, badgers, porcupines, and coyotes in the park, but not in large numbers. I have seen coyotes well back in the range at the head of the Tuolumne Meadows as early as June 1st, before the snow was gone, feeding on marmots; but they are far more numerous on the inhabited lowlands around ranches, where they enjoy life on chickens, turkeys, quail eggs, ground squirrels, hares, etc., and all kinds of fruit. Few wild sheep, I fear, are left hereabouts; for, though safe on the high peaks, they are driven down the

eastern slope of the mountains when the deer are driven down the western, to ridges and outlying spurs where the snow does not fall to a great depth, and there they are within reach of the catlemen's rifles.

The two squirrels of the park, the Douglas and the California gray, keep all the woods lively. The former is far more abundant and more widely distributed, being found all the way up from the foothills to the dwarf pines on the summit peaks. He is the most influential of the Sierra animals, though small, and the brightest of all the squirrels I know, — a squirrel of squirrels, quick mountain vigor and valor condensed, purely wild, and as free from disease as a sunbeam. One cannot think of such an animal ever being weary or sick. He claims all the woods, and is inclined to drive away even men as intruders. How he scolds, and what faces he makes! If not so comically small, he would be a dreadful fellow. The gray, *Sciurus fessor*, is the handsomest, I think, of all the large American squirrels. He is something like the Eastern gray, but is brighter and clearer in color, and more lithe and slender. He dwells in the oak and pine woods up to a height of about five thousand feet above the sea, is rather common in Yosemite Valley, Hetch-Hetchy, Kings River Cañon, and indeed in all the main cañons and Yosemite, but does not like the high fir-covered ridges. Compared with the Douglas, the gray is more than twice as large; nevertheless, he manages to make his way through the trees with less stir than his small, peppery neighbor, and is much less influential in every way. In the spring, before pine-nuts and hazel-nuts are ripe, he examines last year's cones for the few seeds that may be left in them between the half-open scales, and gleans fallen nuts and seeds on the ground among the leaves, after making sure that no enemy is nigh. His fine tail floats, now behind, now above him,

level or gracefully curled, light and radiant as dry thistledown. His body seems hardly more substantial than his tail. The Douglas is a firm, emphatic bolt of life, fiery, pungent, full of brag and show and fight, and his movements have none of the elegant deliberation of the gray. They are so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker, and the acrobatic harlequin gyrating show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. The gray is shy and oftentimes stealthy, as if half expecting to find an enemy in every tree and bush and behind every log; he seems to wish to be let alone, and manifests no desire to be seen, or admired, or feared. He is hunted by the Indians, and this of itself is cause enough for caution. The Douglas is less attractive as game, and is probably increasing in numbers in spite of every enemy. He goes his ways bold as a lion, up and down and across, round and round, the happiest, merriest, of all the hairy tribe, and at the same time tremendously earnest and solemn, sunshine incarnate, making every tree tingle with his electric toes. If you prick him, you cannot think he will bleed. He seems above the chance and change that beset common mortals, though in busily gathering burs and nuts he shows that he has to work for a living, like the rest of us. I never found a dead Douglas. He gets into the world and out of it without being noticed; only in prime is he seen, like some little plants that are visible only when in bloom.

The Townsend tamias, a plump, slow, sober, well-dressed chipmunk, nearly as large as the Douglas squirrel, may occasionally be seen about the roots of the firs or fallen trunks, solemnly staring as if he never had anything to do. The little striped species, *T. quadrivittatus*, is more interesting and a hundred times more numerous than the Townsend. A brighter, cheerier chipmunk does not exist. He is smarter, more arboreal and squirrel-like, than the familiar Eastern

species, and is distributed as widely on the Sierra as the Douglas. Every forest however dense or open, every hilltop and cañon however brushy or bare, is cheered and enlivened by this happy little animal. You are likely to notice him first on the lower edge of the coniferous belt, where the sabine and yellow pines meet; and thence upward, go where you may, you will find him every day, even in winter, unless the weather is stormy. He is an exceedingly interesting little fellow, full of odd, quaint ways, confiding, thinking no evil; and without being a squirrel — a true shadow-tail — he lives the life of a squirrel, and has almost all squirrelish accomplishments without aggressive quarrelsomeness.

I never weary of watching him as he frisks about in the bushes, gathering seeds and berries; poisoning on slender twigs of wild cherry, shad, chinquapin, buckthorn bramble; skimming along prostrate trunks or over the grassy, needle-strewn forest floor; darting from boulder to boulder on glacial pavements and the tops of the great domes. When the seeds of the conifers are ripe, he climbs the trees and cuts off the cones for a winter store, working diligently, though not with the tremendous lightning energy of the Douglas, who frequently drives him out of the best trees. Then he lies in wait, and picks up a share of the burs cut off by his domineering cousin, and stores them beneath logs and in hollows. Few of the Sierra animals are so well liked as this little airy, fluffy half squirrel, half spermophile. So gentle, confiding, and busily cheery and happy, he takes one's heart and keeps his place among the best loved of the mountain darlings. A diligent collector of seeds, nuts, and berries, of course he is well fed, though never in the least dumpy with fat. On the contrary, he looks like a mere fluff of fur, weighing but little more than a field mouse, and of his frisky, birdlike liveliness without haste there is no end.

Douglas can bark with his mouth closed, but little quad always opens his when he talks or sings. He has a considerable variety of notes which correspond with his movements, some of them sweet and liquid, like water dripping into a pool with tinkling sound. His eyes are black and animated, shining like dew. He seems dearly to like teasing a dog, venturing within a few feet of it, then frisking away with a lively chipping and low squirrelish churring; beating time to his music, such as it is, with his tail, which at each chip and churr describes a half circle. Not even Douglas is sure-footed or takes greater risks. I have seen him running about on sheer Yosemite cliffs, holding on with as little effort as a fly and as little thought of danger in places where, if he had made the least slip, he would have fallen thousands of feet. How fine it would be could mountaineers move about on precipices with the same sure grip!

Before the pine-nuts are ripe, grass seeds and those of the many species of ceanothus, with strawberries, raspberries, and the soft red thimbleberries of *Rubus nutkanus*, form the bulk of his food, and a neater eater is not to be found in the mountains. Bees powdered with pollen, poking their blunt noses into the bells of flowers, are comparatively clumsy and boorish. Frisking along some fallen pine or fir, when the grass seeds are ripe, he looks about him, considering which of the tufts he sees is likely to have the best, runs out to it, selects what he thinks is sure to be a good head, cuts it off, carries it to the top of the log, sits upright and nibbles out the grain without getting awns in his mouth, turning the head round, holding it and fingering it as if playing on a flute; then skips for another and another, bringing them to the same dining-log.

The woodchuck — *Arctomys monax* — dwells on high bleak ridges and boulder piles; and a very different sort of mountaineer is he, — bulky, fat, aldermanic,

and fairly bloated at times by hearty indulgence in the lush pastures of his airy home. And yet he is by no means a dull animal. In the midst of what we regard as storm-beaten desolation, high in the frosty air, beside the glaciers, he pipes and whistles right cheerily, and lives to a good old age. If you are as early a riser as he is, you may oftentimes see him come blinking out of his burrow to meet the first beams of the morning and take a sunbath on some favorite flat-topped boulder. Afterward, well warmed, he goes to breakfast in one of his garden hollows, eats heartily like a cow in clover until comfortably swollen, then goes a-visiting, and plays and loves and fights.

In the spring of 1875, when I was exploring the peaks and glaciers about the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin, I had crossed the range from the head of Owen River, and one morning, passing around a frozen lake where the snow was perhaps ten feet deep, I was surprised to find the fresh track of a woodchuck plainly marked, the sun having softened the surface. What could the animal be thinking of, coming out so early while all the ground was snow-buried? The steady trend of his track showed he had a definite aim, and fortunately it was toward a mountain thirteen thousand feet high that I meant to climb. So I followed to see if I could find out what he was up to. From the base of the mountain the track pointed straight up, and I knew by the melting snow that I was not far behind him. I lost the track on a crumbling ridge, partly projecting through the snow, but soon discovered it again. Well toward the summit of the mountain, in an open spot on the south side, nearly inclosed by disintegrating pinnacles among which the sun heat reverberated, making an isolated patch of warm climate, I found a nice garden, full of rock cress, phlox, silene, draba, etc., and a few grasses; and in this garden I overtook the wan-

derer, enjoying a fine fresh meal, perhaps the first of the season. How did he know the way to this one garden spot, so high and far off, and what told him that it was in bloom while yet the snow was ten feet deep over his den? For this it would seem he would need more botanical, topographical, and climatological knowledge than most mountaineers are possessed of.

The shy, curious mountain beaver — *Haplodon* — lives on the heights, not far from the woodchuck. He digs canals and controls the flow of small streams under the sod, cuts large quantities of grass, lupines, and other plants, lays them out in neat piles with the stems all one way to dry, like hay, and stores them in underground chambers. These hayfields on the mountain tops, showing busy, thoughtful life where one deemed himself alone, are startling. And it is startling, too, when one is camped on the edge of a sloping meadow near the homes of these industrious mountaineers, to be awakened in the still night by the sound of water rushing and gurgling under one's head in a newly formed canal. Pouched gophers also have a way of awakening nervous campers that is quite as exciting as the haplodon's plan; that is, by a series of firm upward pushes when they are driving tunnels and shoving up the dirt. One naturally cries out, "Who's there?" and then discovering the cause, "All right. Go on. Good-night," and goes to sleep again.

The wood rat — *Neotoma* — is one of the most interesting of the Sierra animals. He is scarcely at all like the common rat, is nearly twice as large, has a delicate soft fur of a bluish slate color, white on the belly, large ears thin and translucent, eyes full and liquid and mild in expression, nose blunt and squirrelish, slender claws sharp as needles, and as his limbs are strong he can climb about as well as a squirrel; while no rat or squirrel has so innocent a look, is so easily approached, or in general ex-

presses so much confidence in one's good intentions. He seems too fine for the thorny thickets he inhabits, and his big, rough hut is as unlike himself as possible. No other animal in these mountains makes nests so large and striking in appearance as his. They are built of all kinds of sticks (broken branches, and old rotten moss-grown chunks, and green twigs, smooth or thorny, cut from the nearest bushes), mixed with miscellaneous rubbish and curious odds and ends, — bits of cloddy earth, stones, bones, bits of deer-horn, etc.: the whole simply piled in conical masses on the ground in chaparral thickets. Some of these cabins are five or six feet high, and occasionally a dozen or more are grouped together; less, perhaps, for society's sake than for advantages of food and shelter.

Coming through deep, stiff chaparral in the heart of the wilderness, heated and weary in forcing a way, the solitary explorer, happening into one of these curious neotoma villages, is startled at the strange sight, and may imagine he is in an Indian village, and feel anxious as to the reception he will get in a place so wild. At first, perhaps, not a single inhabitant will be seen, or at most only two or three seated on the tops of their huts as at the doors, observing the stranger with the mildest of mild eyes. The nest in the centre of the cabin is made of grass and films of bark chewed to tow, and lined with feathers and the down of various seeds. The thick, rough walls seem to be built for defense against enemies — fox, coyote, etc. — as well as for shelter, and the delicate creatures, in their big, rude homes, suggest tender flowers, like those of *Salvia carduacea*, defended by thorny involucres.

Sometimes the home is built in the forks of an oak, twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and even in garrets. Among housekeepers who have these bushmen as neighbors or guests they are regarded as thieves, because they carry away and pile together everything trans-

portable (knives, forks, tin cups, spoons, spectacles, combs, nails, kindling-wood, etc., as well as eatables of all sorts), to strengthen their fortifications or to shine among rivals. Once, far back in the High Sierra, they stole my snow-goggles, the lid of my teapot, and my aneroid barometer; and one stormy night, when encamped under a prostrate cedar, I was awakened by a gritting sound on the granite, and by the light of my fire I discovered a handsome neotoma beside me, dragging away my ice-hatchet, pulling with might and main by a buckskin string on the handle. I threw bits of bark at him and made a noise to frighten him, but he stood scolding and chattering back at me, his fine eyes shining with an air of injured innocence.

A great variety of lizards enliven the warm portions of the park. Some of them are more than a foot in length, others but little larger than grasshoppers. A few are snaky and repulsive at first sight, but most of the species are handsome and attractive, and bear acquaintance well; we like them better the farther we see into their charming lives. Small fellow mortals, gentle and guileless, they are easily tamed, and have beautiful eyes, expressing the clearest innocence, so that, in spite of prejudices brought from cool, lizardless countries, one must soon learn to like them. Even the horned toad of the plains and foothills, called horrid, is mild and gentle, with charming eyes, and so are the snake-like species found in the underbrush of the lower forests. These glide in curves with all the ease and grace of snakes, while their small, undeveloped limbs drag for the most part as useless appendages. One specimen that I measured was fourteen inches long, and as far as I saw it made no use whatever of its diminutive limbs.

Most of them glint and dart on the sunny rocks and across open spaces from bush to bush, swift as dragonflies and humming-birds, and about as brilliantly

colored. They never make a long-sustained run, whatever their object, but dart direct as arrows for a distance of ten or twenty feet, then suddenly stop, and as suddenly start again. These stops are necessary as rests, for they are short-winded, and when pursued steadily are soon run out of breath, pant pitifully, and may easily be caught where no retreat in bush or rock is quickly available.

If you stay with them a week or two and behave well, these gentle saurians, descendants of an ancient race of giants, will soon know and trust you, come to your feet, play, and watch your every motion with cunning curiosity. You will surely learn to like them, not only the bright ones, gorgeous as the rainbow, but the little ones, gray as lichen granite, and scarcely bigger than grasshoppers; and they will teach you that scales may cover as fine a nature as hair or feathers or anything tailored.

There are many snakes in the cañons and lower forests, but they are mostly handsome and harmless. Of all the tourists and travelers who have visited Yosemite and the adjacent mountains, not one has been bitten by a snake of any sort, while thousands have been charmed by them. Some of them vie with the lizards in beauty of color and dress patterns. Only the rattlesnake is venomous, and he carefully keeps his venom to himself as far as man is concerned, unless his life is threatened.

Before I learned to respect rattlesnakes I killed two, the first on the San Joaquin plain. He was coiled comfortably around a tuft of bunch-grass, and I discovered him when he was between my feet as I was stepping over him. He held his head down and did not attempt to strike, although in danger of being trampled. At that time, thirty years ago, I imagined that rattlesnakes should be killed wherever found. I had no weapon of any sort, and on the smooth plain there was not a stick or a stone within miles; so I crushed him by jump-

ing on him, as the deer are said to do. Looking me in the face he saw I meant mischief, and quickly cast himself into a coil, ready to strike in defense. I knew he could not strike when traveling, therefore I threw handfuls of dirt and grass sods at him, to tease him out of coil. He held his ground a few minutes, threatening and striking, and then started off to get rid of me. I ran forward and jumped on him; but he drew back his head so quickly my heel missed, and he also missed his stroke at me. Persecuted, tormented, again and again he tried to get away, bravely striking out to protect himself; but at last my heel came squarely down, sorely wounding him, and a few more brutal stampings crushed him. I felt degraded by the killing business, farther from heaven, and I made up my mind to try to be at least as fair and charitable as the snakes themselves, and to kill no more save in self-defense.

The second killing might also, I think, have been avoided, and I have always felt somewhat sore and guilty about it. I had built a little cabin in Yosemite, and for convenience in getting water, and for the sake of music and society, I led a small stream from Yosemite Creek into it. Running along the side of the wall it was not in the way, and it had just fall enough to ripple and sing in low, sweet tones, making delightful company, especially at night when I was lying awake. Then a few frogs came in and made merry with the stream,—and one snake, I suppose to catch the frogs.

Returning from my long walks, I usually brought home a large handful of plants, partly for study, partly for ornament, and set them in a corner of the cabin, with their stems in the stream to keep them fresh. One day, when I picked up a handful that had begun to fade, I uncovered a large coiled rattler that had been hiding behind the flowers. Thus suddenly brought to light face to

face with the rightful owner of the place, the poor reptile was desperately embarrassed, evidently realizing that he had no right in the cabin. It was not only fear that he showed, but a good deal of downright bashfulness and embarrassment, like that of a more than half honest person caught under suspicious circumstances behind a door. Instead of striking or threatening to strike, though coiled and ready, he slowly drew his head down as far as he could, with awkward, confused kinks in his neck and a shamefaced expression, as if wishing the ground would open and hide him. I have looked into the eyes of so many wild animals that I feel sure I did not mistake the feelings of this unfortunate snake. I did not want to kill him, but I had many visitors, some of them children, and I oftentimes came in late at night; so I judged he must die.

Since then I have seen perhaps a hundred or more in these mountains, but I have never intentionally disturbed them, nor have they disturbed me to any great extent, even by accident, though in danger of being stepped on. Once, while I was on my knees kindling a fire, one glided under the arch made by my arm. He was only going away from the ground I had selected for a camp, and there was not the slightest danger, because I kept still and allowed him to go in peace. The only time I felt myself in serious danger was when I was coming out of the Tuolumne Cañon by a steep side cañon toward the head of Yosemite Creek. On an earthquake talus, a boulder in my way presented a front so high that I could just reach the upper edge of it while standing on the next below it. Drawing myself up, as soon as my head was above the flat top of it I caught sight of a coiled rattler. My hands had alarmed him, and he was ready for me; but even with this provocation, and when my head came in sight within a foot of him, he did not strike. The last time I sauntered through the big cañon I saw about two a day. One

was not coiled, but neatly folded in a narrow space between two cobblestones on the side of the river, his head below the level of them, ready to shoot up like a Jack-in-the-box for frogs or birds. My foot spanned the space above within an inch or two of his head, but he only held it lower. In making my way through a particularly tedious tangle of buckthorn, I parted the branches on the side of an open spot and threw my bundle of bread into it; and when, with my arms free, I was pushing through after it, I saw a small rattlesnake dragging his tail from beneath my bundle. When he caught sight of me he eyed me angrily, and with an air of righteous indignation seemed to be asking why I had thrown that stuff on him. He was so small that I was inclined to slight him, but he struck out so angrily that I drew back, and approached the opening from the other side. But he had been listening, and when I looked through the brush I found him confronting me, still with a come-in-if-you-dare expression. In vain I tried to explain that I only wanted my bread; he stoutly held the ground in front of it; so I went back a dozen rods and kept still for half an hour, and when I returned he had gone.

One evening, near sundown, in a very rough, boulder-choked portion of the cañon, I searched long for a level spot for a bed, and at last was glad to find a patch of flood-sand on the river-bank, and a lot of driftwood close by for a camp-fire. But when I threw down my bundle, I found two snakes in possession of the ground. I might have passed the night even in this snake den without danger, for I never knew a single instance of their coming into camp in the night; but fearing that, in so small a space, some late comers, not aware of my presence, might get stepped on, when I was replenishing the fire, to avoid possible crowding I encamped on one of the earthquake boulders.

There are two species of *Crotalus* in

the park, and when I was exploring the basin of Yosemite Creek I thought I had discovered a new one. I saw a snake with curious divided appendages on its head. Going nearer, I found that the strange headgear was only the feet of a frog. Cutting a switch I struck the snake lightly until he disgorged the poor frog, or rather allowed it to back out. On its return to the light from one of the very darkest of death valleys, it blinked a moment with a sort of dazed look, then plunged into a stream, apparently happy and well.

Frogs abound in all the bogs, marshes, pools, and lakes, however cold and high and isolated. How did they manage to get up these high mountains? Surely not by jumping. Long and dry excursions through weary miles of boulders and brush would be trying to frogs. Most likely their stringy spawn is carried on the feet of ducks, cranes, and other waterbirds. Anyhow, they are most thoroughly distributed, and flourish famously. What a cheery, hearty set they are, and how bravely their krink and tronk concerts enliven the rocky wilderness!

None of the high-lying mountain lakes or branches of the rivers above sheer falls had fish of any sort until stocked by the agency of man. In the High Sierra, the only river in which trout exist naturally is the middle fork of Kings River. There are no sheer falls on this stream; some of the rapids, however, are so swift and rough, even at the lowest stage of water, that it is surprising any fish can climb them. I found trout in abundance in this fork

up to seventy-five hundred feet. They also run quite high on the Kern. On the Merced they get no higher than Yosemite Valley, four thousand feet, all the forks of the river being barred there by sheer falls, and on the main Tuolumne they are stopped by a fall below Hetch-Hetchy, still lower than Yosemite. Though these upper waters are inaccessible to the fish, one would suppose their eggs might have been planted there by some means. Nature has so many ways of doing such things. In this case she waited for the agency of man, and now many of these hitherto fishless lakes and streams are full of fine trout, stocked by individual enterprise, Walton clubs, etc., in great part under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission. A few trout carried into Hetch-Hetchy in a common water-bucket have multiplied wonderfully fast. Lake Tenaya, at an elevation of over eight thousand feet, was stocked eight years ago by Mr. Murphy, who carried a few trout from Yosemite. Many of the small streams of the eastern slope have also been stocked with trout transported over the passes in tin cans on the backs of mules. Soon, it would seem, all the streams of the range will be enriched by these lively fish, and will become the means of drawing thousands of visitors into the mountains. Catching trout with a bit of bent wire is a rather trivial business, but fortunately people fish better than they know. In most cases it is the man who is caught. Trout-fishing regarded as bait for catching men, for the saving of both body and soul, is important, and deserves all the expense and care bestowed on it.

John Muir.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ART.

COMMON sense, which is to-day, as it has been since eternity, merely the trivialized edition of the scientific results of the day before yesterday, is just now on the psychological track. The scientists felt some years ago that the psychological aspect of the products of civilization was too much neglected, and that the theoretical problem how to bring the creations of social life under the categories of psychology might find some new and interesting answers in these days of biological, physiological, experimental, and pathological psychology. Thus the scientific study of the psychology of society and its functions has made admirable progress. Science, of course, took this only as a special phase of the matter; it did not claim to express the reality of language and history, law and religion, economics and technics, in describing and explaining them as psychological facts. Therefore science did not forget the more essential truth that civilization belongs to a world of purposes and duties and ideals; at present, indeed, science emphasizes decidedly this latter view, and has changed the direction of its advance. Common sense, as usual, has not perceived so far this change of the course. Ten years may pass before it finds it out. Above all, one-sided as ever, common sense has misunderstood the word of command, as if the psychological aspect must be taken as the only possible aspect, and as if psychology could reach the reality. Therefore common sense marches on, still waving the flag of psychology, and with it its regular drum corps, the philistines.

This pseudo-philosophical movement, which takes the standpoint of the psychologist wrongly as a philosophical view-point of the whole inner world, has found perhaps nowhere else so little or-

ganized resistance as in the realm of art; for the real artist does not care much about the right or the wrong theory. For the same reason, indeed, it may seem that just here the influence of a warped theory must be very indifferent and harmless. A one-sided theory of crime may mislead the judge, who necessarily works with abstract theoretical conceptions; but a one-sided psychological theory of art cannot do such harm, as the artist relies in any case on the wings of his imagination, and mistrusts the crutches of theories. This would certainly be the case if there did not exist three other channels through which the wise and the unwise wisdom can influence, strengthen, and inhibit the creative power of art.

The market influence is one way; that is a sad story, but it is not the most important one, as the tragedy of the market depends much more upon practical vulgarity than upon theoretical mistakes. *Æsthetic* criticism is another way; but even that is not the most dangerous, as it speaks to men who ought to be able to judge for themselves, although nobody doubts that they do not do so. The most important of the three, however, is art education in the schoolroom. Millions of children receive there the influence that is strongest in determining their *æsthetic* attitude; millions of children have there the most immediate contact with the world of the visible arts, and mould there the sense of refinement, of beauty, of harmony. Surely the drawing-teacher can have an incomparable influence on the *æsthetic* spirit of the country, — far greater than critics and millionaire purchasers, greater even than the professional art schools. The future battles against this country's greatest enemy, vulgarity, will be fought largely with the weapons which the draw-

ing-teachers supply to the masses. Whoever has attended their meetings or examined the exhibitions of schoolroom work knows that they do not lack enthusiasm and industry, and that their importance in the educational system grows rapidly. But they are primary teachers, and primary teachers are men who adore nothing more than recently patented theories which appeal to common sense; to-day they really feast on psychology. The greater the influence, the more dangerous every wrong step on the theoretical line, the more necessary a sober inquiry as to how far all this talk about psychology and art really covers the ground.

We raise thus the question, what psychology and art have to do with each other, in its most general form, at first without any relation to the practical problems. If we acknowledge the question in such an unlimited form, we cannot avoid asking, as a preamble to the discussion, whether the work of art cannot be itself a manual of psychology; whether, especially, the poet ought not to teach us psychology. We all have heard often that Shakespeare and Byron, Meredith and Kipling, are better psychologists than any scholar on the academic platform, or that Henry James has written even more volumes on psychology than his brother William. That is a misunderstanding. The poet, so far as he works with poetic tools, is never a psychologist; if modern novelists of a special type sometimes introduce psychological analysis, they make use of means which do not belong to pure art; it is a mixed style which characterizes decadence.

It is true that discussion would be meaningless if we were ready to call every utterance which has to do with mental life psychology. Psychology does not demand abstract scientific forms; it may be offered in literary forms, yet it means always a special kind of treatment of mental life. It tries to describe and to explain mental

life as a combination of elements. The dissolution of the unity of consciousness into elementary processes characterizes psychology, just as natural science demands the dissection of physical objects; the appreciation of a physical object as a whole is never natural science, and the interpretation and suggestion of a mental state as a whole is never psychology. The poet, as well as the historian and the man of practical life, has this interpretation of the whole as his aim; the psychologist goes exactly the opposite way. They ask about the meaning, the psychologist about the constitution; and the psychological elements concern the poet as little as the microscopical cells of the tree interest the landscape painter. The tree in the painting ought, indeed, to be botanically correct; it ought not to appear contradictory of the results of the botanist's observations, but these results themselves need not appear in the painting. In the same way, we demand that the poet create men who are psychologically correct, — at least in those cases in which higher æsthetical laws do not demand the psychological impossibilities of fairyland, which are allowed like the botanical impossibilities of conventionalized flowers or the anatomical impossibilities of human figures with wings. We detest the psychologically absurd creations of the stage villain and the stage hero in the third-class melodrama, the psychological marionettes of newspaper novels, and the frequent cases of insanity in poor fiction, for which the schooled psychologist would make at once the diagnosis that there must be simulation in them, as the insane never act so. We demand this psychological correctness, and the great poet satisfies it instinctively so fully that the psychologist may acknowledge the creations of poetry as substitutional material for the psychical study of the living man. The psychologist believes the poet, and studies jealousy from Othello, and love from Romeo, and neurasthenia from

Hamlet, and political emotions from Cæsar; but the creation of such lifelike men is in itself in no way psychology.

The poet creates mental life in suggesting it to the soul of the reader; only the man who decomposes it afterward is a psychologist. The poet works as life works; the child who smiles and weeps causes us to think of pleasure and pain too, but it offers us no psychological understanding of pleasure and pain. Just so the poet smiles and weeps, and if he is a great artist, with strong suggestive power, he forces our minds to feel with him, while we have only an intellectual interest if he merely analyzes the emotions and gives us a handful of elements determined by abstract psychological conceptions. Popular language calls a poet a good psychologist if he creates men who offer a manifold material for the analysis of the psychologist; when the poet begins to make that analysis himself, and to explain with the categories of physiological psychology why the hero became a dreamer, and the dreamer a hero, and the saint a sinner, he will hinder his scientific effort by the desire to be a poet, and will weaken his poetry by his instructive side show. Meredith and Bourget do it, Ibsen never. Poetry and psychology are different, not because they speak a different language, but because they take an absolutely different attitude toward the mental life; the wisdom of the poet about the human soul does not belong in a handbook of psychology. For music and the visible arts the whole question does not exist, or at least ought not to exist. A side branch of it, nevertheless, continues to grow in the old discussion whether music ought to "describe" the human feelings. The confusion about the logical meaning of description lies here more on the surface; by principle the case is the same as in poetry. The composer describes the emotions as little as the poet does; tones and verses suggest the feelings, while it is an unmusical, un-

poetical business to psychologize about them; but just that is our aim, if we consider the preamble as closed, and ask once more what art has to do with psychology. We have seen so far that art is not by itself psychology; the remaining question, in which all centres, is, then, how far art can become an object of psychology.

The situation is simple. Psychology is the science which describes and explains the mental processes. A physical thing or process, even a brain action, is never, therefore, an immediate object of psychology. Every work of art — the pencil drawing and the written poem, the played melody and the sculptured statue — exists as a physical thing; hence the work of art itself is never an object of psychology, and the description of it lies outside of the psychologist's province. The physicist describes the tone waves of a melody; the geometrician describes the lines and curves and angles of a drawing. The physical object is in contact with the human mind at two points: at its start and its goal. Every work of art springs from the mind of the artist, and reaches the mind of the public; its origin and its effect are both psychological processes, and both are material for the description and explanation of the psychologist. Two groups of psychological problems are thus offered, — two points of view for the psychological study of art; a third one cannot exist. The one asks, By what psychological processes does the mind create art? The other asks, By what psychological processes does the mind enjoy art?

Modern psychology has attained to its rapid progress of late years through the wonderful development of its methods; it does not believe any more that one way alone brings us to the goal; we have to adapt the methods to the problem. It is quite clear that these two æsthetical psychological problems demand different methods. The question how the artist creates art lies beyond the self-observa-

tion of the psychologist; he must go back to the past. The question how the work of art influences the enjoying spectator can be studied by an analysis of his own æsthetic emotions. In the interest of this self-observing analysis he may introduce experimental methods, but he cannot make experiments with the artistic production. On the other hand, the artistic creative functions may easily be followed up toward the art of the child, of the primitive races, even of the animals. And so the first group of investigations makes use chiefly of the sociological, biological, and historical methods of psychology; the second group favors the experimental methods. The larger material is at the disposal of the first group; the more exact treatment characterizes the second. We cannot sketch the results here even in the most superficial outlines; we can recall only the most general directions which these studies have taken.

First, the psychology of the art-creating process. The æsthetic psychologist, in our days of Darwinism, goes back to the play of animals. Biologically this is easily understood; the frequent playful contests are a most valuable training for action, — as necessary, therefore, for the organism in the struggle for existence as is any other function of the nervous system, and yet they contain the most important elements of æsthetic creation: they are actions which are useless for the present state of the organism, carried out for enjoyment only. Social psychology finds the more complicated forms of the same impulses in the life of savages. We see how the primitive races accompany their work by rhythmical songs, how their dances stir up lyrical poetry, how their tools and vessels and weapons and huts become decorated, how art springs from the religious and social and technical life. The psychologist links these first traces of art with the productions of civilized peoples. His interest is not that of the

philological historian; he does not care for the single work of art as the unique occurrence; no, he looks for the psychological laws which under the varying circumstances produce just the given works of poetry and sculpture, of music and architecture and painting. We learn to understand how climate and political conditions, technical, material, and social institutions, models and surrounding nature, brought it about that Egypt and China and India, or Greece and Italy and Germany, had just their own development of artistic production. Art becomes thus an element of the social consciousness, together with law and religion, science and politics; but art is psychologically still more interesting than any other function of the national soul, because it is less necessary for the biological existence than any other production of man. Art is therefore freer, follows more easily every pressure and tension, every inner tendency and outer opportunity; it can fully disappear even in the strongest social organism, and can break out in fullest glory even in the weakest sociological body. It is in its incomparable manifoldness and easiness of adaptation that art shows best how the mental products of man are dependent upon the totality of variable conditions.

While such a sociological view contrasts different periods and nations, psychology does not overlook the differences among individuals. The general artistic level of the whole social mind is only one side of the problem; the variation of individuals above and below this level, from the anti-æsthetic philistine to the greatest genius, is the other side, and here also the dependence upon the most diverse conditions attracts interest. The psychologist consults biography, especially the autobiographies of poets and painters, and follows up most carefully the subtle influences which fertilized the imagination and gave the abnormal direction to the personality.

Studying thus the artistic production

in individuals at all times and at all places, psychology finally abstracts a general understanding of the creative process and its conditions. There appears nothing mysterious in it: by manifold threads it seems connected with the mental functions of simple attention, with inhibition and suggestion; in other directions with dreams and illusions, and also with the abnormal functions of hypnosis and insanity. It is a most complex process, truly, in which the whole personality is engaged, but it is connected by short steps with so much simpler events in mental life, and it can so easily be traced back to the artistic elements in the child, that the psychologist has no reason to despair; the artistic function of the brain is not beyond the causal understanding. The machinery of modern psychological conceptions, the atomistic sensations and their laws of association and inhibition, can by principle explain it in its entirety, from the schoolboy's drawing of profiles on his blotting-paper up to Michael Angelo's decoration of the dome of St. Peter's with immortal religious frescoes.

Very different indeed are the methods by which we investigate our second group of æsthetical problems, the psychological effect of the beautiful object. Experimental psychology enters here into its rights. When the students of mental life, twenty years ago, took up the exact method of natural science and worked out experimental schemes for the most refined analysis of psychical processes, it seemed at first a matter of course that only the intellectual processes, especially the functions of perception, and perhaps the elementary activities, would offer themselves to such inquiries. But slowly the new method has reached and conquered one field after another,—memory and imagination, association and apperception, feeling and emotion, undeveloped and abnormal mental states; and now, in different places, experimental work is dealing with the

most delicate psychical fact, the æsthetical feeling and its conditions.

Fechner gave a strong impulse to such an experimental study of æsthetic elements a long time ago. He asked systematically a large number of persons which one of a set of rectangles, for instance, each of them preferred; the ten forms varied from a square to a rectangle with a length of five and a breadth of two inches. He found a marked æsthetical preference for those forms which are determined by the golden section; that is, in which the short side stands to the long side as the latter stands to the sum of both. To-day the work transcends in every direction such elementary beginnings. In the first place, it is not confined to a special art. Music and poetry share equally with the visible arts. The æsthetical harmony and discord of tones, their relation to beats and overtones, to the fusion and the discrimination of tones, to timbre and duration; in the same way, the musical properties of rhythm, its relations to the attention and time sense, to the physiological processes of breathing and muscle tension, and to many other psycho-physical functions,—all these have become the problems of the experimental psychologist. These studies of musical rhythm naturally turn the attention toward the elements of poetry; the experimental study of rhythm in the verse, and its relation to the position of the rhyme, to the length of the stanza, to the fluctuations of apperception, to the physiological functions, and so forth, is exceedingly promising, although still in its beginning.

Much more developed is the attempt to reach experimentally the characteristics of the visible arts. Material and form, above all color and shape, offer themselves in an unlimited series of problems. The color spectrum has been always at home in the laboratory, but the psychologist has studied color as an element of perception or as a function of

the eye, not as the object of æsthetical feeling. Now his studies take this direction. Which of two colors is preferred: how does this preference depend upon saturation, brightness, extension? What combination of colors is agreeable: how does this effect depend upon the relative extension of the colored surface; how upon the colored materials and the relation between their intensity or their whiteness? Which shapes and angles and sections are preferred: how does this preference depend upon associations, or upon our bodily position, or upon eye movements? How is the plastic effect, perhaps in stereoscopic vision, influencing the intensity of æsthetic feeling; how does movement influence it, or the combination of shape with color? In a series of rectangles or ellipses or bisected lines, is only one of them agreeable, or has the curve of our æsthetical pleasure several maximal points?

The experimental investigation may come still much nearer to the problem of fine arts. I take as illustration a series of experiments which make up part of a recent thesis from the Harvard laboratory. The problem is the pleasing balance of two sides of an æsthetic object. That is, of course, realized in the simplest way by geometrical symmetry as many works of architecture show it; we have this pleasing feeling of equilibrium, also, when we see a well-composed building of which the two halves are far from identical, and every painting shows this ideal symmetry of composition without the monotony of geometrical uniformity; so it is even in the most irregular Japanese arrangement. The question arises under what conditions this demand for balance is fulfilled, if the objects in both halves are different. Translated into the methods of experimental psychology, the question would be, how far, for instance, a long vertical line must be from the centre of a framed field, if a line of half its length is at a given distance from the centre

on the other side; how far if a point or a curve of special form or two lines are there. The variations are endless. In an absolutely dark room is a framed field of black cloth, which is so illuminated that no other object in the room is visible; by a little device, bright lines, points, curves, also letters, pictures, objects, can be made to move over this field without showing the moving apparatus, while the exact position of each is indicated on a scale. One line may be given on the left side, and the experimenter has to find the most pleasing position of a double line on the other, imitating thus the case when two figures are to be on one side of a painting, while one only is to balance them on the other side; where must it stand? Starting from such simple lines, the investigation turns to more complicated questions: What is the influence of the impression of depth? — for instance, a flat picture on one side, a picture representing depth on the other. What is the influence of interest? — a meaningless paper on one side, a paper of equal size with interesting figures on the other side. What is the influence of apparent movement? — a picture of a resting object on one side, an equally large object which suggests movement in a special direction on the other. So the problem can easily be carried to a complication of conditions which does justice to the manifoldness of principles involved in the composition of paintings, sculptures, decorations, interiors, buildings, and landscapes. If, finally, all these experiments are carried out under different subjective conditions, in different states of bodily position, of eye movement, of distance, of attention, of fatigue, under different degrees of illumination, with different colors, with different associations, all with different subjects and in steady relation to the real objects of historical art, we learn slowly to understand our æsthetic pleasure in the balance of a composition, and its relation to the functions of our body.

Some one may say: All these experiments are too simple; they may be quite interesting, but they never reach the complicateness of real art. What are those simple figures beside a Madonna, those primitive harmonies beside a symphony? Yet is it a reproach to the physicist that he studies the nature of the gigantic thunderstorm, not from an equally large electrical discharge, but from the small sparks of his little laboratory machine? And if the physicist is interested in the waves of the ocean, he studies the movements in a small tank of water in his working-room, and introduces simple artificial movements. It is just the elementary character of experimental methods which guarantees their power for explanation; and æsthetical effects can be psychologically understood only if we study their elements in the most schematic way possible. The necessary presupposition is, of course, that the æsthetical attitude itself can be maintained also in the laboratory rooms, and there is no reason for being skeptical about that. With regard to practical emotions such skepticism may be correct: we cannot love and hate, nor admire and detest, in the laboratory, and it may even be said that the joy in the laboratory is not agreeable, and the pain is not painful. But the æsthetical emotion remains intact precisely on account of the absence of every practical relation in it. The beautiful or the ugly thing lasts as such in every corner of our workshop.

The experimental study of the psychological effect of art seems thus even more safely housed than the biological and historical study of the psychological production of art, and both together form already a psychological system of æsthetics which certainly still has blanks, but which is surprisingly near completeness. Psychology will go on in this way till the most delicate cause and the most subtle effect of each artistic work are understood by the action of causal laws,

like any other cause and effect in nature.

Before us lies the question which is important for the teacher: how far the results of such studies can become productive, or at least suggestive, for instruction in artistic drawing. Here again we must separate the two sides,—the causes and the effects of the beautiful objects. The causes which produce the drawing are the activities of the pupil; the effects are the impressions on the spectator. The study of the causes will help us to understand how to train the æsthetical activities of the pupil; the study of the effects will help us to advise how the drawing or painting should be made up in order to please others. The study of the causes suggests to us methods of teaching; the study of the effects suggests rules and facts which are to be taught. The study of the causes interests only the teacher who handles the pupil; the study of the effects offers insight which the teacher may share with the pupil.

Think first of the effects. Psychology has analyzed the impressions on our sense of beauty; and each fact must express a rule which can be learned. Blue and red are agreeable, blue and green are disagreeable: therefore combine red and blue, but not green and blue. The golden section of a line is the most agreeable of all divisions: therefore try to divide all lines, if possible, according to this rule. Such psychological prescriptions hold, of course, for all arts: do not make verses with lines of ten feet; do not compose music in a scale of fifths. Step by step we come to the prescription for a tragedy, for a symphony, for a Renaissance palace; how much more for the details of a simple drawing! Fill the space thus and thus; take care of good balance; if there is a long line on one side, make the short line on the other side nearer to the centre: these are æsthetical prescriptions which can be learned and exercised like

the laws of perspective for architectural drawing. Whenever the pupil follows the rules, his drawing will avoid disagreeable shocks to the spectator. I am free, I trust, from the suspicion that I overestimate the value of experimental psychology for teachers; I have often attacked its misuses. Here the case is quite different. Such prescriptions do not prescribe the ways of teaching, but are material of instruction. There is no other school subject for which psychology supplies such material. Mathematics and natural sciences, languages and history, are not learned in school with reference to their psychological effects. Art, however, has an absolutely exceptional position. My belief, therefore, that methods of teaching cannot be learned to-day from the psychological laboratory is no contradiction of my acknowledgment that artistic prescriptions, worthy to be taught, can be deduced from psychology. I see with great pleasure that the development in this direction goes steadily on, and that children learn easily and joyfully the ways of avoiding ugly lines and arrangements.

My objections of principle against teaching on the basis of psychological knowledge interfere much more with the pedagogical results which may perhaps be indicated by the study of the psychological causes of art. If we apply here our theoretical insight at all, the result cannot have the form, Teach your pupils to make the drawing thus and so; but the form, Teach thus and so your pupils to make a drawing. If we understand the causes which produce a beautiful drawing, and if by our teaching we can influence the central system of the child so that the causes for such production are established, then it seems that the goal is reached. But we are not only far from a full understanding; we are endlessly further from such desired influences. To know the chemical constitution of an egg does not mean the power to produce an egg which can be

hatched. We cannot make a genius, we cannot make a talent; and the psychological analysis alone indicates only slightly even how to evolve from a bad draughtsman a good one. We may make the general abstraction that constant training is a good thing; to reach such a triviality, however, we need psychology as little as we need scientific physiology to find out that eating is useful for our nourishment. Wherever psychological speculation goes further, it is finally dependent upon secondary factors which are determined by presuppositions of non-psychological character, and thus the results may be quite contradictory: the one recommends the study of nature, the other only imagination; the one proposes flowers for models, the other geometrical figures; the one lines, the other colors. Psychology listens carefully to all, but is responsible for none of these propositions. An examination of the papers which drawing-superintendents and drawing-teachers usually read at their meetings shows, indeed, that they belong for the most part to a species well known in all our educational gatherings. The first half of each paper is made up of familiar sentences taken from good textbooks of physiological psychology, — the ganglion cells of the optical centres play the chief rôle in the drawing associations, — and the second half of the paper contains a list of excellent educational suggestions; only the chief thing, the proof that the suggestions are really consequences of the textbook abstracts, is forgotten. The two parts have often not the slightest connection. The second half alone would appear commonplace, and the first alone would appear out of place; together they make a scholarly impression, even if they have nothing to do with each other.

Perhaps one other danger in these practical movements of to-day deserves mention. The fact that drawings, paintings, pictures, please us encourages the working out of technical prescriptions

from them for instruction in art ; but the pleasure must be a pure and natural one, as little as possible dependent upon fugitive fashions and capricious tastes ; and if our pleasure is a refined eccentricity, or even perversity, it is certain that we have no right to infect with it the taste of the younger generation. Seldom has this danger been so near as in our time, with its preraphaelitic and Japanese preferences, with its poster style and its stylistic restlessness. The healthy atmosphere for the taste of the child is harmonious classical beauty. The man who has passed his training in pure beauty may reach a point where a reaction against classicism is a sound and mature æsthetical desire, but to begin with eccentric realism or with mysterious symbolism in an immature age is a blunder. The educational mistake becomes worse if that style is allowed in the schoolroom which is over-indulged in our time, and which is most antagonistic to the child's mind : I mean the primitivistic style of our posters and bindings. The simple forms of primitivistic art are not a real returning to the beginnings of art, which would be quite adapted to children. No ; this style means an ironical playing with the primitive forms on the basis of a most artful art. It is masquerading with the costumes of simplicity, not real desire for simple nature ; and the spirit of irony alone makes it possible, and so dangerously attractive for our taste. If a school exhibition of drawings in the style of the Yellow Book appears to our eye pleasant and almost refreshing, after the tiresome elaborations of our own school-time, it is our moral duty to ask, not what we like, but what children ought to learn to like. Irony toward the most mature products of civilization ought not to flourish in a child's mind ; and if the ironical curves of the Beardsley style become the trained methods of children, who finally believe that they really see nature in conventionalized

poster style and use those lines thoughtlessly as patterns, the result is decidedly a perverse one. Nevertheless, the future may be wiser ; psychology will perhaps help pedagogies to find the way to develop the facility of pupils in producing fair drawings ; and if we are willing to take the hope for the fact, we may say that psychology gives to the teacher prescriptions for training the child to draw better and better, and, above all, prescriptions which the child itself can learn, prescriptions for the composition and arrangement of a drawing which shall please others. Art can thus be fully described psychologically and explained with regard both to its conditions and to its effects, and both groups of facts can become suggestive for the construction of rules for the teaching of drawing. The relations of psychology and art are then important and suggestive ones ; and yet, is that our final word ? Has philosophy nothing else to say ?

I know quite well that there are plenty of men who would say, Yes, that is the whole story. I think, however, the number is increasing of those who see that while half a truth is true as far as its half goes, half a truth is a lie if it pretends to be the whole. It seems to me, indeed, that this psychological scheme is one-sided, and that our time confronts dangers for its ideal life if triumphant psychology crushes under its feet every idealistic opposition. It is with art here exactly as with science and with morality. Psychology proclaims : We can describe and explain every thought of science and every decision of morality from an atomistic naturalistic point of view ; we can understand it as the necessary result of the foregoing psycho-physical conditions. There is then no absolute truth in science, no absolute virtue in morality ; duties are trained associations, and the value of our actions, as of our thinking, lies in their agreeable effects. Art easily joins the others ; if there is no truth and no vir-

tue which is more than the product of the circumstances, then there is no beauty which has absolute value; then beauty has no other meaning than that which psychology describes; it is the effect of some psychological processes, and the cause of some agreeable psychological results; and if we are careful to prepare those conditions and to insure that outcome, then we have done all that the æsthetical luxury of society can wish for its entertainment.

I do not deny the right of psychology to consider the world of beautiful creations from such a point of view, and as a psychologist I do my best to help in such investigations; but I cannot forget that this view-point is an artificial one for living, real art; that it is artificial both for the subject who creates art and for the subject who enjoys art; that it is artificial wherever art is felt in its full meaning.

I say that psychology has its full right of way within its own limits; it has limits, however, and they are much narrower than the superficial impression may make us believe. Psychology has to describe and to explain mental life; but description and explanation are possible only for objects. Explanation always presupposes description, and the very idea of description presupposes the existence of objects. Psychology considers mental life, therefore, only in so far as it can be thought as a series of existing objects, — objects which exist in consciousness as physical objects exist in space.

We have not to ask here why it is important for the purposes of life and thought to consider the mental world as if it were a world of objects. We are sure that in the primary reality our inner life does not mean to us such a world of objects only. Our perceptions and conceptions may reach us as objects, while our feelings, our emotions, our judgments, our volitions, do not come in question with us first as objects which

we passively perceive, but as activities which we live out, as activities the reality of which cannot be described and causally explained; it must be felt and understood and interpreted. In short, we are not merely passive subjects with a world of conscious objects; we are willing subjects, whose acts of will have not less reality in spite of the fact that they are no objects at all. To consider the mental world, including the feeling and will, psychologically means an artificial transformation and substitution which may have its value for special purposes, but which leads us away from reality. The reality of the will and feeling and judgment does not belong to the describable world, but to a world which has to be appreciated; it has to be linked, therefore, not by the categories of cause and effect, but by those of meaning and value. And in this world of will relations grows and blossoms and flowers Art.

Let us examine the characteristics of this great network of will attitudes, in which the personality feels itself a willing subject, and acknowledges all other subjects as volitional also. One distinction is of paramount importance: our will may be thought of as an individual attitude, or it may arise with the meaning of an over-individual decision that demands acknowledgment by every subject, and that is willed, therefore, independently of our merely personal desires. It is an act of will which is meant as necessary for every subject, which ought to be acted by everybody: we call it duty. From a purely psychological standpoint, the will thought as object is determined in any case, — the virtuous act as well as the crime, the nonsensical judgment as well as the wise one. From the critical standpoint of reality, the special will decision is necessary if it belongs to the very nature of will, binds every will, not by natural law, but by obligation; and it can be and is unnecessary if it is merely personal arbitrariness.

This doubleness of duty and arbitrariness in our will repeats itself in every division of possible will activities, and there exist four such departments of relations of will to the world, four possibilities of reacting on the world. First, the subject may change the objects of the world by his actions; secondly, may decide for additional supplements to the given objects; thirdly, may transform the objects in his thought so that they form a connection; and fourthly, may transform the objects so that they stand each for itself. If these four possible subjective acts are performed by the individual personal arbitrary will, they represent individual values. The actions toward the world are then such changes of the objects as are useful and practical for our comfort; the supplementations are then the play of our fancy and imagination; the connections are then expressions of our hope or fear; the isolations, finally, are means to our personal enjoyment. These four functions may be carried out also as functions of the deeper, over-individual, necessary will; that is, as functions of duty. Those actions which alter and change the objective world are then moral actions; the ideas which supplement the world make up religion; those transformations which bring out a connection between the objects of the world compose scientific truth; and finally, those transformations which isolate the objects, so that they stand each for itself, form the domain of beauty.

Truth and beauty thus represent duties, logical and æsthetical duties, just as morality represents ethical duties. We choose and form the physical axiom in science so, and not otherwise, because our will is bound by duty to do so; that is, only that particular decision of our affirming will can demand acknowledgment by every subject; and thus art chooses the forms and lines, the colors and curves, of the Sistine Madonna just so, and not otherwise, because only this

decision of the creating will is as it ought to be, as duty prescribes, as it can demand that every willing subject ought to acknowledge it. Everything in this world is beautiful, and is a joy forever if it is so transformed that it does not suggest anything else than itself, that it contains all elements for the fulfillment of the whole in itself. We do not ask for the arms and legs of the person whose marble bust the artist gives us, and we do not ask for his complexion either. We do not ask how the field and forest look outside of the frame of the landscape painting, and we do not ask what the persons in the drama have done before and will do after the story. Our works of art are not in our space and not in our time; their frame is their own world, which they never transcend. Real art makes us forget that the painting is only a piece of canvas, and that Hamlet is only an actor, and not the prince. We forget the connections, we abstract from all relations, we think of the object in itself; and wherever we do so, we proceed æsthetically. And if we enjoy the great works of art, the essential function is not the individual enjoyment of our senses and feelings, like the enjoyment in eating and drinking; no, it is the volitional acknowledgment of the will of the artist. We will with him; and if we appreciate his work as beautiful, we acknowledge that it is as we feel that it ought to be; that our will of thinking that particle of the world is lifted to its duties; that we have transcended the sphere of merely personal arbitrariness and its desires and agreeable fulfillments; that we have reached the sphere of the over-individual values. Whoever understands art as will function believes in art and appreciates it as a world of duties; psychology has not to try to understand it as such, but to transform it into something else, into a set of objects which have causes and effects. Psychology must destroy the deepest meaning of art, just as it dis-

regards the deepest meaning of truth and morality, if it tries to present its view as the last word about our inner activities.

And if art is thus a realization of duties which have their real meaning in this acknowledgment of the will, in what light should we see all these technical rules and prescriptions for facilitating in the child the production of artistic works, and for preventing him from making disagreeable drawings? Those rules and prescriptions remain quite good and valid. They do for real beauty and art just what the police and the prisons on the one side, the training of habits and manners on the other side, do for real morality. Nobody will underestimate the value of the fact that our children learn through training a thousand habits which keep them as a matter of course out of conflict with the laws, and that police and jails remind them again and again, Do not leave the safe tracks. Whoever lives a noble life, however, means by morality and duty something else and something higher. Habits and jails do not insure that in an important conflict of life, where personal interests stand against duty, the bad action may not triumph. Only a conscience which is penetrated by morality stands safe in all storms, and such a conscience is not brought out by technical prescriptions, nor by punishments and jails; no, only by the obligatory power of will upon will, by the inspiring life of subjects we acknowledge, by the example of the heroes of duty, that speaks directly from will to will, and for which we cannot substitute psychological training and police officers. And thus the duty of art. Do not believe that the easier production of a not disagreeable drawing means a positive gain for real art and beauty: it raises the standard, it uplifts the level

of æsthetic production, just as the standard of moral behavior is lifted by the existence of a watchful police, and it is extremely important. Do not forget, however, that æsthetical life also needs not only the policeman's function, but above all the minister's and helper's function; in other words, not technical rules, but duties; not easy production, but convictions; not knowledge of psychological effects, but belief in absolute values.

This attitude becomes the more important as this whole view shows that the world of art is in no way subordinate to or less true than the world of science. The reality is neither that which the scientist describes nor that which the artist sketches; both are transformations for a special purpose. The scientist, we have seen, transforms for the purpose of connection, and in that service he constructs atoms which exist nowhere but in his thought. The artist transforms in the interest of isolation, and in that service he constructs his drawings. The mechanical process of drawing as such is, of course, not art in itself; it is the mental means of expression which can communicate science as well as art. Just as words can serve Shakespeare as well as Darwin, so lines and curves can serve the mathematician and the physicist as well as the artist; the purpose alone separates the poet from the biologist, the scientist from the artist. And if art thus means a world which is exactly as true and valuable as the world of science, let us not forget that the school lesson in drawing means contact with this world of art, — that is, with the special spirit of æsthetic duties; and that every drawing-teacher ought to be, not an æsthetical policeman only, but an inspiring believer in these sacred æsthetic duties.

Hugo Münsterberg.

CONFESSIONS OF THREE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

I.

I AM superintendent of schools in a New England city, and have been in my present position a number of years. I held a similar position in another city for a considerable time. These experiences, with my previous experiences as a principal, have made me acquainted with school boards and school management. No man can be superintendent of schools for a number of years without seeing mistakes that he himself and other superintendents make, nor without desiring various changes in the public school system. Some confessions concerning school committees, teachers, courses of study, and superintendents I wish to make, in the hope that thoughtful men may ponder these things, and use their influence to effect some much-needed changes.

The majority of every school board consists of honorable, high-minded men, anxious for the good of the schools. Among more than two hundred men under whom I have served I have formed a large number of warm friendships, and to most of them I have been indebted for strong support; yet I have never had a school committee a majority of whose members could be relied upon to vote always for what they believed to be the interests of the schools, regardless of "pulls."

"Pulls" affect chiefly two matters, — the selection of textbooks and the appointment of teachers.

As to textbooks a great many members of my school committees have always voted conscientiously. Of books whose sale is not large, — high school books, reference books, supplementary reading, — the selections have usually been made on the recommendation of myself and the teachers who are to use

the books. The case is entirely different with books whose sale is large and profitable, such as readers, arithmetics, geographies, grammars, copy-books, and spelling-books. The rival publishers' agents divide the committee into two or three hostile camps, and arouse an anxiety on the part of many of the school committee for the success of their side only less intense than the agents themselves feel.

I have learned to keep out of book fights. I hasten to profess neutrality and to maintain a dignified reserve on the question, even to the extent of displeasing my friends who really desire my advice as to which is the best book. Doubtless this confession will read to some like the words of a coward. But why should a superintendent ruin his chances of success in things more vital to the schools than the use of this or that arithmetic?

I am on good terms with book agents. I find them always genial and well informed. It is a pleasure to chat with them, but it will not do to make them any promises.

The larger book houses employ two kinds of agents: the skirmishers and the beaters-up of the bush, and the men who do the heavy work when the crisis comes. The latter usually keep away from me. If they meet me, they hasten to say that "they respect my position, and will be careful not to involve me in the struggle."

My school committee at the present time is of considerable size, and is managed by a very few men who have made an alliance offensive and defensive for all school purposes. Probably the citizens generally do not understand this, but it is known to all the school committee, and acquiesced in by all. A few chafe under it, — some because they do

not belong to the ring, and others because they see the thorough selfishness of the management; but no one rebels. The managers mean to have good schools; they are far-seeing men, to whom a definite policy can be presented with the certainty that it will be comprehended, and the probability that it will be approved unless it will affect unfavorably some of their friends.

"Working for one's friends," in itself a praiseworthy thing and accounted by politicians the highest virtue, is the bane of the schools. The average committee man looks at all questions from this point of view, "How will it affect me and my friends?" not, "How will it affect the schools?" The man who can get upon a school committee is the man who is most in earnest to help his friends. This man is usually a politician or one who aspires to political influence. The man next to him in evil influence is likely to be the pastor of a church, for whose members and their sons and daughters he must do what he can to find places or to maintain them in their places. The politician is looking for him, and quickly offers his aid. The good clergyman, in return for the aid of the politician in securing a place for A, "who is a worthy case," agrees to vote for B, of whom he knows little, and as to whom he shuts his eyes if the revelations are likely to trouble his conscience. Then there is the doctor who feels under obligations to his patients, or to those for whom his patients request his favor.

The best members of a school committee are lawyers and business men who handle large enterprises. These men are more independent than others, and have broader views. A scheme of instruction or a plan of management will be considered by them on its merits, and not solely with reference to its effect on certain individuals.

What use in talking to a man about some plan for improving the teaching

force of a city, when the main query in his mind is, "How will this affect my chances of getting teachers appointed, or how will it serve my other interests?" This personal question and the combinations made to effect its satisfactory answer are what is meant by "school politics."

In twenty years of school teaching and superintending I have not known any school question to be decided by Democrats or Republicans as such. I have read and heard that such influences have affected other superintendents, but they have never affected me.

So far as the appointment and retention of teachers are concerned, the whole foundation of evil is broadly covered by this unblushing declaration of a San Francisco school director:—

"I was brought up in this town, and of course have a certain number of friends who want and expect positions. Each director appoints his own friends and relatives, and their names are never questioned by the elementary committee, nor by the full board when it meets to elect candidates. That is a courtesy which is extended by every director to each of his fellow directors,—the minority, of course, excepted."

My own experience is that school committee men act upon the same principle in New England as in California, though they are less outspoken about it.

The appointment of teachers is as well managed as are other city appointments. The poor get relief, the streets are laid out, the police are selected, not on the sole basis of the best service to the public, but, in many cases, on the plan of every man getting as much for his neighborhood or his friends as possible. An alderman who cannot get work on the streets or in the parks for his constituents, who has small influence in securing places on the police force or in the fire department, will have small chance of reelection, in many wards.

A remedy for the evils connected with

appointments must be found in a change of public sentiment. "Public office is a public trust," and not a "private snap." A generation of schoolchildren must be trained to right views on such questions. The schools must share in the general moral uplift; yea, more, they must stand apart from ordinary municipal departments as something to be managed on a higher moral plane.

The evil influence of the appointment of teachers by means of "pulls" does not appear so much in the character of the persons appointed as it does in the demoralization of the body of teachers. It removes a strong incentive to personal improvement. If appointments depend on "pulls," so may promotions and transfers. Each teacher feels secure in her position as long as she has a friend who has influence, or who is on friendly terms with some one who has it. It has several times happened to me that teachers who have been admonished of some neglect, mistake, or inefficiency have gone to their friends for protection, instead of avoiding danger by trying to do better.

I would not, however, leave the false impression that dealing with teachers who fail in their work and depend upon influence to keep their positions is one of the chief troubles of a superintendent. His greatest difficulty with teachers is with those — and their name is legion — who are conscientious and painstaking, anxious to do well, always doing their best, and yet from lack of vigor and adaptation failing to become efficient. A superintendent, even if he have the heart to dismiss such teachers, will rarely find either his committee or the public supporting his action; for no one but himself realizes how schools suffer from such teachers.

While making "confessions," I must not neglect to confess that when myself a teacher, I always tried to get the poorest third of each class to do all the work laid down in the course of study. This

was a constant struggle, and always a partial failure. The very poorest were dropped to the grade below, or left behind at the class promotion; while many, with much sighing on their part and urging on my part, often by grace and not by right, obtained promotion. When I became a superintendent the same plan was continued for a time, as I then knew no better way.

Such struggle and partial accomplishment are not the right processes for intellectual development, and through them the moral nature receives much harm. Perhaps the results to the most capable pupils are quite as damaging as to the poorest ones. Tied down to those inferior in speed, they have fretted at the slow progress, if they were ambitious; or they have grown indifferent, disposed to dillydallying, if they quietly accepted the conditions. Their loss includes not merely the failure to gain what might have been gained, but also the habit of half-hearted effort. More and more I sympathize with bright pupils, for our public schools often fail to meet their needs and give them inspiration.

The remedy for these evils is not far to seek. Make the course of study for the slower, weaker pupils, and let the brighter ones go faster or take additional work. In the primary and lower grammar grades, the first of these alternatives is the correct one; in the higher grammar grades and in the high school, additional work in a heavier course is the proper remedy. The bright pupils ought to work as hard as the dull ones. The teacher of the bright division ought to work as hard as the teacher of the slower division, — in the one case in laying out more work, in the other in seeking simpler explanations.

The superintendent is less secure in his position than the humblest teacher. In all the large towns in New England, whatever their nominal term, teachers have practically life tenure of office. They need but to do their duty, and only

their duty, to hold their positions past the days of their most efficient service. Whatever may have happened outside my range of observation, within it I have never known a teacher to lose a position that he deserved to retain.

The superintendent must stand the shocks. He is the victim of the political overturns. He must defend all the teachers unjustly assailed, making their cause his own. Protecting a teacher in her control of her school may bring him into collision with an irate and influential citizen. All general failures and most special ones are laid at his door.

If the superintendent amounts to much, he will be found in the way of the plans of unscrupulous persons and their selfish interests. If he amounts to little, he will be accused of inefficiency and lack of backbone. The superintendent who loses his place is often superior to him who retains his place. The fact of holding or losing one's place is no proof of real merit.

The superintendentcies in the small towns are more difficult to fill than those in the large towns. The duties are more multifarious, tempests arise on smaller provocations, there is more gossip, and one or two citizens are more likely to control the fate of the superintendent. A man who remains several years at his post in a small town, and is respected by all citizens as a sincere and capable official who is making excellent schools, may with safety and profit be transferred to take the place of a superintendent in a large town who is never heard from as accomplishing anything either by action or by inhibition.

The superintendent in a large town is less under watch and ward. He can differentiate his system and try experiments without incurring expense or distracting the teachers. He has a better opportunity for intellectual and professional growth. He can concentrate his efforts on the professional rather than on the business side of his work, and

become an expert whose judgment carries weight in all educational matters.

But in any place, small or large, that superintendent will in the long run be most secure who stands honestly, decidedly, and yet courteously, for right methods, good teachers, and fair dealing.

II.

As in most communities in the South and West, the prevailing sentiment regarding schools and school-teaching here where I serve is that the schoolroom is a very proper place to pension indigent gentlewomen. Teaching is regarded as a dignified calling for anybody in indigent circumstances who is unable to do any other work. This is generally the kind of application one hears: "I have a young friend who has been through the high school, whose father is dead, and who is obliged to support her mother. She is a nice girl and a good girl, and I want you to help me get her a school."

"Has she any preparation for teaching? Has she ever attended a normal school, or studied with reference to teaching?"

"Oh no, but I think she will make you a good teacher, and I want you to give her a trial."

Such an argument does not convince the superintendent, but it is very persuasive with kind-hearted members of the board of education. So they supplement the request that the young lady may have a fair trial at the examination. "Be easy on her for her father's sake."

Upon one occasion I made a report to the board of education, in which I took strong ground in favor of allowing only those to teach in our public schools who had a normal training or who were experienced teachers. The president of the board met me afterward and remarked that the report was excellent in theory, but in these degenerate times it was impracticable.

Since then some of my theories in regard to teachers have changed. I have found very fine teaching power in some young women who never saw the inside of a normal school, and whose record for scholarship in our local high schools was not the best. They had that unexamined, indefinable power of controlling, interesting, and instructing children that seems to be an endowment. No normal school can give this ability, and no lack of normal school training can take it away. The best that a normal school can do is to develop the teaching talent and direct the teaching power, so that the born teacher will not waste time in learning her own strength by practicing on her pupils.

We must come to this proposition in our town and in other towns, namely, that a teacher can be discovered only by her teaching, and the best examination possible is a trial in the schoolroom. Given a young woman who appears to have all the requisites, — a good education, good health, and a fair knowledge of what the demands of the schoolroom are, — and the only true way to proceed is to give her three months, or longer if advisable, as a trial. She will then show what she can do, and I do not believe that a satisfactory test can be made in any other way.

I have two cases in point. Several years ago a young woman came to me for a school, and as I talked with her I made up my mind that she would not be a good teacher. She became a candidate before the board for a position, however, and her friends were active. I could do nothing but consent "to give her a trial," though I looked upon the trial as likely to be a failure, and I so expressed myself. To my utmost surprise, the young woman walked into the schoolroom, took up the reins of management, showed pluck and ingenuity, read all the books she could get hold of, and at the end of three years was the leading teacher of her grade in the city.

To-day her grade work is the model for younger teachers, who love to see "how easily she manages."

On the other hand, I observed in a rural school a young woman who I thought was the very person I needed for a certain kind of work in the city schools. I made it my business to see the board of education, and guaranteed the excellence of her work. I staked my reputation as a superintendent on her ability to teach. The board consented, and I sent for the young woman and told her of my recommendations. To my chagrin, she seemed lost from the day she began. She never saw the difference between an ungraded rural school of thirty pupils and a graded school of fifty pupils. Her previous training had ruined her for other work, and she did not get control of the situation. She struggled on for three years, and then she left the profession for the better field of matrimony.

One of the most perplexing problems that ever confronted a superintendent is what to do with an old, poor, and thoroughly inefficient teacher. I have such a problem before me now. On one side there are the pupils, who are poorly taught and badly disciplined. Their time is practically wasted, and the people say it is a shame to keep such a person upon the teaching corps. The taxpayers also complain that the board ought to have the courage to discharge the aged and incompetent teacher; but this complaint is made in a very quiet and confidential way. On the other side is the fact that the old lady has served the board thirty years, has been a faithful teacher, is now old and poor, and to discharge her means the poorhouse for her and several dependents. There is absolutely nobody to take care of her. Should we discharge her, the very persons who say that she ought to be dismissed would rise up and declare it was an outrage to put an old servant out. The very parents who say their

children are learning nothing would sign a paper declaring they were perfectly satisfied, and the superintendent would be regarded as a heartless wretch, and the board of education as a soulless corporation. The law says we cannot pension her, and so we are now quietly awaiting the time when, having served her day and several generations of children, she will be called to her deserved rest. Perhaps, after all, this is best. We are but human, and one case out of nearly two hundred will not seriously affect us.

Sometimes, indeed many times, the people themselves are the source of our troubles. Theoretically, public opinion controls all public institutions. But this acts directly in some instances, and indirectly in other instances. In all the cases above mentioned the action was indirect, in that it had to exert itself first upon the members of the board. But now I come to speak of the direct contact of the public and the schools. Let me cite an illustration. The board decided to introduce physical culture in the schools, and for that purpose employed a young lady from a distance who knew her business thoroughly. She prepared some blank forms of inquiry about the physical tendencies of the pupils, and gave each one a copy to be filled out at home. The director wanted a diagnosis of each child, in order to inform herself and the grade teacher of any physical defect, such as heart disease, tendency to headache, dizziness, and the like. This was a reasonable request, but it raised a storm in town. Not more than one parent in ten would send in a report, and from those who responded we had an amusing lot of answers. One man wrote across the blank, "None of this for me. Give my boy more reading and arithmetic." Another one said his boy's indigestion was "very good." In response to the query, "Are the shoulders even?" one man said, "The right shoulder is, but the left shoulder is a lit-

tle off." The ancillary expansion of the children varied from nothing to one hundred inches. In short, the replies were worthless, and a good scheme was abandoned because the public would not stand such "nonsense."

Some time ago tardiness had proved to be a great nuisance, and we resolved to stop it, if we could, by closing the doors to all tardy pupils. We resolved to send them back to their homes to get a written excuse stating the reason for their being late. We hoped in this way to reduce the tardiness from five per cent to one per cent of the attendance. We thought that an allowance of one per cent was reasonable. The order was published, announcements were duly made to the pupils, and the fun began. The very first day that notes were required a dozen pupils were sent home, and did not return that day. The next day they came with insulting notes from their parents to the effect that our rules were tyrannical and illegal. One parent wrote, "My son was tardy because he was late; the reason therefor is none of your business." Others were of like import. One man went to the president of the board and gave the school system a sound rating for its rigidity; the same man had said, a few months before, that the laxity of discipline was a disgrace. The board, however, stood by its rules, and tardiness has almost disappeared.

I have found, in my experience of fifteen years, that some people will abuse any school official who stands up for what is best, but that the public will always respect him for it. Everybody likes a strong government, and has a contempt for a weak one. If one wants to have an easy time and a poor school system, he need only let things go in any fashion, and he and his schools will sleepily drift into general contempt. If he wants to have a hard time and a good school system, let him bare his front to the storm of criticism and abuse, and he

and his schools will surely win their way to general respect.

III.

My experience as superintendent of schools has been chiefly in two cities, each having a population of more than fifty thousand. In character and general municipal life these cities may be said to be polar opposites. In one there is a high degree of general intelligence, a good public spirit, a pure city government, and the schools are absolutely free from those various adverse influences which are the bane of public schools in so many cities. The school board is composed of a high class of citizens, and the people are loyal to the schools. In the other city there was, a dozen years ago, when I knew it, an exceedingly low grade of intelligence, a low moral tone, an indifference to schools and to education in general, and the board was composed of men the majority of whom were ignorant, and some of them, it was well known, were corrupt. I believe that, during the two years and a half of my work there, I met with nearly all the most embarrassing conditions under which a school superintendent is ever called to work.

In this city the board consisted of fifty-two members, — four from each of thirteen wards. Since I left it, enough wards have been created to make the membership of the board sixty-four. The members were nominated and elected by wards, each ward voting only for its own representatives. The meetings of the board suggested meetings of the state legislature, and there were the caucusing, the "log-rolling," and the partisanship of a political convention whenever questions of importance came up. There was a sprinkling of intelligent men, enough to constitute an efficient board; the rest of the members were men who could not speak grammatically, and some of them were known in the community as men of low morals, who were

not fit to come in contact either with women teachers or with children in the schools. I remember that one night at eleven o'clock I saw the president of the board leaning against a tree at the curbstone, so intoxicated that a fellow member of the board, who happened to be with him, had to lead him home. This was not an unusual occurrence; he was known as a very dissipated man at the time he was elected president. He had the support of a majority of the members until his conduct in the meetings of the board became a public scandal. The low moral tone of the board was felt throughout the schools. Teachers depended on favoritism and political "pulls," instead of on merit, for promotion, and some were kept in their positions who were not only incompetent, but also of objectionable character. The principal of one of the high schools was known to be untruthful, absolutely untrustworthy in money matters, and an unprincipled man generally; yet he had the support of a majority of the board for a number of years.

By a provision of the city charter the board consisted of an equal number of Republicans and Democrats; but instead of becoming non-partisan under this arrangement, it became bi-partisan. No teachers not residents of the city could be elected to positions in the schools below the high schools, and nearly all the teachers in the high schools were residents. The appointments were almost entirely made through favoritism. Political affiliations, church associations, and business relations between the friends of applicants and members of the board determined appointments to schools. The term "politics" as applied to school affairs is not always clearly understood. No question is raised as to the political party to which a teacher belongs or with which he sympathizes; the only question is whether his appointment will procure the political influence of his friends at the next

election. It ought to be said that church influence is often more embarrassing to a superintendent than politics, and I have myself been hampered by deacons and pastors in my efforts to do the best thing for the schools. In the city above referred to there was a woman at the head of one of the high schools who was personally a very estimable woman, but who was entirely incompetent. The reason why she could not be removed was not political. The pastor of one of the leading churches and one of the judges of the superior court objected so strongly to her removal that the board were afraid to take the step. Ministers, through a mistaken sympathy, often allow themselves to indorse incompetent teachers, and so help to block the way for better things in the schools. In fact, a recommendation of a teacher by her pastor seldom has any weight whatever. I usually throw such documents into the waste-paper basket when applicants send them to me, unless I am personally acquainted with the minister and know that he is competent to form a critical judgment of a teacher's work. I have made confession of a professional secret which it may do no serious harm to divulge.

In the same city, where houses were erected by the school board and all contracts pertaining to the schools were awarded by the board, there was a temptation for a certain class of men to seek election to the board who could not be tempted into the public "service" by any desire to advance the public interest. Some of them secured appointments upon the building committee. It was well known that bids for contracts were opened before all bids were handed in, and "pointers" were given to late bidders. Some of these men were constantly found on the textbook committee, and agents of publishing houses had to meet them on ground sufficiently low to reach their official good will. In a certain book contest, one

young, inexperienced agent told me he gave one member of the committee money to take a trip to the seashore. To gain the good will of another, he said he accompanied him not only to saloons, but to worse places. He lost the contest, and was afterward discharged by the publisher whom he represented. In this contest, another publisher employed a special agent who was a politician, and was willing to resort to means which the regular agent could not be asked to employ. Much has been said about corruption in the relations between publishing houses and school boards. My observation has been that it all depends on the moral character of the board. Publishers will not resort to means lower than is absolutely necessary to obtain trade, and I have known some to refuse to have anything to do with book contests because of the dishonesty of the textbook committee. The agents of most of our publishing houses are college-bred men, high-minded, and are willing to put their business on as high a plane as school boards will permit them. In short, where school boards are pure, the textbook business is honorably conducted.

The first thing to do, therefore, to elevate and improve the public schools is to secure a higher grade of people to serve on school boards. The public schools of Chicago are a more important trust to administer than Chicago University; likewise, the public schools of Philadelphia and of New York are more important trusts to administer than either the University of Pennsylvania or Columbia University; and yet who would be willing to say that even a majority of the members of any school board which these cities have ever had would be suitable persons to elect as members of the boards of trustees of these institutions? Fortunately, there are always a few men of eminent worth and good ability on these boards, but they seldom constitute a majority.

A reform cannot be brought about by moral force alone. Legislation is necessary. The school systems of most of our cities require a thorough reconstruction.

In the first place, the size of school boards must be reduced. The number should rarely exceed one member for every ten thousand of population, except in very small cities. In the large cities the number should be made considerably less than this. Such reduction in numbers will be made possible, however, only by reducing the work now done gratuitously by members, and giving it into the hands of paid expert agents who are to work under the general supervision of the board. At present, members of school boards are obliged to spend a very considerable portion of their time in attending to details which can be managed much more efficiently by paid experts. Business men of unusual ability, and of large business interests of their own to look after, cannot afford to accept positions on a school board under existing conditions. The only way to secure the services of such men is to relieve the boards of official details, and to require of them only the direction of the general policy and work of the schools.

In the second place, all ward representations in school boards should be abolished. Every member should be a "member at large" and should represent the whole city. When members are elected by wards, the local ward politician dictates the election. A "clean" ward will send a good man; a ward in which the lower element is concentrated almost invariably elects a man who is not suitable for such a position. The ward politicians, controlling the ward elections, control later the official acts of members thus elected. Hence this system of election is a source of political corruption of the school board, and through it of the schools. Nomination from wards and election at large

produce better results, for the whole city has a voice at the polls in determining who shall represent each ward. But this method of election is also objectionable, because in the business wards of cities of even moderate size it is often impossible to find a single resident who is a suitable person to serve on a school board.

There is no one method of selecting a school board that is best for all cities. In some cities the local conditions are such that appointment by the mayor is the best method; in others, like Philadelphia, appointment by the judges of the courts seems to be fairly satisfactory. In the majority of cities, however, election by popular ballot is undoubtedly the best method.

In the third place, there should be an entire separation between the educational part and the business part of the administration of the public school system in our large cities. There should be an agent for the business department and a superintendent of instruction for the educational department, each of whom should be directly responsible to the board.

In the fourth place, the educational department should be intrusted more largely than it has been to the superintendent of instruction. I fail to see a good reason why there should be a committee of the board called "Committee on Course of Study." The making of a course of study is the work of an educational expert. The more intelligent a school committee, the more the members shrink from such a responsibility. Yet in some of our larger cities the superintendent is barely consulted when the course of study is to be revised. I see little occasion, also, for a committee on textbooks. Textbooks should be selected by the superintendent after free consultation with the teachers who are to use them.

There must be more concentration of responsibility, and consequently of au-

thority, in the administration of school affairs. There is probably no other public official, of equal ability, intelligence, and character, who has so little real legal authority as a superintendent of schools. The mayor of a city, as a rule, has no more ability, and usually has less education, than the superintendent of schools, and yet he has very much more authority. Likewise the judges of our courts, with a life tenure, have immensely more power than men who are their equals and are engaged in superintending public schools. "One man power" becomes dangerous only when it is not linked with "one man responsibility."

In the fifth place, where the school board is elected directly by the people, and is therefore directly responsible to the people, it ought to be financially independent of the rest of the city government. It ought to have charge not only of the schools and the teachers, but also of the schoolhouses and the janitors. The city council ought to have no authority to determine how much money is to be spent on schools and school buildings. This is the only solution of the embarrassing problem of securing sufficient school room for the school population of our large cities. Cities like New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago fail to build schoolhouses fast enough to keep pace with the growth of population, not because they cannot afford it or because the taxpayers are unwilling to be taxed more heavily for such a purpose, but because the politicians in the city government want the money for other purposes.

In the sixth place, I wish there might be an ordinance in every city providing that any person who has been a member of the school board shall be ineligible to any other city office for two or three years after his term of office on the school board expires. In this way, political favors done while on the school board could not at once be returned in some other form, and a position on the school board could not be made so directly as at present a stepping-stone into some "higher" municipal office. There are no doubt legal, and in some states possibly constitutional difficulties in the way of enacting such an ordinance, but it would go far toward eliminating ambitious politicians from school boards.

Finally, I desire to say that I have the good fortune to live in a city in which the schools are absolutely free from political influence and from every other adverse influence; a city in which there has been no such thing as a contest over textbooks for at least ten years, in which it takes from five to ten minutes to vote out an inferior book and vote in a better one, when a change seems desirable; a city in which there is no demand for "home talent" that leads to a system of inbreeding which is the curse of many school systems, but in which teachers are employed who come from any part of the country, the only questions asked being such as relate to their qualifications and efficiency. The superintendent has all the freedom and power which any one can desire, and is held, as he should be, strictly responsible for results.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXXVIII.

THE bell on the top of the Cohue Royale clattered like the tongue of a scolding fishwife. For it was the opening day of the Assise d'Héritage, and the governor with his suite; the lieutenant-bailly with his dozen jurats, like so many parochial apostles; the avocats with their knowledge of l'ancien costume de Normandie and the devious inroads made upon it by the customs of Jersey; the seigneurs and the dames des fiefs, — all were invited to assemble at the opening of this court, from which there was no appeal save to themselves, or by their own consent to the King's Privy Council.

This particular session of the Cour d'Héritage was to proceed with unusual spirit and importance; for after the King's proclamation was read, the Royal Court and the states were to present the formal welcome of the island to Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy; likewise to offer a bounty to every Jerseyman enlisting under him.

The island was en fête. There had not been such a year of sensations since the battle of Jersey. The breaking out of the present war with France had been exciting, but the subsequent duties of guarding the coast, imposed upon every able-bodied citizen, proved so monotonous that the trial and interrupted hanging of Mattingley, the discovery of Olivier Delagarde's crime and his escape, and the return of Philip d'Avranche had thrilled the impressionable islanders into chattering demonstration.

This 4th of October was to be still more notable, for a figure quite as remarkable in the history of Jersey as Philip d'Avranche, and as distinguished elsewhere, was returning to the island upon business of importance.

He was not a native; he was not English. A dissipated stripling of the French court, he had come to Jersey with the filibuster Rullecour. He was returning now upon no business of invasion, but in pursuit of that justice for some one else which every Jerseyman is intent to secure for himself. He had come before in the night, to spoil and to conquer; he came now in the open morning, to maintain that the things which were God's be not given to Cæsar. It was Comte Détricand de Tournay.

A short time before, Détricand had chanced to find in the prison of a captured town in Brittany a clergyman of England bearing the name of Lorenzo Dow, who, after four years of confinement, was dying as apathetically as he had always lived. He had been taken captive at the breaking out of the war, had been thrown into prison, and lost sight of by the British government, as also by the ravenous French administration. When Détricand discovered him on his bed of straw in a miserable dungeon, he was lying calmly asleep, with his fingers between the leaves of a book of meditations. He was forthwith taken to Détricand's own quarters, and there he died peacefully within a few days; remarking almost with his last breath that it was taking advantage of time to read the New Testament in translation.

Détricand had known Lorenzo Dow in Jersey, and in their brief conversations before the sick man died he discussed many things which troubled and confounded him. He learned of the marriage of Guida and Philip, and there passed into his hands the little black leather-covered journal which was a record of the life of Lorenzo Dow in Jersey and elsewhere. In this book were the details of the fateful marriage.

Détricand had buried Lorenzo Dow, and then in a lull of warfare had set out in search of Philip d'Avranche. Before he did so, however, he had had a secret meeting, under truce, with General Grandjon-Larisse, of the Republican army, to whom he told the story of Guida and Philip. From that moment Grandjon-Larisse and Détricand had an office of honor to perform, but the former must first proceed to Paris on business pertaining to the army; and thus it happened that Détricand alone, after four years of famous service in a hopeless war, returned to Jersey to find Philip d'Avranche.

During every hour that passed between his secretly leaving Grandjon-Larisse at Angers and his reaching Roque Platte, where he had landed, an invader, so many years before, his indignant strength of purpose grew. Immediately he set foot on Jersey, with an officer attached to his person and two soldiers of his legion he proceeded to the Church of St. Michael's, where the marriage of Philip and Guida had been performed. There, to his consternation, he learned that the register of births, marriages, and deaths had long since disappeared.

So far as he knew, the only record left was the little black journal got from the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. This was now in his own pocket.

Returning to the town, and skirting it to avoid observation, Détricand came up the Rue des Sablons, intending to seek Elie Mattingley and the Chevalier du Champsavoy at the house in the Rue d'Egypte; but as he passed, seeing the house of Jean Touzel, he dismounted, knocked, and, not waiting to be admitted, entered.

Maitresse Aimable did not keep her seat, as she had done on Philip's entrance, a few days before. She rose slowly, a smile lighting her face that but now was clouded, and made essay to curtsy. Maitresse Aimable knew well

whom she should honor herself in honoring, and the red cross and red heart of the Vendée on the chieftain's coat wiped out in her mind any doubtful memory of the idle, hard-drinking Savary dit Détricand, and established this new Détricand in her favor.

From Aimable's mouthpiece, Jean, he learned all: what had chanced to Mattingley and Carterette, to Ranulph and his father, everything concerning Guida and her child, and of to-day's proceedings at the Cour d'Héritage. The tale had scarce been told when the bell of the court-house began to ring.

Long before *chicane-chicane* clanged out over the Vier Marchi the body of the court was filled. The lieutenant-governor, the lieutenant-bailly, the jurats, the military, arrived and took their places; the officers of the navy arrived, — all save one, and he was to be the chief figure of this function. With each arrival the people cheered and the trumpets blared. The crowds in the Vier Marchi turned to the booths for refreshment, or to the printing-machine set up by La Pyramide, and bought half-penny chap-sheets telling of recent defeats of the French, — though mostly they told in ebullient words of the sea fight which had made Philip d'Avranche an admiral, and of his elevation to a sovereign dukedom.

Since the battle of Jersey the Vier Marchi had not been so full or so tumultuous, yet the scene lacked some old elements of picturesqueness. Long familiar things were absent. Men had been accustomed to find a lounging-place near Carterette's booth, women near her father's great oak chest; and the distorted figure of Dormy Jamais, winding in and out of the crowd with a fool's wisdom on his lips, was missed in the general movement. It was as though La Pyramide itself had been suddenly spirited away during the night by some pitying genius of sculpture, and Norman feet

were as yet restless on the spot where it had stood.

Inside the court there was more restlessness still. The Comtesse Chantavoine was in her place of honor beside the attorney-general, but Admiral the Duc de Bercy had not yet arrived. It was now many minutes beyond the hour fixed. The lieutenant-bailly whispered to the governor, the governor to his aide, and the aide sought naval officers present; but these could give no explanation of the delay. Prince Philip and his flag-lieutenant came not.

The greffier was indignant, the greffier was imperious, the greffier was disgusted; the greffier wrote down what would appear to be sentences of imprisonment and fines, direful penalties against the princely delinquent. The greffier looked round him fiercely. In one of these fierce scoutings he encountered the still, impassive face of the Comtesse Chantavoine, her eyes fixed calmly upon him; and, reduced to his natural stature again, he dropped back suddenly in his huge chair, — a small swallow in a vast summer.

The Comtesse Chantavoine was the one person outwardly unmoved. What she thought who could tell? Hundreds of eyes scanned her face, and she seemed unconscious of them, indifferent to them. What would not the lieutenant-bailly have given for her calmness! What would not the greffier have given for her importance! She drew every eye by virtue of something which was more than the name of Duchesse de Bercy. The face of the Comtesse Chantavoine had an unconscious and indefinable dignity, a living command and composure, — the heritage, perhaps, of a race who had ever been more fighters than courtiers, used to danger, more desiring good sleep after good warfare done than luxurious peace. She did not move her head, but her look seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere; hers was the educated eye. She saw, as it were, the bailly at one

end of the room, and the door by which Prince Philip should enter at the other. She saw the greffier, which disconcerted him; yet she did not see him, and she was not disconcerted.

The silence, the tension, grew painful. A whole half hour had the court waited beyond the appointed time. At last, however, cheers arose outside, and all knew that the prince had come. Presently the doors were thrown open, two halberdiers stepped inside, and an officer of the court announced Admiral his Serene Highness Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy.

"Oui-gia, think of that!" said a voice from somewhere in the hall.

Prince Philip heard it, and he frowned, for he recognized the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Where it came from he knew not, nor could any one else see; for Dormy Jamais was snugly bestowed above a middle doorway in what was half balcony, half cornice.

All present rose to their feet as Philip advanced, save the governor, the lieutenant-bailly, and the jurats. When he had taken his seat beside the Comtesse Chantavoine, there came the formal opening of the Cour d'Héritage.

The comtesse's eyes fixed themselves upon Philip. There was that in his manner which puzzled and evaded her clear, searching intuition. Some strange circumstance must have delayed him; for she saw that his flag-lieutenant was disturbed, and this, she felt sure, was not due to unpunctuality alone. She was hardly conscious that the lieutenant-bailly had been addressing Philip, until he had stopped and Philip had risen.

He had scarcely begun speaking when the doors were thrown open again, and a woman came quickly forward. It was Guida. The instant she entered Philip saw her and stopped speaking. Every one turned. In the silence, Guida, looking neither to right nor to left, advanced almost to where the greffier sat, and dropping on her knee

and looking up to the lieutenant-bailly and the jurats, stretched out her hands and cried that cry which is more to a Jerseyman than Allah to a Moham-medan : —

"Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!"

If one rose from the dead suddenly to command them to an awed obedience, Jerseymen could not be more at the mercy of the apparition than at the call of one who cried in their midst, "Haro, haro!" — that ancient relic of the custom of Normandy and Rollo the Dane. Whoso needed justice, whoso was trespasssed upon in mind, body, or estate, sought Rollo wherever he might be, — in the highway, or at his prayers, or on the field of battle, or among the great of the land, — and falling upon a knee cried to him, "Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!"

To this hour, whoso in Jersey is trespasssed on in estate maketh his cry unto Rollo, and the Royal Court — whose right to respond to this cry was confirmed by King John, and afterward by King Charles — must listen, and every one must heed. That cry of Haro will make the workman drop his tools, the woman her knitting, the militiaman his musket, the fisherman his net, the school-master his birch, and the écrivain his babble, to await the judgment of the Royal Court.

Every jurat fixed his eyes upon Guida as though she had come to claim his life. The lieutenant-bailly's lips opened twice as though to speak, but at first no words came. The governor sat with hands clenched upon his chair-arm. The breath of the crowd came in gasps of excitement. The Comtesse Chantavoine looked at Philip, looked at Guida, and knew that here was the opening of the scroll she had not been able to unfold. Now she should understand that something which had made the old Duc de Bercey with his last breath say, "*Don't be afraid!*"

Philip stood moveless, his eyes steady, his face bitter, determined. Yet there was in his look, fixed upon Guida, some strange mingling of pity and tenderness. It was as though two spirits were fighting in his face for mastery. The Comtesse Chantavoine touched him upon the arm, but he took no notice. Drawing back in her seat, she thenceforth looked at him and at Guida as one might watch the balances of justice in weighing life and death. She could not read this story, but one look at the faces of the crowd round her made her aware that here was a tale of the past which they all knew in little or in much.

"Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!" What did she mean, this woman with the exquisite face, alive with power and feeling, and indignation and appeal? To what prince did she cry, — for what aid? Who trespasssed upon her?

The lieutenant-bailly now stood up, a frown upon his face. He knew what scandal had said concerning Guida and Philip. He had never liked Guida, for in the first days of his importance as lieutenant-bailly, because of a rudeness upon his part, meant as a compliment, she had thrown his hat — the lieutenant-bailly's hat! — into the Fauxbie by the Vier Prison. He thought her intrusive thus to stay the proceedings of the Royal Court, with distinguished visitors present, by an appeal for he knew not what. But the law of Haro takes precedence of all else.

"What is the trespass, and who is the trespasser?" asked the bailly sternly, and forthwith took his seat.

Guida rose to her feet now.

"Philip d'Avranche has trespasssed," she said.

"What Philip d'Avranche, mademoiselle?" asked the bailly, in a rough, ungenerous tone.

She flashed upon him a look of contempt, and answered, "Admiral Philip d'Avranche, known as his Serene High-

ness the Duc de Bercy, has trespassed on me."

She did not look at Philip; her eyes were fixed upon the bailly and the jurats.

The bailly whispered to one or two jurats.

"Wherein is the trespass?" he asked sharply. "Tell your story."

After an instant's painful pause Guida told her tale.

"Last night, at Plemont," she said, in a voice trembling a little at first, but growing stronger as she went on, "I left my child, my Guilbert, in his bed, with Dormy Jamais to watch beside him, while I went to my boat which lies a half mile from my hut. I left Dormy Jamais with the child because I was afraid — because I have been afraid these three days past — that Philip d'Avranche would steal him from me. I was gone but half an hour; it was dark when I returned. I found the door open. I found Dormy Jamais lying upon the floor unconscious, and my child's bed empty. He was gone, my child, my Guilbert! He was stolen from me by Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy."

"What proof have you that it was the Duc de Bercy?"

"I have told your honor that Dormy Jamais was there. He struck Dormy Jamais to the ground, and rode off with my child."

The bailly sniffed. "Dormy Jamais is a simpleton, an idiot."

"Let Prince Philip d'Avranche speak," she answered quickly. "Half an hour ago I met him as I was on my way to his Castle of Mont Orgueil. He did not deny it then; he dare not deny it now."

She turned and looked Philip in the eyes. He did not answer a word. He had not moved since she entered the court-room. He had kept his eyes fixed on her save for one or two swift glances toward the jurats. The crisis of his life had come. He was ready to meet it

now: anything would be better than all he had gone through during the past ten days. In a moment's mad impulse he had stolen the child, in the wild belief that through it he could reach Guida, could bring her to him. For now this woman who despised him, hated him, he desired more than all else in the world. Ambition has its own means of punishing. For its own gifts of place or fortune it puts some impossible hunger in the soul of its victim which leads him at last to his own destruction. With all the world conquered there is still some mystic island of which it whispers, and to gain this its devotee risks all — and loses all.

The bailly saw by Philip's look that Guida had spoken the truth. But he whispered to the jurats eagerly, and presently said with brusque decision, "Our law of Haro may only apply to trespass upon property. Its intent is merely civil."

Having said this, he opened and shut his mouth with gusto, and sat back as though expecting Guida to retire.

"Your law of Haro, Monsieur le Bailly!" Guida answered, with a flash of her eyes and her voice ringing out fearlessly. "Your law of Haro! The law of Haro comes from the custom of Normandy, which is the law of Jersey. You make its intent this, you make it that, but nothing can alter it and what has been done in its name for generations. Is it so, then, that if Philip d'Avranche trespasses upon my land or my hearth, I may cry Haro, haro! and you will take heed; but when it is blood of my blood, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, that he has wickedly seized, when it is the head which I have pilloved on my breast for three years, — a child who has known no father, a child who has been his mother's only companion in her shame, the shame of an outcast, — then is it so that your law of Haro may not apply? No, no, messieurs; it is the justice of Haro that I

ask, not your lax usage of it. From this Prince Philip I appeal to the spirit of that prince of Normandy who made this law, — I appeal to the law of Jersey which comes from the law of Rollo. There are precedents enough, as you know well, *messieurs*. I demand of you my child, — I demand!"

The bailly and the jurats were in a hopeless quandary. They glanced furtively at Philip. They were half afraid that she was right, and yet were timorous of deciding against the prince-admiral.

She saw their hesitation. "I ask you to fulfill the law. I have cried Haro, haro! and what I have cried men will hear outside this court, outside this Isle of Jersey; for I cry it against a sovereign duke of Europe."

The bailly and the jurats were overwhelmed by the situation. Guida's brain was a thousand times clearer than theirs. Danger, peril to her child, had aroused in her every force of intelligence; she had the daring, the desperation, of the lioness fighting for her own.

Philip himself solved the problem. Turning to the bench of jurats, he said quietly, "She is quite right: the law of Haro is with her; it must apply."

The court was in a greater maze than ever. Was he then about to restore to Guida her child?

After an instant's pause Philip continued: "But in this case there was no trespass — for the child — is my own."

Every eye in the *Cohue Royale* fixed itself upon him, then upon Guida, then upon her who was known as the *Duchesse de Bercy*. The face of the *Comtesse Chantavoine* was like marble, white and cold. As the words fell from Philip's lips a sigh broke from her own, and there came to Philip's mind that distant day in the council-chamber at Bercy, when for one moment he was upon his trial; but he did not turn and look at her now. It was all pitiable, horrible, but this open avowal, insult as it was to

the *Comtesse Chantavoine*, could be no worse than the rumors which would surely have reached her one day. So let the game fare on. He had thrown down the glove now, and he could not see the end; he was playing for one thing only, — for the woman he had lost, for his own child. If everything went by the board, why, it must go by the board. It all flashed through his brain: To-morrow he must send in his resignation to the Admiralty, — so much at once. Then France — the dukedom of Bercy — whatever happened, there was work for him to do at Bercy. He was a sovereign duke of Europe, as Guida had said. He would fight for the duchy for his son's sake. Standing there, he could feel again the warm cheek of the child upon his own as last night he felt it, riding across the island from Plemont to Mont Orgueil. That very morning he had hurried down to a cottage at the foot of the cliff at Grouville Bay, and seen the boy lying still asleep in a little bed, well cared for by a woman of the village. He knew that to-morrow the scandal of the thing would belong to the world. He had tossed his fame as an admiral into the gutter, but Bercy was left. All the native force, the stubborn vigor, the obdurate spirit of the soil of Jersey of which he was, its arrogant self-will, drove him straight into this last issue.

But he stopped short in his thoughts, for there now at the court-room door stood *Détricand*, *Comte de Tournay*!

Philip drew his hand quickly across his eyes, — it seemed so wild, so fantastic, that of all men *Détricand* should be there. His gaze was so fixed that every one turned to see, — every one save Guida.

She was not aware of this new figure in the scene. In her heart there was tumult. Her hour had come at last, — the hour in which she must declare that she was the wife of this man. She had no proofs, and no doubt he would deny

it now, for he knew how she loathed him. But she would tell her tale.

She was about to address the bailly, but, as though a pang of pity shot through her heart, she turned instead and looked at the Comtesse Chantavoine. She could find it in her soul to pause in compassion for this poor lady, more wronged than herself. Their eyes met. One instant's flash of intelligence between the souls of two women, and Guida knew that the look of the Comtesse Chantavoine had said, "Speak for your child."

Thereupon she spoke.

"Messieurs, Prince Philip d'Avranche is my husband," she said to the jurats.

Every one in the court-room stirred with excitement. A weak-nerved woman in the crowd, with a child at her breast, began to cry, and the little one joined its feeble wail to hers.

"Four years ago," Guida continued, "I was married to Philip d'Avranche by the Reverend Lorenzo Dow in the Church of St. Michael's" —

The bailly interrupted with a grunt. "H'm! Lorenzo Dow is well out of the way. Have done."

"May I not then be heard in my own defense?" Guida went on, with indignation. "Four years I have suffered silently slander and shame. Now I speak for myself at last — and you will not hear me. I come to this court of justice, and my word is doubted ere I can prove the truth! Is it for judges to assail one so? Four years ago I was married secretly in the chapel of St. Michael's, — secretly, because Philip d'Avranche urged it, pleaded for it. An open marriage, he said, would injure his promotion. We were wedded, and he left me. War broke out. I remained silent, according to my promise to him. Then came the time when, in the states of Bercy, he denied that he had a wife. From the hour I knew he had done so I denied him. My child was born in shame and sorrow. I my-

self was an outcast from among you all. But my conscience was clear before Heaven. I took myself and my child out from among you to Plemont. I waited, believing that God's justice is surer than man's. At last Philip d'Avranche — my husband — returned here. He invaded my home, and begged me to come to him as his wife with my child, — he who had so evilly wronged me, and wronged another more than me. I refused. Then he stole my child from me. You ask for proofs of my marriage. Messieurs, I have no proofs. I know not where Lorenzo Dow may be found. The register of St. Michael's Church, as you all know, was stolen. Mr. Shoreham, who witnessed the marriage, was drowned. But you must believe me. There is one witness left, if he will but tell the truth, — even the man who married me, the man who for one day called me his wife. I ask him now to tell the truth!"

Her clear eyes pierced Philip through and through.

What was going on in Philip's mind neither she nor any in that court might ever know; for in the pause the Comtesse Chantavoine rose up, and passing steadily by Philip came to Guida. Looking her in the eyes with an incredible sorrow, she took her hand, and turned toward Philip with infinite scorn.

A strange, thrilling silence fell upon all the court. The jurats shifted in their seats with excitement. The bailly, in a hoarse, dry voice, said, "We must have proof. There must be record as well as witness."

From the body of the hall there came a voice, "The witness and record are here!" and Détricand stepped forward, in his uniform of the army of the Vendée.

A hushed murmur ran round the room. The jurats whispered to one another.

"Who are you, monsieur?" said the bailly.

"I am Detricand, Prince of Vaufontaine," he replied, — "for whom the Comtesse Chantavoine will vouch," he added in a pained voice, and bowed low to her and to Guida.

He did not wait for the bailly to answer, but told of the death of Lorenzo Dow, and, taking from his pocket the little black journal, opened it and read aloud the record written there by the dead clergyman. Having read it, he passed the book to the greffier, who handed it up to the bailly. A moment's pause ensued. To the most ignorant and casual of the onlookers the strain of it was great; to those chiefly concerned it was supreme. The lieutenant-bailly and the jurats whispered together, and now at last a spirit of justice was roused in them. But the law's technicalities were still to rule.

The bailly closed the book, and handed it back to the greffier with the words, "This is not proof, though it is evidence."

Guida felt her heart sink within her. The Comtesse Chantavoine, who still held her hand, pressed it, though she herself was cold as ice with sickness of spirit.

At that instant, and from Heaven knows where, — as a bird comes from a bush, — a little gray man came quickly among them all, carrying spread open before him a book almost as big as himself. Handing it up to the bailly, he said, "Here is the proof, Monsieur le Bailly, — here is the whole proof."

The bailly leaned over and drew up the book. The jurats crowded near, and a dozen heads gathered about the open volume.

At last the bailly looked up, and addressed the court solemnly.

"It is the lost register of St. Michael's. It contains a record of the marriage of Guida Landresse de Landresse and Lieutenant Philip d'Avranche, both of the Isle of Jersey."

"Exactly so, exactly so," said the lit-

tle gray figure, the Chevalier Orvillier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir. Tears ran down his cheeks as he turned toward Guida, but he was smiling too.

Guida's eyes were upon the bailly. "And the child?" she cried, with a broken voice, — "the child?"

"The child goes with his mother," answered the bailly firmly.

XXXIX.

The day that saw Guida's restitution in the Cohue Royale brought but further trouble to Ranulph Delagarde. Intending to join Detricand at the headquarters of the army of the Vendée, he landed at St. Malo, and was about to go on to Quiberon, where Sombreuil was making his last stand against the soldiers of Hoche, when he was seized by a press-gang and carried aboard a French frigate commissioned to ravage the coasts of British North America. He had stubbornly resisted the press, but had been knocked on the head, and there was an end of it. In vain he protested that he was an Englishman. They laughed at him. His French was perfect, his accent was Norman, his was a Norman face, — that was evidence enough. If he was not a citizen of France, he should be, and he must be. Ranulph decided that it was needless to throw away his life, and ignominious to be hung from the yard-arm. It was better to make a show of submission, and so long as he had not to fight British ships he could afford to wait. Time enough then for him to take action. So he was carried away on the Victoire, which sailed the seas looking for ships to fight.

His heart was heavy enough, in truth, — an exile from his own land, banished from all early hopes, ambitions, and affections. As the son of a traitor he had no longer heart to call himself a Jerseyman. His childhood had been embittered, his manhood poisoned. He had borne four

years of an incredible torture, face to face with his father's presence and his father's hidden crime. He had hoped to lose himself in the great struggle between the Royalists and the Red Government, and to find a decent exit on the battlefield, or to deaden the agonies of his life by reviving his old energies. But even that had been denied him, and here he was, forced into serving a country he had been brought up to loathe.

Yet there was one comfort in it all: his father had been saved the shame of an ignominious death at the hands of the law, and he himself now was free and alone. Just over thirty, he was not too old to begin the world again. In the land whither Mattingley and Carterette had gone perhaps there was a field for work, and one might forget there as easily as in fighting with the peasants of the Vendée. In any case, it was his duty to bear up against evil fortune, to endure his present state, and, when the chance came, to escape from this bondage. So when he was pressed he thought of his four years' service with the artillery at Elizabeth Castle, and asked to be made a gunner. The impulsive and choleric Richambeau, captain of the *Victoire*, who loved strong men, — and strong jokes, — believing Ranulph's story, though professing to disbelieve it, thought it a noble jest to set an Englishman fighting English ships. Thereupon he made a gunner of Ranulph, and kept an eye upon him.

The *Victoire* sailed the seas, battle-hungry, and presently appeased her appetite among Dutch and Danish privateers. Such excellent work did Ranulph against the Dutchmen, whom he vaguely knew to be enemies of England, that Richambeau, delighted, gave him a gun for himself, and after they had fought the Danes made him a master gunner.

Of the largest gun on the *Victoire* Ranulph grew inordinately fond. He had a genius for mechanism, and he

begged from an English-speaking Dutch prisoner a seaman's vade-mecum and a book of defensive war at sea, and diligently studied the art of naval warfare. Meanwhile, the great gun, a 32-pounder, won its way deeper into his affections, till at last he called it "ma couzaine."

The days and weeks passed, and then, after some actions against non-British privateers, wherein the *Victoire* was all-victorious and ma couzaine did her duty well, they neared the coast of America. One morning came the cry of "Land! Land!" and once again Ranulph saw British soil, — the tall cliffs of the peninsula of Gaspé. Gaspé, — that name had been familiar to him since his childhood. How many hundreds of Jersey-men had gone to and from Gaspé! It was like the other end of the world, to which all Jerseymen, if they would be called travelers, must go; it was the ultima thule to which Mattingley and Carterette had gone!

The *Victoire* and her flotilla came nearer and nearer to the coast. There was no British ship in sight, no sign of fleet or defense; only the tall cliffs and infinite acreage of land beyond the mouth of the great St. Lawrence Gulf. Presently he could see a bay and a great rock in the distance; and as they bore in now directly for the bay, the great rock seemed to stretch out like a vast wall into the gulf. As he stood watching and leaning on ma couzaine, a sailor near him said that the bay was Percé, and the rock was Percé Rock.

Percé Rock! Since he was a child Ranulph had heard of Percé Rock. And Percé Bay, — that was the exact point for which Elie Mattingley and Carterette had sailed with Sebastian Alixandre. How strange it was! Not long ago he had bidden Carterette good-by forever, had put her aside with his old life, yet fate had now brought him to the very spot whither she had gone. After all, was it then so that man's fate is never in his own hands; that as it shall please

Heaven he must be tossed like a ball into the garden made with his own hands, or across the seas into the vast far country?

The Rock of Percé was a wall, and the wall was an island that had once been a long promontory like a battlement, jutting out hundreds of yards into the gulf. At one point it was pierced by an archway. Its sides were almost sheer; its top was flat and level. Upon the sides there was no verdure; upon the top centuries had made a green field. The wild geese as they flew northward, myriad flocks of gulls, gannets, cormorants, and all manner of fowl of the sea, had builded upon the summit, until it was now rich with grass and shrubs. The nations of the air sent their legions here to bivouac. The discord of a hundred languages might be heard far out to sea, far in upon the land. Millions of the feathered races swarmed there; at times the air above was darkened by clouds of them. No fog-bell on a rock-bound coast might warn mariners more ominously than these battalions of adventurers on the Percé Rock.

No human being had ever mounted to this eyrie or scaled the bulwarks of this feathered Eden. Three hundred feet below ship-builders might toil and fishermen hover, but the lofty home of the marauders of the air had not yet suffered the invasion of man. As the legend ran, this mighty palisade had once been a bridge of rock stretched across the gulf, builded by the gods of the land, who smote with granite arms and drove back ruined the appalling gods of the sea.

Generations of fishermen had looked upon the yellowish-red limestone of the Percé Rock with valorous eyes, but it would seem that not even the tiny clinging hoof of a chamois or wild goat might find a foothold upon the straight sides of it. Three hundred feet was a long way to climb, hand over hand; so for centuries the Percé Rock in the wide

St. Lawrence Gulf remained solitary and unconquered.

On most men who had seen it Percé Rock made its own impression of mystery; upon Ranulph that impression was deeper than on most. He was roused out of the spell it cast upon him only by seeing suddenly the British flag upon a building by the shore of the bay they were now entering. His heart gave a great bound. He involuntarily looked up at the French tricolor flying overhead. It was curious that there should be such a difference in two pieces of bunting. (Or was it silk? No, it was bunting.) Just a little different arrangement in color, and yet the flag on the building by the shore roused his pulses to a heat. Yes, there was the English flag defiantly flying; and what was more, there were two old 12-pounders being trained on the French squadron. For the first time in years a laugh of rolling good humor burst from his lips.

"Oh my good! Oh *mai grand doux!*" he said in the Jersey patois. "Only one man in the world would do that, — only Elie Mattingley!"

It was undoubtedly ridiculous, these two 12-pounders training on a whole fleet. Presently came more defiance, for there was run up beneath the British flag an oblong piece of white linen with two diagonal red stripes. That was the flag of Jersey. Now beyond any doubt Elie Mattingley was in Percé Bay.

As though to prove Ranulph right, Mattingley issued from a wooden fishing-shed with Sebastian Alixandre and three others armed with muskets, and passed to the little fort on which flew the British and Jersey flags. As Ranulph looked on, at once amazed and amused, he heard a guffaw behind him. Turning round, he suddenly straightened himself and stood at attention. Richambeau, the captain, had confronted him.

"That's a big splutter in a little pot, gunner," said he. He put his telescope

to his eye. "The Lord protect us," he cried, "they're going to fight my squadron!" He laughed again till the tears came. "Son of Peter, but it is droll, that, — a farce au diable! They have humor, these fisherfolk, eh, gunner?"

"Mattingley will fight, just the same," answered Ranulph coolly.

"Oh, oh, you know these people, my gunner?" asked Richambeau.

"All my life," replied Ranulph, "and, by your leave, I will tell you how."

Not waiting for permission, after the manner of his country, he told Richambeau again of his Jersey birth and bringing-up and of his being pressed.

"Very good," remarked Richambeau. "You Jersey folk were once Frenchmen, and now that you're French again you shall do something for the flag. You see that 12-pounder yonder behind the wall? Very well, dismount it. Then we'll send in a flag of truce, and parley with this Mattingley; for his jests are worth our attention and politeness. There's a fellow at the gun — no, he has gone. Take good aim, and dismount the right-hand gun at one shot. Ready now, — you have a good range."

The whole matter went through Ranulph's mind as the captain spoke. If he refused to fire, he would be strung up to the yard-arm. If he fired and missed, perhaps other gunners would fire; and once started they might raze the fishing-post. If he dismounted the gun, the matter would probably remain only a jest, for as such Richambeau regarded it as yet.

There was no time to weigh the matter further; Richambeau was frowning. So Ranulph smiled, as though the business was pleasing to him, and prepared to fire. He ordered the tackle and breechings cast away, had off the apron, pricked a cartridge, primed, bruised the priming, and covered the vent. Then he took his range, steadily, quietly. There was a brisk wind blowing from the south, — he must allow for that; but

the wind was stopped somewhat in its course by the Percé Rock, — he must allow for that. He got what he thought was the right elevation; the distance was considerable, but he believed that he could do the business. He had a cool head, and his eye was quick and accurate.

All was ready. Suddenly a girl appeared running round the corner of the building.

It was Carterette! She was making for the right-hand gun, Sebastian Alixandre was going toward the other. Ranulph started; the hand that held the match trembled.

"Fire, you fool, or you'll kill the girl!" cried Richambeau.

Ranulph laid a hand on himself, as it were. Every nerve in his body tingled, his legs trembled, but his eye was steady. He took the sight once more coolly, then blew on the match. Now the girl was within thirty feet of the gun.

He quickly blew on the match again, and fired.

When the smoke cleared away he saw that the gun was dismounted, and not ten feet from it stood Carterette looking dazedly at it.

He heard a laugh behind him: there was Richambeau walking away, telescope under arm. Presently Ranulph saw a boat lowered from the Victoire, even as the 12-pounder on shore replied impudently to the shot he had fired. The officers were laughing with Richambeau, and jerking their heads and fingers toward Ranulph.

"A good shot!" he heard Richambeau say.

"Was it, then," said Ranulph to himself, — "was it, indeed? *Bà sũ*, it was the last shot I will ever fire against aught English, here or elsewhere."

Looking over the side, he saw a boat drawing away with the flag of truce in the hands of a sous-lieutenant. His mind was made up: he would escape to-night. His place was there beside his

fellow countrymen. He turned to ma couzaine. It would be something of a wrench for him to leave her; for she had been a good friend to him at a bad time in his life. He motioned away the men of the gun. He would load ma couzaine for the last time.

As he sponged the gun he made his plans. *Swish-swash* the sponge-staff ran in and out, — he would try to steal away at dog-watch. He struck the sponge smartly on ma couzaine's muzzle, cleansing it, — he would have to slide into the water like a rat, and swim very softly to the shore. He took a fresh cartridge, and thrust it into the throat of ma couzaine as far as he could reach; and as he laid the seam downwards he said to himself that he could swim under water, if discovered as he left the *Victoire*. He lovingly placed the wad to the cartridge, and with three strokes of the hammer drove wad and cartridge home with the precision of a drill. It was a long swim to shore, but he thought if he got a fair start he could do it. As he unstopped the touch-hole and tried with the priming-wire whether the cartridge was home, he pictured to himself being challenged, perhaps by Carterette, and his reply. Then he imagined how she would say, "Oh my good!" in true Jersey fashion, and then — well, he had not yet thought beyond that point.

By the time he had rammed home wad and shot, however, he had come upon a fresh thought, and it stunned him. Richambeau would send a squad of men to search for him, and if he was not found they would probably raze the post. As he put the apron carefully on ma couzaine, he determined that he could not take refuge with the Mattingleys. Neither would it do to make for the woods of the interior, for still Richambeau might revenge himself on the fishing-post. This was not entirely to be wondered at, for ma couzaine would never behave so well with any one else. She had been used to playing ugly pranks

when it was blowing fresh. She had once torn her tackle out of the ring-bolt in the deck, and had killed more than one sailor in her mad debauch of freedom. Under his hand she had always behaved well, and it seemed to him that whenever he blew on the match her muzzle gaped in a grin of delight. Decidedly, he must not go to the Mattingleys. No harm should come to them that he could prevent. What was to be done?

Leaning his arms on the gun, he turned his head and looked helplessly away from the land. All at once his look seemed to lose itself in a long aisle of ever widening, ever brightening arches, till a vast wilderness of splendor swallowed it. It was a hole in the wall, — the archway piercing the great rock.

He raised his eyes to the rock. Its myriad inhabitants shrieked and clattered and circled overhead. The shot from ma couzaine had roused them, and they had risen like a cloud, and were scolding like a million fishwives over this insult to their peace.

As Ranulph looked, a new idea came to him. If only he could get to the top of that massive wall, not a hundred fleets could dislodge him. One musket could defeat the forlorn hope of any army. He would be the first man who ever gave battle to a fleet. Besides, if he took refuge on the rock, there could be no grudge against *Percé* village or the Mattingleys, and Richambeau would not attack them.

He had worked it out. It was now a question between himself and Richambeau. There on the shore was the young *sous-lieutenant* with his flag of truce, talking to Mattingley; they were all shaking hands. He must carry on the campaign independent of the Mattingleys. The one thing to do was to try to climb the rock. He eyed it closely. The blazing sunshine showed it up in a hard light, and he studied every square yard of it with a telescope. At one

point the wall was not quite perpendicular, and there were narrow ledges, lumps of stone, natural steps, and little pinnacles, which the fingers could grip and where a man might rest. The weather had been scorching hot, too, the rocks were as dry as a bone, and there would be no danger of slipping.

He would try it to-night. If he got to the top, he would need twine for hauling up rope, — the Mattingleys should provide that in good time. He would also need stone and flint, a knife, a hammer, and a quilt, all to be hauled up after he reached the top. For food he would take what was left of to-day's rations, of which he had eaten very little. About a half pound of biscuit, near half a pint of peas, a half pint of oatmeal, and two ounces of cheese were left. He could live on that for at least three days. He also had a horn of good arrack. When that was gone — well, he was taking chances; if he died of thirst, it was no worse than the yard-arm. The most important thing was a few hundred feet of strong twine. Of that there was plenty in the storeroom, amongst the cordage, and he would get as much as he needed at once.

But if he got up, how would the Mattingleys know who it was perched there on Percé Rock? He knew of no signal which they would understand. Well, if he got away safely from the Victoire, he would visit the Mattingleys first, and then go straight on to Percé Rock. Though it would be moonlight, his steep way of ascent was on the south side, out of view of the fleet.

The rest of the day he did his duty as faithfully as though he were to be at his post the next morning. He gave the usual instructions to the gunsmith and armorer; he inspected the small arms; he chose a man, as was the custom, for gun-room watch; and he ate his supper phlegmatically in due course.

It was the last quarter of the moon, and the neap tide was running low when

he let himself softly down into the water. He had the blanket tied on his head; the food, stone and flint, and other things were inside the blanket, and the twine was in his pocket. He was not seen, and he dropped away quietly astern. He got clear of the Victoire while the moon was partially obscured. Another ship lay in his path, and he must be careful in passing her. He was so near her that he could see the watch, could smell the hot tar and pitch from the lately caulked seams; he could even hear the laughter of the young foremastmen as they turned in.

At last he was clear of the fleet. Now it was a question when his desertion would be discovered. All he asked was two hours. By that time the deed would be done, if he could climb Percé Rock at all.

He touched bottom. He was on Percé sands. The blanket on his head was scarcely wetted. He wrung the water out of his clothes, and ran softly up the shore. Suddenly he was met by a cry of "*Qui va là?*" and he stopped short at the point of Elie Mattingley's bayonet.

"Hush!" was Ranulph's reply, and he gave his name. Mattingley nearly dropped his musket in surprise. He soon knew the tale of Ranulph's misfortunes, but he had not yet been told of his present plans when there came a quick footstep on the sands, and Cartrette was at her father's side. Unlike Mattingley, she did drop her musket at sight of Ranulph, and impulsively throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him on the cheek, — so had this meeting in a new land disarmed her old timidity.

"*V'là!*" she exclaimed, "that's for the Jersey sailor who's come in here through a fleet of Frenchmen!"

She thought he had stolen into the harbor under the very nose of Richambeau and his squadron. But presently she was trembling with excitement at the

story of how Ranulph had been pressed at St. Malo, and all that came after until this very day when he had dismounted the gun not ten feet from where she stood.

"Go along with Carterette," said Mattingley. "Alixandre is at the house; he'll help you away into the woods."

That was not Ranulph's plan, but he did not mean it for Mattingley's ears; so he hurried away with Carterette, telling her his design as they went.

"Ranulph Delagarde," she said vehemently, "you can't climb Percé Rock. No one has ever done it, and you must not try. Oh, I know you are a great man, but you must not try this. You will be safe where we shall hide you. You shall not climb the rock, — ah no, *bà sù!*"

He pointed toward the post. "They would n't leave a stick standing there, if you hid me. No, I'm going to the top of Percé Rock."

"*Mon doux terrible!*" she cried, in sheer bewilderment; and then his intention inspired her with a purpose. At last her time had come; she felt it.

"*Pardingue,*" she went on, clutching his arm, "if you go to the top of Percé Rock, so will I!"

In spite of his anxiety he almost laughed.

"But see, — but see," he said, and his voice dropped; "you could n't stay up there with me all alone, *garçon Carterette*; and besides, *Richambeau* would be firing on you too!"

She was very angry now, but she made no reply, and he continued quickly: "I'll go straight to the rock. When they miss me there'll be a pot boiling, you may believe, *garçon Carterette*. If I get up," he added, "I'll let a string down for a rope you must get for me. Once on top they can't hurt me. *Eh ben, à bi'tôt, garçon Carterette!*"

"Oh my good! Oh my good!" said the girl, with a quick change of mood. "To think you have come like this, and

perhaps" — But she dashed the tears from her eyes, and bade him go on.

The tide was well out, the moon shining brightly. Ranulph reached the point where, if the rock was to be scaled at all, the ascent must be made. For a distance there was shelving where foothold might be had by a fearless man with a steady head and sure balance. After that came about a hundred feet where he would have to draw himself up by juttings and crevices hand over hand, where was no natural pathway. Woe be to him if head grew dizzy, foot slipped, or strength gave out; his body would be broken to pieces on the hard sand below. That second stage once passed, the ascent thence to the top would be easier; for though nearly as steep, it had more ledges, and offered fair vantage to a man with a foot like a mountain goat. Ranulph had been aloft all weathers in his time, and his toes were as strong as another man's foot, and surer.

He started. These toes of his caught in crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves on to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough-rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like air-cups.

Slowly, slowly up, foot by foot, yard by yard, until one third of the distance was climbed.

The suspense and strain were immeasurable. To Ranulph it was like bringing a brig alone through a gale with a windward tide, while she yaws and quivers over twice the length of her bilge; like watching a lower-deck gun straining under a heavy sea, with the lanyards and port tackle flying, and no knowing when the great machine would fly from her carriage and make fearful havoc. But he struggled on and on, and at last reached a sort of flying pinnacle of rock, like a hook for the shields of the gods.

Here he ventured to look below, expecting to see Carterette; but there was

only the white sand, and no sound save the long wash of the gulf. He drew the horn of arrack from his pocket and drank. He had two hundred feet more to climb; and the next hundred, — that would test him, that would be the ordeal.

There was no time to lose. While he hung here a musket-shot could pick him off from below, and there was no telling how soon his desertion might be discovered, though he hoped it would not be till morning. He started again. This was travail indeed. His rough fingers, his toes, hard as horn almost, began to bleed. Once or twice he swung quite clear of the wall, hanging by his fingers to catch a surer foothold to right or left, and just getting it sometimes by an inch or less. The strain and tension were terrible. His head appeared to swell and fill with blood: on the top it hurt him so that it seemed ready to burst. His neck was aching horribly with constant looking up; the skin of his knees was gone; his ankles were bruised. But he must keep on till he got to the top, or until he fell.

He was fighting on now in a kind of dream, quite apart from all usual feelings of this world. The earth itself appeared far away, and he was toiling among vastnesses, himself a giant with colossal frame and huge sprawling limbs. It was like the gruesome visions of the night, when the body is an elusive, stupendous mass that falls into space after a confused struggle with immensities. It was all mechanical, vague, almost numb, this effort to overcome a mountain. Yet it was precise and hugely expert, too; for though there was a strange mist on the brain, the body felt its way with a singular certainty, as might some molluscan dweller of the sea, sensitive like a plant, with intuition like an animal. Yet at times it seemed that this vast body overcoming the mountain must let go its hold and slide away into the darkness of the depths.

Now there was a strange convulsive shiver in every nerve — God have mercy, the time was come! . . . No, not yet. At the very instant when it seemed the panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the granite force repelling it, the fingers, like long antennæ, touched horns of rock jutting out from ledges on the third escarpment of the wall. Here was the last point of the worst stage of the journey. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the shelf of limestone and crouched in an inert bundle. There it lay for a time.

While the long minutes went by a voice kept calling up from below, — calling, calling, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with terror. By and by the bundle of life stirred, took shape, raised itself, and was changed into a man again, a thinking, conscious being, who now understood the meaning of this sound coming up from the earth below, — or was it the sea? A human voice had at last pierced the awful exhaustion of the deadly labor, the peril and strife, which had numbed the brain, while the body, in its instinct for existence, still clung to the rocky ledges. It had called the man back to earth: he was no longer a great animal, and the rock a monster with skin and scales of stone.

"Ranulph! Maître Ranulph! Ah, Ranulph!"

Now he knew, and he answered down, "All right! All right, garçon Cartrette!"

"Are you at the top?"

"No, but the rest is easy."

"Hurry, hurry, Ranulph! If they should come before you reach the top!"

"I'll soon be there."

"Are you hurt, Ranulph?"

"No, but my fingers are in rags. I am going now, — à bi'tôt, garçon Cartrette!"

"Ranulph!"

"'Sh, 'sh! do not speak. I am starting."

There was silence for what seemed

hours to the girl below. Foot by foot the man climbed on, no less cautious because the ascent was easier, for he was weaker. But he was on the monster's neck now, and soon he should set his heel on it; he was not to be shaken off.

At last the victorious moment came. Over a jutting ledge he drew himself up by sheer strength and the rubber-like grip of his lacerated fingers, body, legs, knees, and now he lay flat and breathless upon the ground.

How soft and cool it was! This was long sweet grass touching his face, making a couch like down for the battered, wearied body. Surely this travail had been more than mortal. And what was this vast fluttering over his head, this million-voiced discord round him, like the buffetings and cries of spirits who welcome another to their torment? He raised his head and laughed in triumph. These were the cormorants, gulls, and gannets on the Percé Rock.

Ranulph Delagarde had done what man had never done before him: he had done it in the night, with only the moon to lighten the monstrous labor of his incredible adventure; he had accomplished it without help of any mortal sort.

Legions of birds circled over him with wild cries, so shrill and scolding that at first he did not hear Carterette's voice calling up to him. At last, however, remembering, he leaned over the cliff and saw her standing in the moonlight far below.

Her voice came up to him indistinctly because of the clatter of the birds, — "Maitre Ranulph! Ranulph!" She could not see him, for this part of the rock was in shadow.

"Ah bah, all right!" he said, and taking hold of one end of the twine he had brought, he let the roll fall. It dropped almost at Carterette's feet. She tied to the end of it the rope she had brought from the post. He drew it up quickly. She had found no rope long

enough, so she had tied three together; Ranulph must splice them perfectly. Once more he let down the twine, and she fastened it to his blanket. It was a heavy strain on the twine, but the blanket and the food inclosed were got up safely. He lowered again, and this time he hauled up tobacco, tea, matches, needles, cotton, a knife, and a horn of rum. Now she called for him to splice the ropes. There was no time to do that, but he tied them firmly together, and let the great coil down. This time he drew up a musket and some ammunition and another blanket. Again it was let down, and there were drawn up a crowbar, a handspike, and some tin dishes, which rattled derisively against the side of the great rock. Again the rope went down, and two bundles of sticks and fagots were attached, also a small roll of coarse cotton and a bearskin.

"Ranulph! Ranulph!" came Carterette's clear voice again from far below.

"Garçon Carterette," he replied.

"You must help Sebastian Alixandre up," she said.

"Sebastian Alixandre!" Ranulph replied, dumfounded. "Is he there? Why does he want to come?"

"That is no matter," she said. "He is coming. He has the rope round his waist. Pull away!"

It was better, Ranulph thought to himself, that he should be on Percé Rock alone, but the terrible strain had bewildered him, and he could make no protest now.

"Don't start yet!" he called down. "I'll pull when all's ready!"

He fell back from the edge to a place in the grass where, tying the rope round his body, he could seat himself and brace his feet against a ledge of rock. Then he pulled on the rope — and it was round Carterette's waist!

Carterette had told her falsehood without shame, for she was of those to whom the end is more than the means. She

began climbing, and Ranulph pulled steadily. Twice he felt the rope suddenly jerk when she lost her footing, but it came in evenly still, and he used a nose of rock as a sort of winch. He knew when the climber was more than one third of the way up by the greater weight upon the rope, by the more frequent slippings. Yet this was no such monstrous struggle as had been Ranulph's climbing; this was the scaling of a conquered wall by the following of the victorious.

The climber was nearly two thirds of the way up when a cannon-shot boomed out over the water, frightening again the vast covey of birds, which shrieked and honked till the air was a maelstrom of cries. Then came another cannon-shot.

Ranulph's desertion was discovered.

Upon the other side of the rock boats were putting out toward the shore. Ranulph knew each movement as well as if he were watching them. The fight was begun between a single Jersey shipwright and a fleet of French warships.

His strength, however, could not last much longer. Every muscle of his body had been strained and tortured, and even this easier task tried him beyond endurance. His legs stiffened against the ledge of rock, the tension on his arms made them numb; he wondered how near Alixandre was to the top. Suddenly there was a pause, then a heavy jerk. Love of God! the rope was shooting through his fingers, his legs were giving way! He gathered himself together, and then, with teeth, hands, and body rigid with enormous effort, he pulled and pulled. Now he could not see. A mist swam before his eyes. Everything grew black, but he pulled on and on.

He never knew just when the climber reached the top. But when the mist cleared away from his eyes Carterette was bending over him, putting rum to his lips, as he sat where he had stiffened with his last great effort.

"Carterette! Garçon Carterette!" he murmured, amazed. And then, as the truth burst upon him, he shook his head in a troubled sort of way.

"What a cat I was!" said Carterette. "What a wild-cat I was to make you haul me up! It was bad for me with the rope round me; it must have been awful for you, my poor *esmanus*, my poor scarecrow Ranulph."

Scarecrow indeed he looked. His clothes were nearly gone, his hair was tossed and matted, his eyes were blood-shot, his big hands were like pieces of raw meat, his feet were covered with blood.

"My poor scarecrow!" she repeated, and she tenderly wiped the blood from his face where his hands had touched it. Now bugle-calls and cries of command came up to them, and in the first light of morning they could see French officers and sailors, Mattingley, Alixandre, and others hurrying to and fro.

When day came clear and bright, it was known that Carterette as well as Ranulph had vanished. Mattingley shook his head stoically, but Richambeau on the Victoire was as keen to hunt down one Jersey Englishman as he had ever been to attack an English fleet, — more so, perhaps.

Meanwhile the birds kept up a wild turmoil and shrieking. Never before had any one heard them so clamorous. More than once Mattingley had looked at Percé Rock curiously; but whenever the thought of it as a refuge came to him, he put it away. No, it was impossible.

Yet what was that? Mattingley's heart thumped under his coat. There were two persons on the lofty island wall, — a man and a woman. He caught the arm of a French officer near him. "Look, look!" he exclaimed.

The officer raised his glass. "It's the gunner!" he cried, and handed the glass to the old man.

"It's Carterette!" said Mattingley

in a hoarse voice. "But it's not possible,—it's not possible," he added helplessly. "Nobody was ever there. My God, look at it,—look at it!"

It was a picture indeed. A man and a woman were outlined against the clear air, putting up a tent as calmly as though on a lawn, thousands of birds wheeling over their heads, with querulous cries.

A few moments later Elie Mattingley was being rowed swiftly to the *Victoire*, where Richambeau himself was swearing viciously as he looked through his telescope. He also had recognized the gunner.

He was prepared to wipe out the fishing-post if Mattingley did not produce Ranulph. Well, here was Ranulph duly produced, and insultingly setting up a tent on this sheer rock, "with some snippet of the devil," said Richambeau, and defying a whole French fleet. He would set his gunners to work. If he only had as good a marksman as Ranulph himself, the deserter should drop at the first shot,— "Death and the devil take his impudent face!"

He was just about to give the order when Mattingley was brought to him. The old man's story amazed him beyond measure.

"It is no man, then!" said Richambeau, when Mattingley had done. "He must be a damned fly to do it! And the girl,—*sacré moi!* he drew her up after him. I'll have him down out of that, though, or throw up my flag," he added, and turning fiercely gave his orders.

For hours the French ships bombarded the lonely rock from the north. The white tent was carried away, but the cannon-balls flew over or merely battered the solid rock, the shells were thrown beyond, and no harm was done. But now and again the figure of Ranulph appeared, and a half dozen times he took aim with his musket at the French soldiers on the shore. Twice his shots took effect: one man was wounded,

and one killed. Then whole companies of marines returned a musketry fire at him, to no purpose. At his ease he hid himself in the long grass at the edge of the cliff, and picked off two more men.

Here was a ridiculous thing: one man and a slip of a girl fighting and defying a whole squadron. The smoke of battle covered miles of the great gulf. Even the sea birds shrieked in ridicule.

This went on for three days at intervals. With a fine chagrin, Richambeau and his fleet saw a bright camp-fire lighted on the rock, and knew that Ranulph and the girl were cooking their meals in peace. A flagstaff, too, was set up, and a red cloth waved defiantly in the breeze. At last, Richambeau, who had watched the whole business from the deck of the *Victoire*, burst out laughing at the absurd humor of the situation, and sent for Elie Mattingley.

"I've had enough," said he. "How long can he last up there?"

"He'll have birds' eggs in plenty, and there's wild berries too, besides ground rats and all of them. And if I know my girl, there's rations gone aloft," replied Mattingley, with a grim smile. "Ch'est très ship-shape up there!"

"Come, I've had enough," said Richambeau, and he gave orders to stop firing.

When the roar of cannon had ceased he said to Mattingley again, "There never was a wilder jest, and I'll not spoil the joke. He has us on his toast-ing-fork. I shall give him the honor of a flag of truce, and he must come down." His lower lip shook with laughter.

And so it was that a French fleet sent a flag of truce to the foot of *Percé Rock*, and a French officer, calling up, gave the word of honor of his captain that Ranulph should suffer nothing at the hands of a court-martial, and that he should be treated as a prisoner of war.

As a prisoner of war! thought Ranulph. Then he was to be treated like an English belligerent, and not like a French deserter. He accepted Richambeau's offer, and, with Carterette, made ready to descend. It was easier going down than coming up.

There was no court-martial. After Ranulph, at Richambeau's command, had told the tale of the ascent, the Frenchman said, "No one but an Englishman could be fool enough to try such a thing, and none but a fool could have had the luck to succeed. You have proved, gunner, that you are no Frenchman."

"Then I am no deserter, monsieur?" asked Ranulph.

"You are a fool, gunner; but even a fool can get a woman to follow him, and so this flyaway followed you — and" —

Carterette flew at Richambeau as though to scratch his eyes out, but Ranulph held her back.

"And you are condemned, gunner," continued Richambeau dryly, "to marry the said maid before sundown, or be carried out to sea a prisoner of war."

So saying, he laughed and bade them begone to the wedding.

Ranulph left Richambeau's ship bewildered and perturbed. For hours he paced the shore, and at last his thoughts began to clear. The new life he had led during the last few months had brought many revelations. He had come to realize that there are several kinds of happiness, but that all may be divided into two classes, — the happiness of doing good to ourselves, and that of doing good to others. It all opened out clearly to him, as he thought of Carterette in the light of Richambeau's coarse jest.

For years he had known in a sort of way that Carterette preferred him to any other man. He knew now that she had remained single because of him. For him her impatience had been patience; her fiery heart had spilt itself in tenderness for his misfortunes. She

who had lightly tossed lovers aside, her coquetry appeased, had to himself shown sincerity without coquetry, loyalty without selfishness. He knew well that she had been his champion in dark days; that he had received far more from her than he had ever given, even of friendship. In his own absorbing love for Guida Landresse, during long years, he had been unconsciously blind to a devotion which had lived on without hope, without repining, with untiring cheerfulness.

In those three days spent on the top of the Percé Rock how blithe garçon Carterette had been! Danger had seemed nothing to her. She had the temper of a man in her real enjoyment of the desperate chances of life. He had never seen her so buoyant; her animal spirits had never leaped so high. And yet withal, despite the boldness which had sent her to the top of Percé Rock with him, there had been in all her demeanor a modesty at once frank and free from self-consciousness. She could think for herself, she was sure of herself, and she would go to the ends of the earth for him. Surely he had not earned such friendship, such affection.

He recalled how, the night before, as they sat by their little camp-fire, perched there between heaven and earth, the fleet beneath on one hand and the fishing-post on the other, the tall masts flickering in the moonlight, the flagstaff lifted above the fort like a white finger, — he recalled how, after a long silence, she had risen to her feet, had come over and touched him on the shoulder, and looking down at him had said, "I feel as if I was beginning my life all over again; don't you, Maitre Ranulph?"

Her black eyes had been fixed on his, and the fire in them was as bright and full of health and truth as the fire at his feet. He had answered her, "I think I feel that, too, garçon Carterette."

Then she replied, "It is n't hard to forget here, — not so very hard, is it?"

She did not mean Guida, nor what he had felt for Guida, but rather the misery of the past. He had nodded his head in reply, but had not spoken; and she, with a quick "A bi'tôt," had taken her blanket and gone to that part of Percé Rock which was set apart for her own. Then he had sat by the fire thinking through the long hours of the night; and by the time the sun rose and the sailors were stirring in the sloops below he realized that a new life had been born in him. That day Richambeau had sent his flag of truce, and the end of their stay on Percé Rock had come.

Now he would marry Carterette. Yet he was not disloyal, even in memory. What had belonged to Guida belonged to her forever, — belonged to a past life with which henceforth he should have naught to do. What had sprung up in his heart for Carterette belonged to this new life. It had the dignity of affection, and it had the power of unselfishness. In this new land there was work to do, — what might he

not accomplish here? He realized that within one life a man may still live several lives, each after its kind, and yet not be dishonest or disloyal. A fate stronger than himself had brought him here, and here he would stay with fate. It had brought him to Carterette, and who could tell what good and contentment might not yet come to him, and how much to her!

That evening he went to Carterette and asked her to be his wife. She turned pale, and, looking up into his eyes with a kind of fear, she said brokenly, "It's not because you feel you *must*? It's not because you know I love you, Ranulph, is it? It is not for that alone?"

"It is because I want you, garçon Carterette," he answered tenderly, — "because life will be nothing without you."

"I am so happy, par madé, — I am so happy!" she said, and she hid her face on his breast.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

III.

THE old mother was not ungrateful for her son's mindfulness. Nothing in their relations is more touching than the brevity and stiffness of her letters, with every now and then some burst of natural affection which even the artificial medium cannot check. Margaret Carlyle had learned to write in adult life for the sake of replying to her son's letters, but the pen never became an obedient instrument in her hand. She could always have sympathized with Joe Gargery.

VOL. LXXXII. — NO. 493.

43

XXII. TO CARLYLE FROM HIS MOTHER.

SCOTSBRIG, Sept. 13, 1842.

MY DEAR SON, — It is a long time since you had a word from me, though I have had many kind letters from you, for which if I am not thankful enough, I am glad. I am full as well as I was when you saw me last. I am reading the poem on "Luther" and I am much pleased with it. I wish the author God-speed. It is a good subject and well handled, is my opinion of it. I had a letter from John yesterday, he thinks he will see us in the Course of a month or so. We will be glad to see him again

if it please God. We have excellent weather here. I do not remember such a summer and harvest. Jamie had a good crop and very near all in and well got up. Isabel is still poorly. She is rather better than she was at one time. How are you after your wanderings? Write as soon as you can and tell us all your news.

Ever your affectionate Mother,

M. A. C.

XXIII. TO MRS. HANNING, AT THE GILL, FROM HER MOTHER.

SCOTSBRIG, Monday [1840-1851].

MY DEAR JENNY, — I have been longing for you to come here for a long time. I want to send two hams on to London. Could you get a box which would hold the shirts and both could be sent at the same time. If you have not sent them any, bring them over as soon as you can, and come soon. At any rate bring the winter things that Jean sent. We are all in our frail way of health. Give my kindest love to young and old.

Ever your old mother,

M. A. C.

Much as Carlyle had been thinking about Cromwell, another book was to come first, — a book for which his very trip to Cromwell's country was fruitful in suggestion. At St. Ives he had seen not only Cromwell's farm, but also St. Ives poorhouse with its inhabitants, — "in the sun," to be sure, but neither spinsters nor knitters, nor workers after any fashion, for the simple reason that they had no work to do. The Chartist riots of 1842 remained in Carlyle's mind with this symbolic picture, and by October of the same year he was deeply pondering the condition of "the English nation all sitting enchanted, the poor enchanted so that they cannot work, the rich enchanted so that they cannot enjoy." Over against this contemporary view Carlyle set the life of the monks of Bury St. Edmunds, as told by their

chronicler, Jocelyn de Brakelonde; and the result was *Past and Present*, written, apparently with less struggle than any of the author's other books, in the first seven weeks of 1843. Although Carlyle went too far in this work, — as indeed he so seldom failed to do, — *Past and Present* proved the germ of more than one sadly needed reform; and the splendid, sonorous passage beginning, "All true work is sacred," will remain, one must believe, an inalienable possession of English literature and English morals.

Publication followed in April, and soon afterward Carlyle wrote in his *Journal*: "That book always stood between me and Cromwell, and now that has fledged itself and flown off." Face to face with Oliver again, Carlyle went in the summer of 1843 to see famous battlefields of the civil war. He so planned his itinerary as to reach Dunbar on the 3d of September, — the day of the fight there, the day of Worcester fight, and the day of Cromwell's death.

This professional journey was preceded by a peaceful month at Scotsbrig, and followed by a visit to Erskine which fixes the date of the next letter.

XXIV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

[LINLATHEN, *early September*, 1843.]

Yesterday by appointment, the good Thomas Erskine took me up at Kirkcaldy, carried me off hither on the top of the coach, bag and baggage. The day was damp and dim, not exactly wet, yet in danger of becoming very. There had been rain in the night time (Sabbath night or early on Monday morning) but there fell no more. This day again is oppressively hot, dry yet without sun or wind — a baddish "day for a stook." But they prophesy fair weather now — which I shall be glad of, and the whole country will be glad, for all is white here, in sheaves and stooks, and little got into ricks. We got here about 5 in the evening, a great

party of people in the house (a big *Laird's* house with *flunkeys* &c., &c.). I was heartily tired before I got to bed. I do not think I shall be rightly at rest till I get on ship board, then I *will* lie down and let all men have a care of stirring me, — they had better let the sleeping dog lie! The Dundee steamers are allowed to be the best on these waters, large swift ships and very few passengers in them at present. I spoke for my place yesterday and am to have the best. The kind people here will relieve me down (it is four miles off) and then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon — I shall — light a pipe in peace and *think* of you all, speaking not a word. I expect to sleep well there too, and then on Friday, perhaps about 3 o'clock, I may be at London Bridge and home by the most convenient conveyance to Chelsea for dinner. This, if all go well, this ends for the present my pilgrimings up and down the world.

Dear Mother, I wish I had gone direct home when I left you, for it is not pleasant somehow to be still in Scotland and far from you. I speak not the thoughts I send towards you, for speech will not express them. If I arrive *home* on Friday you may perhaps find a newspaper at Ecclefechan on Sabbath morning, Monday much likelier. God bless you all.

T. CARLYLE.

"Carlyle returned from his travels very bilious," so his wife wrote to Mrs. Aitken in October, 1843, "and continues very bilious up to this hour." He could not refuse a "certain admiration" at the state of the house, which had been painted and papered in his absence. Mrs. Carlyle, with her own hands, had put down carpets, newly covered chairs and sofas, and arranged a library according to his (expressed) mind. His satisfaction lasted only three days, for on the morning of the fourth day "the young lady next door took a fit of prac-

tising on her accursed piano-forte." There had then to be another upheaval: "down went a partition in one room, up went a new chimney in another;" and still another library, farther from the piano, was thus contrived. Finally, the young lady, charmed by "a seductive letter" from Carlyle, agreed never to play until two in the afternoon. The dinner hour was changed to the middle of the day, because Carlyle thought it would be better for his digestion.

Although these changes, which in Mrs. Carlyle's account seem planet-shaking, were in the interest of Cromwell, Cromwell remained persistently unwritable. On the 4th of December the historian wrote to Sterling: "Confound it! I have lost four years of good labour in the business; and still the more I expend on it, it is like throwing good labor after bad." Two days later he put a better face on it to his mother.

XXV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHelsea, Monday, 6th Dec. 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — We have a letter from Jean this week, who reports a visit to you and gives us a description of what you were about. We were very glad to look in upon you in that way. Jean describes you as very well when they came, but since then (though she tells us of your prohibition to mention it at all) there has been some ill turn of health which we long greatly to hear of the removal of! I study, dear Mother, not to afflict myself with useless anxieties, but on the whole it is much better that one knows exactly how matters do stand, the very fact, no better and no worse than it is. To-day there was a little Note from James Aitken apprising us that the Books are come, that Jenny is with him. He has evidently heard nothing farther from Scotsbrig, so we will hope things may have got into their usual course again there. But Jamie or somebody may write us a scrap of intelligence, surely? . . .

This is said to be a very unhealthy season here; for the past two months about two hundred more deaths in the week have occurred than is usual at this season, but I rather conjecture it is the result of the long continued hardship the Poor have been suffering, which now, after wearing out the constitution by hunger and distress of mind, begins to tell more visibly! Our weather is very mild, soft without any great quantity of rain and not at all disagreeable. Jane's cold is gone again and we are in our common way. My Book goes on badly, yet I do think it goes on, in fact it must go: Bore away at it with continuous boring day and night and it will be obliged to go! I study however not to "split my gall" with it, but to "hasten slowly" as the old Romans said. When writing will not brother with me at all, I fling it entirely by and go and walk many a mile in the country. I have big thick shoes, my jacket is waterproof against slight rain, I take a stick in my hand and walk with long strides. The farther I walk, the abler I grow; in fact I am rather in better health, I think, than usual, if all things are considered. Jack and I had a long walk after Tailors for some three hours in the moonlight streets last night. To-day it is damp, but I am for a sally again. Alas, it is but a very poor morning task I have done, but we cannot help it. Adieu, dear good Mother, for our sakes take care of yourself. My love to all.

Yours affectionly

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle never liked any portrait of himself. The one mentioned in the following letter had made him look like "a flayed horse's head."

XXVI. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 10th March, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER. — It is a shame for me if I do not write a bit of a letter

to you. There is nothing else I can do for you at present. I will scribble you a few words of news on this paper, let other employments fare as they can for the present.

I sent your good little note to the Doctor. Jamie's letter for Alick came duly to hand and was duly forwarded; I also wrote a letter to Alick myself. Poor fellow, I suppose he has had a very solitary, meditative winter of it over in America, and has no doubt had a great many reflections in his head, looking back and looking forward, with perhaps sadness enough, but it will do him good, I really believe. Perhaps this winter, seemingly one of the idlest he has had, may turn out to be one of the most profitably occupied. My own hope and persuasion is that he will now do well, that he is probably about to begin a new course of activity on better terms than before, better terms both inward and outward, and that in fine, poor fellow, he may begin to see the fruit of his labor round him and go on with much more peace and prosperity than heretofore. . . . I also like the tone of his letters, which is much quieter than it used to be. He does not know, I suppose, in what direction he is to go when April arrives. I urged, as Jamie did, that a *healthy* quality of situation should outweigh all other considerations whatever, that for the rest all places seemed to me much alike; if the land were cheap, it would be unfavourably situated &c. I also hinted my notion that a small piece of *good* handy soil might be preferable to a large lot of untowardly, outlying ground. We can only hope and pray he may *be* guided *well*. We cannot assist him with any real guidance. Difficulties beset a man everywhere under this sun. There if he have patience, insight, energy and justness of mind he will daily conquer farther, — not otherwise, either in America or here. But, as I said, I have never lost hope with Alick, and I have now better hope than ever. We will commit him to the

all-wise Governor with many a prayer from the bottom of all our hearts that it may be well with him. To hear and know that he does see good under the sun, fighting his way like a true man in that new country! — what a comfort to you and to every one of us. My dear Mother, I know your heart is many a time sad about Alick. He is far away and there are others of us gone still farther, beyond the shores of this earth, whither our poor thoughts vainly strive to follow them, — our hearts' love following them still: — but we know this one thing, that God is *there* also, in America, in the dark Grave itself and the unseen Eternity — even *He* is there too, and will not He do all things well? We have no other Anchor of the soul in any of the tempests, great or little, of this world. By this let us hold fast and piously hope in all scenes and seasons whatsoever. Amen.

You bid me "call on Patience" in this Book of mine. Dear Mother, it is the best and only good advice that can be given. I do endeavour to call on patience and sometimes she comes, and if I keep my shoulder stiffly at the wheel withal, we shall certainly get under way by and bye. The thing goes indeed, or now promises to go, a little better with me. I stand to it as I can. But it will be a terribly difficult job and take a long time, I think. However, that it is a useful one, worthy to be done by me I am resolved, and so I will do it if permitted — the return and earthy reward of it may be either great or small, or even nothing and abuse into the bargain, just as it likes. Thank Heaven I can do either or any way as to that, for this time, and indeed, often when I look at it, the prizes people get in this world and the kind of people that get them seem but a *ridiculous* business. If there were not something more serious behind all that, I think it would hardly be worth while to live in such a place as this world at all. In short I

hold on the best I can — and my good Mother's picture looking down on me here, seems to bid me "call on Patience" and persevere like a man.

Jane has not been very well in these cold stormy weeks, but I think is now getting better again. It is the spring weather, which this year has been the real winter; all manner of people are unwell here at present. You in the North have it still worse, far worse than we. Many a time have I asked myself what is becoming of my good old Mother in these wild blasts. Surely you keep good fires at Scotsbrig? Surely you wear the new Hawick sloughs? Jane finds hers very warm and nice; but the thing you might improve greatly and never do is your *diet*. I think you should live chiefly on fowl. A hen is always fair food, divide her into four pieces — she makes you an excellent dinner of soup and meat for four days. This you know very well for others, but never learn it for yourself. I am very serious. You *should* actually set about this reform. Do now — you will find it more important on your health than any medicine or other appliance you can think of. Jenny, I suppose, is still at the Gill. When you feel tired of solitude again she will come back to you. The bairns as they grow will be quieter and give less trouble. Poor Jenny, no doubt of it, she has many cares of her own: we should all be gentle with her, pity her and help her what we can.

But now I suppose you are very impatient to know what is in that paste board roll tied with string. Open the string with your scissors and you will see — one of the ugliest pictures ever drawn of man. A certain person here has been publishing some book called "Spirit of the Age," pretending to give people account of all the remarkable men of the age; he has put me into it — better luck to him. He wrote several months ago requesting that I should furnish him with some life of myself —

forsooth ! This I altogether begged leave respectfully to decline, but he got hold of a picture that a certain painter has of me, and of this he has made an engraving, — like *me* in nothing, or in very little, I should flatter myself. Let Isabella roll the paper of it the *contrary way* and then it will lie flat, if indeed the post office bags do not squeeze it all to pieces, which I think is fully as likely and will be no great matter. I sent it to you as to the one that had a right to it. Much good may it do you !

Jamie said he would write. Let him do so — or else you yourself ought to write, or *both* will be best. Jack and I were at Dinner together among a set of notables the night before last, came home together smoking two cigars, all right. Adieu, dear Mother, my big sheet is done. My regards to Isabella, to Jamie and them all. My blessings with you, dear Mother.

Yours affect.

T. CARLYLE.

In 1844 there was "no Scotland" for Carlyle, but early in September he went to Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring at the Grange. The Baring friendship had begun to rise into his life, — not yet in the form of a cloud.

All the rest of the year Carlyle stayed closely at home, working on Cromwell, and seeing fewer people than usual. The following quaint fragment belongs to this period, from which Froude has preserved none of Carlyle's letters or journal record.

XXVII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING.

CHELSEA, 16th Dec. 1844.

DEAR JENNY, — I dare say you can knit *Wristikins*. It has struck me in these cold days I might as well apply to you to have a pair. The best pair I yet have is a very old pair now, which either you, or I think Jean, knit for me at Hoddam Hill when you were little bairns many years ago. They have beau-

tiful stripes of *red* yet, as fresh as ever. In fact I sometimes wear them in preference to the pair Jane has bought for me out of the shops here. Being already provided as you see I will not in the least hurry you as to the matter — wait till you have leisure, till you can get right your colors &c. &c. — only I will tell you what kind of thing will suit me and how you can do it when convenient. The great defect of all my present wristikins is that they are too slight, too *thin*, and do not fill up the cuff of the coat, which is rather wide with me. They should be at least *double* the common thickness of those in the shops. If you had fine, *boozey* yarn and took it *two ply* it will make a pretty article. Then as to color, it should be deep for our reeky atmosphere here ; red is beautiful, a stripe of good red, and holds out well, but perhaps the basis had better be some sort of brown. Please your own eye. There never was a good horse had an *ill* color. As to breadth I think they should be at least three inches. . . .

The horse which Carlyle describes to his mother as "a very darling article" was a new one, called "Black Duncan."

Of Addiscombe Froude writes : "The Barings had a villa at Addiscombe, and during the London season frequently escaped into the Surrey sunshine."

XXVIII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 12th July, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — My hurry is indeed great, but it ought to be greater than it is before I neglect writing you a little word *this* week as I did last. I am whipt about from post to pillar at a strange rate in these weeks.

Jack's visit to you was a welcome piece of news here. The good account he gave of you was much wanted. We are very sorry indeed to hear of poor Isabella. It seems as if nothing could be done for her, and her own weakness and

suffering must be very great. Jamie is kind and patient, you may assure him of our sympathies. A sudden turn for the better may take place, I understand, as of its own accord all at once. Let us keep hoping the best.

The back of this sorrowful Book is now broken. I think another month of stiff labour will see it well through. They are printing away at the second volume — about half done. I have to go along amid endless confusions, the way one has to do in all work whatsoever. The Book will, on the whole, be better than I hoped, and I have had some honest thoughts in the writing of it which make me the more careless what kind of reception the world gives it. The world had *better* try to understand it, I think, and to like it as well as it can! Here is another leaf of a proof sheet to be a token to you of our progress. So soon as ever it is over I am off for Annandale. The heat has never been very oppressive to me, never violent beyond a day or two at a time, then rain comes and cools it again. I get considerable benefit of my horse, which is a very darling article, black, high, very good natured, very swift — and takes me out into the green country for a taste of that almost every day. I sometimes think of *riding* it up into Annandale, but that will be too lengthy an operation.

Jane is going to Liverpool to her Uncle's in a fortnight. She will stay with them a week, then another week with some country friends in that quarter. I wished her to go to Scotland and see old friends there at Haddington and elsewhere, but she is rather reluctant to that. She is not very strong and has many sorrows of her own, poor little thing, being very solitary in the world now. In summer however she is always better.

I have heard nothing from Jack of late days. I suppose him to be still at Mr. Raine's. Perhaps uncertain whither-

ward he will go next. At any rate country is better than town at present, — free quarter than board-wages. I expect he will come back to you again before the season end.

We were out at a place called Addiscombe last week among great people, very kind to us, but poor Jane could sleep only about an hour each night — three hours in all. I stayed but one night, came home on my black horse again. Some peace and rest among green things would be very welcome to me — and it is coming soon, I hope. Adieu, dear Mother — my kind love to you and to all of them. I am in great haste and can speak but a few words to mean much by them. My blessings with you.

Dr. Carlyle's Dante, which he was very "eager upon," was the prose translation of the *Inferno*, so well done that many readers have regretted that the translator did not proceed.

XXIX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 31 Oct'r, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — You will take a short word from me rather than none at all, to tell you that we are all struggling along here without disaster; which indeed is all that is to be told. I write also to see if I can induce you to make use of one of those Letter-covers which I left, and to send me a small line about yourself and how you are. Except one short line from Jamie to the Doctor, I have heard nothing at all since I left you.

There has been no rain, or almost none whatever since I left Scotsbrig; so that, I hope, tho' your weather can hardly have been so favourable, Jamie is now over with his harvest, and fast getting all secured under *thatch-and-rope*. The Potatoe business, as I learn from the Newspapers, proves very serious everywhere, in Ireland as much as anywhere; and over all Europe there is

a rather deficient crop; besides which, the present distracted railway speculation and general fever of trade is nearly certain to break down soon into deep confusion, so that one may fear a bad winter for the poor, a sad thing to look forward to. They are best off, I think, who have least to do with that brutal Chase for money which afflicts me wherever I go in this country. "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me."

Our freedom from rain has not hindered the November fogs from coming in somewhat before their time. The weather is not wholesome, many people have got cold in these late days. I advise you, dear Mother, to put on your winter clothing and be cautious of going out except when the sun is shining. In the morning and evening do not venture at all. This is the most critical time of all, I believe, these weeks while the change to winter is just in progress. I thought myself extremely well here for a week after my return, and indeed was so and hope again to be so — much improved by my journey, — but last Sabbath, paying no heed to these frost fogs, I caught a little tickling in my nose which rapidly grew into a *sniffling*, and by the time next day came I had a regular ugly face-ache and fair foundation for cold in all its forms, which required to be energetically dealt with and resisted on the threshold. Next day, accordingly, I kept the house strictly and appealed to medicine and their diet, and so on Wednesday morning I had got the victory again and have been getting round and growing nearer the old point ever since — in fact reckon myself quite well again, except that I take a little care of going out at night &c. Jane has had a little whiff of cold too, but it is abating again. We are taught by these visitations to be upon our guard. The Doctor is quite well, tho' I think he sits too much in the house, being very eager upon his Dante at present.

They are not to publish the Cromwell till "the middle of next month" — about a fortnight.

"They are not to publish the Cromwell till 'the middle of next month,'" wrote Carlyle in the preceding letter. As a matter of fact the book did not get out until December.

Carlyle and his wife did go to the Barings in the middle of November, and the date of the following undated fragment thus swings between the 1st and the 15th of November. Carlyle says here that they were invited to the Grange; Froude, that Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet were at Bay House, in Hampshire. "Grange" is probably a slip of the pen.

XXX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA [1/15 November, 1845].

. . . It lies perfectly ready, but the Town is still very empty; besides they are getting ready a Portrait, the *rudiments* of which John and I went to see the other day, but did not very much like. I fear it will not turn out much of an ornament to the Book or a *true* likeness of Oliver; but we cannot help that. Nor does it very much matter. — For the rest, I am and have been nearly as *idle* as possible; merely reading Books, and doing other small etceteras.

There is an invitation to go down to the Grange (where I was the other year), for Jane and me both, "for a few days" (perhaps three); but I think it is not certain whether we can accept in such a state of the weather, etc. It will be within the next ten days if at all. We are very quiet here at home; hardly anybody yet coming about us: and indeed in general it is, the fewer the better, with us.

I cannot yet learn with the least distinctness whether John is for Scotsbrig or not; but I continue to think he will after all come down and plant himself there with his *Dante* for a while. I

have fully expressed your wishes to him in regard to that; and certainly if he do not come it will not be for want of wish to be there.

Jenny, I suppose, is home again: all is grown quiet in the upstairs rooms! My dear good Mother, let us not be sad, let us rather be thankful, — and still hope in the Bounty which has long been so benignant to us. I will long remember your goodness to me at Scotsbrig on this occasion, and the sadness that is in it I will take as inevitable, — every joy has its sorrow here. . . .

If I think of any Carlisle Tobacco I will send word about it in good time; if I send no word, do not in the least delay about it.

“In February, 1846, a new edition was needed of the Cromwell. Fresh letters of Oliver had been sent which required to be inserted according to date; a process, Carlyle said, ‘requiring one’s most excellent talent, as of shoe-cobbling, really that kind of talent carried to a high pitch.’

“He had ‘to unhoop his tub, which already held water,’ as he sorrowfully put his case to Mr. Erskine, ‘and insert new staves.’”

Other editors of letters, before and since, have had such cobbling and coo-pering to do.

XXXI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.
CHELSEA, Monday, 29th June, 1846.

DEAR JENNY, — I heard of your arrival in your new place at Dumfries a day or two ago, and on Saturday I sent you a newspaper which I suppose you will receive this morning. You will understand it as a hasty token that we are in our usual way and still mindful of you, although there has been little express writing of late.

No doubt you will feel a little lonely, unaccustomed, and now and then dispirited and anxious in your new situation. Yet I do consider it a very fit change

for you to have made, and believe confidently you will find yourself much more comfortable than you have been in your old place, if once you are fairly *huffed* to the new one. Do not be discouraged, my little Jenny, I know you will behave always in a *douce*, prudent, industrious and wise way, and there is no fear of you, if so. You will be mistress of your own little heart at any rate, free to follow your own wisest purposes. I think you will gradually find work, too, which may be useful to you. In short this is a fact always, in Maxwell-town and in all towns and situations, — a person that does act wisely will find wise and good results following him in this world and in all worlds; which really is the comfort of poor struggling creatures here below. And I hope you understand firmly always that you have friends who will never forsake you, whom all considerations bind to help you what they can, in the honest fight you are making. So do not fear, my poor little sister; be wise and true and diligent and do the *best* you can, and it shall all be well yet, and better than we hope.

Getting into a new house, it strikes me, you must find various things defective and not yet in order, so you must take this bit of paper from me which James Aitken, on Wednesday first, will change into three sovereigns for you — and you must lay them out in furnitures and bits of equipments such as you see needfullest. I know nobody that could lay them out better and make more advantage of them than you will do, only you want to consider that this is a supernumerary thing, a clear *gift*, and that your regular income (which John said was to be enlarged — whatever he may have settled it) will arrive at the usual time independently of this. And so, my blessing with you, dear little Jenny, and right good days to you in this new dwelling, — right *wise* days, which are the only good ones.

I have owed Jean a letter this long time. Tell her a box of supplements to Cromwell (one for each of you and two new copies of the whole book — one for my mother, the other for Jack) will reach her in a day or two, which she will know how to dispose of. For the rest, I am fast getting through my book, — it is mere *tatters* of work now, — and expect to be off northward before long. *Northward* we do mean; Jane sometimes talks of being off this week and I to follow in a week or two. To Seaforth, Liverpool, is Jane's first place. I, of course, will soon be across if once there. Good be with you, dear sister.

Yours always, T. C.

Do *you* address the next newspaper to us if this come all right. That will be a sufficient sign to us.

XXXII. CARLYLE TO MRS. AITKEN, DUMFRIES.

CHELSEA, Saturday, 17th October, 1846.

DEAR SISTER, — That letter for the Doctor reached me last night with instructions, as you see, to forward it to you. There is another little one from poor little Jane, which I like still better, but I am ordered to return it to my mother. Alick is going on very tolerably and seems to do as well as one could expect in his new settlement, — somewhat bitter of temper yet, but diligent and favoured to see the fruits of his diligence.

We are extremely quiet here, not writing, or expressly meditating to write, *resting* in fact, for I find Chelsea greatly the quietest place I could meet with. This long while I read a great many books of very little value, see almost nobody except with the *eye* merely, find silence better than speech — sleep better than waking! My thoughts are very *serious*, I will not call them sorrowful or miserable; I am getting fairly *old* and do not want to be younger — I know not whether Jeffrey would call that "happy" or not.

Our maid Helen is leaving us, invited

to be some Housekeeper to a brother she has in Dublin, at present a rich trader there, "all upon float" as I sometimes fear. Jane is busy negotiating about a successor, hopes to get a suitable one from Edinburgh or almost to *have* got such. You have not written to me. Tell Jenny I will send her some word soon. My kind regards to James. Good be with you and your house, dear Jean. Jane is *out*, and therefore silent.

Ever yours, T. C.

Between 1846 and the spring of 1849 Carlyle had made the acquaintance of Louis Blanc, John and Jacob Bright, and Sir Robert Peel.

On the 30th of June, 1849, Carlyle started on a journey through Ireland, — the notes of which were printed after his death, — and returned on the 7th of August. He went directly to Scotsbrig, where, "owing to cocks and other blessed fellow-inhabitants of this planet," he was a good deal disquieted. In Scotsbrig he remained, however, till the end of August.

XXXIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.

SCOTSBRIG, 18 August, 1849.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — Here is a Draft for your money, which you will get by presenting that Paper at the Bank, when the Martinmas Term comes; I wish you much health and good industrious days till the 22nd comes round *again*; and have done nothing more gladly, I may say, in the payment line than write this little paper for you, ever since the last was written, I think. It gave me very great pleasure to see your neat little Lodging and thrifty, modest, and wise way of life, when we were in Dumfries the other day. The reports of all friends agree in testifying to the same effect. Continue so, my good little sister, and fear nothing that can befall. Our outward fortune, lucky or what is called unlucky, we cannot command; but we *can* com-

mand our own behaviour under it, and we do either wisely or else not wisely; and *that*, in real truth, makes *all* the difference, — and does in reality stamp us as either “lucky” or else “unlucky.” For there is nobody but he that acts foolishly and *wrong* that can, in the end, be called “unlucky;” he that acts wisely and *right* is, before all mortals, to be accounted “lucky;” he and no other than he. So toil honestly along, my dear little Jenny, even as heretofore; and keep up your heart. An elder brother’s duty to you, I trust I may promise, you shall never stand in want of while I live in this world.

Take the next *Courier* (which Jean will give you for the purpose) and address it in your own hand to me: “Care of John Fergus, M. P. etc., Kirkcaldy,” — or in fact if James Aitken write that, it will be all the same, — and I shall need no other sign that you have received this Note and Inclosure safe. You can tell James to send only one *Courier* that way; but to direct the other to Scotsbrigg till further notice.

Our Mother and I got well home on Thursday; the thunder-showers hung and fell heavy on all hands of us; but we escaped with little damage from them, — got no rain at all till we were on the top of Dodbeck (or rather Daneby) Banks; which rain was never violent upon *us*, and had as good as ended altogether by the time we reached the old Gildha Road. Our Mother’s new bonnet, or any of her clothes, suffered nothing whatever. There had *been* great rains here and all the way; the fields all running brooks, and the road-conduits hardly able to contain the loads they had. It was a good deal clearer yesterday; yet, in the evening, we had again a touch of rain, which I saw was very heavy over in Cumberland. To-day is a degree brisker still, tho’ with remnants of thunder-clouds still hanging, so we fancy the “Flood” is about terminating, and the broken weather go-

ing to heal itself again. Jamie has some cattle rather suffering by the “epidemic,” which, in the last year, has destroyed several; his bog-hay, too, is of course much wetted; but he is otherwise getting briskly enough along. You are to tell James Aitken that there is “an excellent spigot” here already for the water-barrel, so that he need take no farther heed of that, at least, till he hear again.

I could not quite handily get packed (owing to Garthwaites tailoring) for this day; so I put it off till Monday; and am fixed for that morning (10 A. M.) to be in Edinburgh about *one* o’clock and over in Kirkcaldy in good time, where Jane, as I conclude, is arrived since yesterday and expects me against the given time. Give my kindest remembrances in Assembly Street; what our further movements from Kirkcaldy are to be, Jean or some of you will hear in due time. No more at present, dear Sister, with many blessings to you all.

Ever your Affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

In 1850 the Latter-Day Pamphlets were published. In spite of the outcry against them, Carlyle’s regular “public” was not disturbed. Froude estimates that about three thousand persons were then buying whatever he wrote.

Carlyle said in his Journal for October of the same year: “Four weeks (September) at Scotsbrigg: my dear old Mother, much broken since I had last seen her, was a perpetual source of sad and, as it were, sacred emotion to me. Sorrowful mostly and disgusting, and even degrading, were my other emotions. God help me!”

The next letter concerns the departure of Mrs. Hanning to join her husband in Canada. It is the only one in this collection from Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. “Jane” is Carlyle’s sister, Jean Aitken, — Jane only by courtesy, he somewhere says.

XXXIV. MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.

5 CHEYNE ROW, Tuesday [spring of 1851].

MY DEAR JENNY, — I sent off yesterday by railway to Jane's care a bundle of things which I hope may be of some use to you in your preparation for departure. They are not much worth as they are, but you have a great talent — at least you had when I knew you — for making silk purses out of sows' ears, a very valuable talent in this world. For the rest what can I say to you but that I wish you good speed in your great adventure, and that it may turn out even better for you than you hope. Decidedly it is an adventure in which you ought to be let please yourself, to be let follow the guidance of your own heart without remonstrance or criticism of others. It is my fixed opinion that between man and wife no third person *can* judge, and that all any of us could reasonably require of *you* is that you should consider well what you are about to do and that you should do nothing from *secondary motives*. If it be affection for your husband and the idea of doing your duty by him that takes you from your family and friends so far away, then go in God's name, and may your husband prove himself worthy of so much constancy. In any case you will have no cause for self reproach. But if it be impatience of your position here which is driving you away from your kind old Mother and all the rest who love you so well, then God help you, my poor Jenny, for you are flinging away all the real blessings of your lot for an imagination of independence. I hope, however, you are quite justified by your feelings towards your husband in leaving all to follow him. You have always seemed to me to cherish a most loyal affection for your husband, and I will never believe, however appearances may be against him, that a man can inspire such an affection in the wife he has lived years beside and yet be wholly

unworthy of it. So farewell, dear Jenny, and God go with you.

Affectionately yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

By 1851 Carlyle had begun to think seriously of Frederick the Great as his next subject, and it soon became evident that he must walk in whatever footsteps of his hero were still visible. Carlyle reached Rotterdam September 1, 1852, at noon, and was there met by Mr. Neuberg, — “a German admirer,” says Froude, “a gentleman of good private fortune, resident in London, who had volunteered his services to conduct Carlyle over the Fatherland, and afterwards to be his faithful assistant in the ‘Frederick’ biography.” Carlyle returned to England in October, but many distractions — among them repairs in Cheyne Row and the funeral of the Duke of Wellington — kept him from starting with Frederick. During the winter he wrote something, and threw it aside. On the 13th of April, 1853, he wrote in his Journal, “Still struggling and haggling about Frederick.”

There is neither struggling nor haggling, however, in the letter which follows. The “Talbotypes” mentioned here were, like “Daguerreotypes,” glimmering prophecies of the merciless photograph.

XXXV. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, CANADA.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
22 *Apr.* 1853.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Though it is a long time since I have written to you, no mistake can be greater than that I have forgotten you. No, no, there is no danger of that. My memory at least is active enough! But I live in such a confused whirlpool of hurries here as you can have no conception of, and *always* in poor weak health, too, and in corresponding spirits, and for most part when my poor stroke of work for the day is done (if alas, I be lucky

enough to get any work done one day in ten, as days now go!) — I have in general nothing for it but to shut up my ugly cellar of confusions and address myself to the task of being *silent* — writing no letter whatever but those I absolutely cannot help. That is the real truth and you must not measure my regard for you by the quantity I write, but by quite other standard.

We regularly see your letters here and are very glad indeed to observe that you get on so well. The fits of ague-fever you had at first were a severe introduction and began to be alarming to us, but I can hope now it was only the *hanselling* of you in your new climate, and that henceforth you will go on with at least your old degree of health. One thing I have understood to be of great moment (indeed I am sure of it), in the Canada climate; it is to take good care that your house be in an airy situation, quite free from the neighbourhood of damp ground, especially of stagnant water, and with a free exposure to the wind. That undoubtedly is of great importance. You are accustomed from sound old Annandale to take no thought at all about such things, but you may depend upon it they are necessary and indispensable considerations in your new country. I beg you very much to keep them earnestly in view with reference to the house you live in. Plenty of dry wind, all marshes &c. at a distance, and there is no more danger of ague in Canada than in Scotland; that you shove up your windows in season and keep your house *clean* as a new pin — these are advices I need not give, for you follow these, of course, of nature or inveterate habit, being from of old one of the neatest little bodies to be found in five Parishes! In all remaining respects I find you have chosen clearly for the better, and I doubt not are far happier in your re-united household than you ever were or could have been in Dum-

fries. It was a wise and courageous adventure of you to take the Ocean by the face in search of these objects, and all your friends rejoice to learn that it has succeeded. Long and richly may you reap the rewards of your quiet, stout and wise behaviour — then and all along, under circumstances that were far from easy to manage; and God's blessing be on you always, my poor little Jenny! I hope, too, poor Robert has learned many a thing and forgotten many a thing in the course of his hard fortune and wide wanderings. Give him my best wishes, temporal and spiritual. *Help* him faithfully what you can, and he (for he has a kind enough heart) will do the like by you — and so we hope all will be better with you both than it is with many, and continue to grow better and better to the end. I recommend myself to the nice *gleg* little lasses whom I shall not forget, but always think of as *little*, however *big* they grow. My blessing on you all.

No doubt you know by eyesight whom these two *Talbottypes* represent; mine is very like — Jane's (done by a different process) is not quite so like, but it will serve for remembrance. I begged two pairs of them awhile ago and had one sent to Alick (*Jane* slightly different in his set), the other pair I now send to you and wish only it were some *usefuller* gift. However, they will eat no bread and so you may give them dry lodging, that is all they want.

I heard from the Dr. at Moffat the day before yesterday. He reports our good old Mother being in her usual way and now with the better prospect of summer ahead. Poor Mother, she is now very feeble, but her mind is still all there and we should be thankful. The rest are well. John is to quit Moffat in July. Jane sends her kind regards.

The White mat on Jane's lap is her wretched little *messin-dog* "Nero;" a very unsuccessful part of the drawing, that!

XXXVI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, CANADA.
SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, 28 Dec. 1853.

MY DEAR SISTER, — This letter brings very sorrowful news to you, probably the sorrowfullest I may ever have to send from Scotsbrig. Our dear and good old Mother is no more: she went from us, gently and calmly at last, on the Sunday just gone (Christmas Day the 25th) at four or ten minutes past four in the afternoon: The Dr., Jean, Isabella, Jamie, and I standing in sorrowful reverence at her bed-side; our poor suffering Mother had lain in a heavy kind of sleep for about 16 hours before; and died at last, rather unexpectedly to the watchers, so sudden was it, without struggle or seeming pain of any kind. We had to think "Her sufferings are over; and she has fought her fight well and nobly; and as for us, — we are left here alone; and the soul that never ceased to love us since we came into the world, is gone to God, her Maker and ours." This is the heavy news I have to send you, dear Sister; and nobody can spare you the sorrow and tears it will occasion. For above a year-and-a-half past, our dear Mother had been visibly falling fast away; when I saw her in August gone a year, her weakness and sufferings were quite painful to me; and it seemed uncertain whether we should ever meet again in this scene of things. She had no disease at that time nor afterwards, but the springs of life were worn out, there was no strength left. Within the last six months the decay proceeded faster and was constant: she could not much rise from bed; she needed Mary and Jean alternately to watch always over her, — latterly it was Jean alone (Mary not being strong enough); and surely Jean has earned the gratitude of us all, and done a work that was blessed and beautiful, in so standing by her sacred task, and so performing it as she did. There has been no regular sleep to her for months

past, often of late weeks and days not much sleep of any kind: but her affectionate patience, I think, never failed. I hope, though she is much worn out, she will not permanently suffer: and surely she will not want her reward. Our noble Mother too behaved like herself in all stages of her illness; never quailed into terror, lamentation or any weak temper of mind; had a wonderful clearness of intellect, clearness of heart, affection, piety and simple courage and beauty about her to the very end. She passed much of her time in the last weeks in a kind of sleep; used to awaken "with a smile" (as John described it to me), and has left a sacred remembrance with all of us consolatory in our natural grief.

I have written to Alick this day, a good many other details, and have bidden him send you the letter (which is larger and fuller than this), — as you probably in asking for it will send this to him. I am in great haste, to-morrow (Thursday 29th Dec.) being the funeral day, and many things occupying us still. I will therefore say no more here; your little pieces of worldly *business* will, I hope, be satisfactorily and easily adjusted before I return to Chelsea, and then it will be somebody's task (John's or mine) to write to you again. For the present I will only bid. God bless you, dear sister, you and yours; — and teach you to bear this great sorrow and bereavement (which is one chiefly to your heart, but to *her* a blessed relief) in the way that is fit, and worthy of the brave and noble Mother we have had, but have not any longer.

Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

With a few days excepted, the Carlyles spent the whole of the year 1854 in London. There was little but the Crimean war to distract Carlyle's attention from his long struggle with Frederick.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

CARLYLE AS A LETTER-WRITER.

Most persons — perhaps because, consciously or unconsciously, they hold the opinion of George Eliot, that serious subjects should not be discussed in letters — try to entertain their correspondents, when they sit down to write a friendly letter. Famous writers are no exception to this rule. Horace Walpole adapts his materials with the nicest art; Gray is seldom elegiac in prose; and Chesterfield, not content with urging his son to “sacrifice to the Graces,” makes his own epistles an oblation on the altar of those ladies. It is evident that the younger Pliny chooses his best stylus, whether a Tuscan villa, or the eruption of Vesuvius, or a Corinthian statuette form his theme; and the fact that all is composed in fear of Cicero and to the glory of the Latin language cannot have made the composition less acceptable to his contemporaries. The letters of Charles Lamb, the “argument” of whose life was suited to a Greek tragedy, must often have carried sunshine — quaintly filtered through Lamb’s personality — to people who, had they but known it, were far better off than their correspondent. Cowper, the best of English letter-writers, was also one of the most cheerful, and in some of the last communications with his friends, before the darkness had quite settled over him, showed himself touchingly conscious of the social bond. It was nearly always dark with Cowper when he was addressing the Reverend John Newton, the evil genius who tried to be his good genius; but let it be remembered that Cowper wrote to Newton the escape of the hares, — a miniature Gilpin in prose. Most of what came from Olney and Weston, indeed, gave and repeated an impression of sprightly serenity that — except in the letters to Newton — seldom allowed itself to be clouded with

the fear which so often kept Cowper trembling. When Madame de Sévigné smiles through her tears, her face turned always toward her daughter, we love her most. We do not feel that she is not making the best of things, but merely that the gayety of her century, thus dashed, is brought nearer the key of our own.

Looked at from this point of view of good spirits, whether real or benevolently feigned, Carlyle is in blackest contrast to the genial tradition of letter-writing. As early as when he was with the Bullers at Kinnaird, he had frightened his family with an eloquent diagnosis of the torments of dyspepsia, and afterward often practiced a becoming caution in complaining too loudly of anything to them. Toward the world in general, however, and toward his brother John — who alone of the family lived in the world — he seldom observed such care. What he felt, he thought; and what he thought, he wrote. The denunciatory mood was frequent with Carlyle, and it would be easy to collect enough of his secular anathemas for a droll sort of commination service. Men, women, and children, if they disturbed him, came in for his curse. All annoyances spoke to Carlyle and his wife through a megaphone, and were proclaimed by them through a still larger variety of the same instrument. Every cock that crowed near their house was a clarion out of tune, and the “demon-fowls” were equaled by dogs, of which each had to their ears the barking power of Cerberus. When Carlyle traveled, fierce imprecations upon everything viatic were wafted back from every stage to the poor “Goody” in Cheyne Row, often while she was facing alone the problem of fresh paint and paper. On the only occasion I can now recall of Car-

lyle himself being at home during repairs, they were to him what a convulsion of nature would be to most of us, and his outcries were of cosmic vehemence and shrillness. In these wild splutterings of genius, a maid servant was a "puddle," a "scandalous randy," or even a "sluttish harlot;" a man servant was a "flunkey," and if he waked Carlyle too early in the morning he was a "flunkey of the devil." Rank, wealth, and worldly respectability were, it need not at this day be said, no defense against these grotesque indictments. The clergy and lovers of the clergy — unless, indeed, they happened to be anæmic and "Socinian" — were always accused of "shovel-hattedness." Persons who, from Plato to Scott, waged no visible warfare with their own souls, and lived their lives without stated conversion from "the everlasting No," were rarely acceptable to Carlyle. Any man of his acquaintance who, besides being thus at ease in Zion, had also gathered worldly gear, was apt, according to Carlyle, to have lost his humanity in "gigmanity." London, in the word he gladly borrowed from Cobbett, was a "monstrous wen;" Europe, "a huge suppurating;" mankind, "mostly fools;" and the world at large, "a dusty, fuliginous chaos."

If, in moods which give forth such words, Carlyle seems to write with a quill plucked from the fretful porpentine, a new book of Lamentations might be gathered from his other frequent and familiar condition. This was the state of body and soul which moved him to sorrow and repining over himself, England, and the world. If he had never made his great success in literature, these wailing cries might plausibly be assigned to the disappointed ambitions of a man whose lot was even more embittered by dyspepsia. But in this respect the tone of the apprentice, throughout a wearifully long apprenticeship, was strangely like that of the past master in literature, who for the last twenty years of his life

was the most eminent of English writers. There is doubtless a habit of mourning as of rejoicing, and habit counted for much with Carlyle. Yet what I am disposed to contend is that though Aladdin's lamp had lighted him to a success even earlier than Sheridan's or Kipling's, his books and letters would still from time to time have sounded the whole gamut of Jeremiah. It was in his Scotch blood that thus they should, — in his Puritan spirit and his Puritanical digestion. In short, Carlyle's melancholy was from temperament far more than from circumstance, — a spiritual habitude to which he was destined and born.

See the sparks fly upward in March, 1822: "Art is long and life is short; and of the three score and ten years allotted to the liver, how small a portion is spent in anything but vanity and vice, if not in wretchedness, and worse than unprofitable struggling with the adamant laws of fate! I am wae when I think of all this, but it cannot be helped." More than forty years after, the sad-eyed victor in his chosen field reminds us that he, more than most men, is born to trouble. In 1865 he writes to Emerson from Annandale: "I live in total solitude, sauntering moodily in thin checkered woods, galloping about, once daily, by old lanes and roads, oftenest latterly on the wide expanses of Solway shore (when the tide is *out*!) where I see bright busy Cottages far off, houses over even in Cumberland, and the beautifullest amphitheatre of eternal Hills, — but meet no living creature; and have endless thoughts as loving and as sad and sombre as I like." This is none the less (perhaps, rather, the more) sad, for all the wide and shining landscape. A few lines later Carlyle says: "You perceive me sufficiently at this point of my Pilgrimage, as withdrawn to *Hades* for the time being; intending a month's walk there, till the muddy semi-solutions set-

tle into sediment according to what laws they have, and there be perhaps a partial restoration of clearness." The voice of 1865, though early in the interim it gained its individual accent, is still the voice of 1822.

Malice was operant in this choice of a passage from one of Carlyle's letters to Emerson, to show the frequent hue of his spirit. For not only is the mere thought of Emerson a cause of cheer to most men, — to Carlyle himself it usually brought comfort, — but Carlyle had adopted Emerson, or more nearly adopted him than any one else except Sterling, into the close communion of his own family, toward whom he generally showed compunction in the matter of invective and lament. Yet in writing to Emerson and to them he would sometimes forget his restraint, and, while eating his heart, would invite them to the same repast. It has been said that Froude made an exceptionally gloomy selection from Carlyle's correspondence, and that Mr. Norton's volumes give a fairer view of the habitual tone of his spirits. So far as they are concerned with Emerson and with Carlyle's kindred, an explanation of the higher average of cheerfulness has already been offered. But even in these letters, and still more in the rest of Mr. Norton's selections, one is tempted to inquire whether he did not intend (and very properly) to redress the balance which Froude had unduly weighted on the other side. For the essence and gist of Carlyle's published writings — books, letters, and journals — is that "it is not a merry place, this world; it is a stern and awful place." Much that is meat to other men was poison, or tinctured with poison, to him. "My letter, you will see" (he wrote to his brother John in 1828), "ends in sable, like the life of man. My own thoughts grow graver every day I live." He could, and did, suck melancholy from his own successful lectures, from his own books and the

books of others, from the state of the nation and the state of his own health, from society, from solitude. Craigenputtock, high on the moors between Dumfriesshire and Galloway, and sixteen miles from the town of Dumfries, has always seemed to me the right scenic background for Carlyle. The stone farmhouse, surrounded by a few acres of land reclaimed from peat bog, stands in the midst of bleak hills, seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. This is the right scenery for Carlyle, and many of his most characteristic letters, from whatever places written, carry with them a feeling of the north, November, and the moors. Had Froude left any gaps in his biography, they might be bridged with sighs.

Persons who talked with Carlyle, or who heard him talk, often received a different impression. This was, no doubt, partly because his pentecostal gift excited him to a variety and fire of speech for which he afterward paid the penalty of a natural enough reaction; partly, also, because the sense of humor never deserted him at those moments, and rich gusts of laughter swept away boding prophecy, fierce invective, and the whole symbolic apparatus of Carlylean denunciation. Humor, indeed, is always to be reckoned with in Carlyle; and his letters, like his books, abound in a range of it — seldom genial — that extends from the grim to the farcical. But you cannot hear a man laugh in print; and where in a Carlyle conversation the stage direction would be, "Exit laughing," in a Carlyle letter it appears, "Exit groaning" or "Exit swearing." The writer "laughs off," as Macbeth and Macduff "fight off;" and the reader hears but the ghost of a laugh, — a faint, imagined reverberation.

Hence, loathed Melancholy, and a truce to sable. I have, perhaps, made too much of a striking characteristic, however indubitable, of a great writer. The famous rat was not always gnawing at the pit of his stomach; and when

neither the mood of vituperation nor the mood of lament was upon him, he was of too vigorous and too honest a mind not to discuss with comparative calmness many subjects that interested him. What did interest him and what did not, what appears in his letters and what is never seen there, would make a catalogue fairly descriptive of Carlyle's intellectual and moral constitution. Food and raiment he seldom writes of, save as necessities of life. No Christmas gastronomy in his letters, no rule for "cooking a chub," no incipient essay on roast pig. As Carlyle's pen is never occupied with cards, one concludes that "old women to play whist with of an evening," so much desired by a certain delightful letter-writer, were not a desideratum with him. Women, in fact, play no dominantly feminine part in his life. Love, as a passion, he apparently does not understand. He gave no more sensitive response to the fine arts than Emerson, in whose books there are many "blind places," — so says Mr. Chapman in his original and important essay on Emerson, — "like the notes which will not strike on a sick piano." To name the theatre is, with Carlyle, to scorn it. Goethe himself could not make him care for plays or play-acting. Goethe's Wilhelm Meister he learned to admire, although, had any other written it, the book would have had from him the treatment it got from Wordsworth. If we may believe Froude, Carlyle called some of the most noteworthy French novels "a new Phallus worship, with Sue, Balzac, and Co. for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin." Poetry, art allied to his own, interests Carlyle only through its thought or its lesson. In the actual affairs of life, he desires neither money, rank, nor political power. He gives no adherence to any religious creed, political faith, or party leader. He often feels himself in a "minority of one," but on a certain occasion doubles the number, to include Emerson.

Here may end, without special reason for ending, the catalogue of negatives by which people learn to know Carlyle in his letters. Shorter, not less impressive or informing, is the list of positives. Words Carlyle must have had at least a sneaking fondness for. He does not admit it, but he uses words and phrases in a way that tells its own story to those upon whose ears his noblest strains fall like music. Very often, as he intended, the words stand for facts, which he loved, and for which he was proud to tell his love. Purity, honor, and truth are dear to Carlyle, and he celebrates them in his letters. *Pauvre et triste humanité*, although it often moves him to scorn, never quite loses its hold upon him: his letters are a crowded thoroughfare of human beings, who live again at his touch. Good sayings — pious, shrewd, sage, or humorous, as the case may be — this eloquent talker rolls under his tongue, especially when they are in the speech of the Scottish people. His taste for humor is catholic enough to relish jokes; and he himself, unclannish chiefly in that, jokes without difficulty. Strength of any kind bulks so large in Carlyle's esteem that the historian of Cromwell and Friedrich has often been accused of making might his right. After years of what he felt to be misrepresentation, he endeavored to set things straight by declaring that right, in the long run, was pretty sure to be mighty. However this may be, the strength of contemporary leaders was likely, by his thinking, to be founded on unrighteousness; and it was easier for him to worship his heroes through the long nave of the past. There was an altar for Cromwell, but — alas that it should have been so — there was none for Lincoln.

Although these positives are lengthening themselves out, there must be mention here of the mother, wife, family, and friends, who figure so engrossingly in Carlyle's correspondence. I think we gather from the grand total of docu-

ments in the case that he loved his mother more deeply and singly than he loved any other person. Yet for his wife he had a strong, often disquieted affection. The expression of this in his letters to her, which are as remarkable for emotion as for a very high order of writing, is of course less checkered than it could have been in the faring together of two such yoke-fellows. In the action of temperament upon temperament, *similia similibus non curantur*. During the long episode of Gloriana, it is often possible to read between the lines of Carlyle's letters to his wife. After the death of the first Lady Ashburton, however, occurs the most striking passage of self-accusation to be found in any letter before the death of Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle writes to her on the 11th of July, 1858 :

"All yesterday I remarked, in speaking to —, if any tragic topic came in sight, I had a difficulty to keep from breaking down in my speech, and becoming inarticulate with emotion over it. It is as if the scales were falling from my eyes, and I were beginning to see in this, my solitude, things that touch me to the very quick. Oh, my little woman! what a suffering thou hast had, and how nobly borne! with a simplicity, a silence, courage, and patient heroism which are only now too evident to me. Three waer days I can hardly remember in my life; but they were not without worth either; very blessed some of the feelings, though many so sore and miserable. It is very good to be left alone with the truth sometimes, to hear with all its sternness what it will say to one."

It is often to be noted that no great moment finds Carlyle without a great word. Moving as is the utterance just quoted, it is dumb in comparison with this, written after the death of Mrs. Carlyle: "Not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depths of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and in a moment shattered my poor world to universal ruin."

Mother, wife, family, and one or two friends, then, were very dear to Carlyle. "Love me a little," he writes once to Emerson. Next to these few persons, nature had perhaps the strongest sway over him; and the strange, beautiful landscapes that shine out from some of his darkest letters would be enough to found a reputation on. The phrases live in one's memory as if they had line and color.

Two main facts detach themselves, I think, from these imperfect suggestions of what Carlyle's letters contain and what they are vacant of. In the first place, no one can doubt that although — except in writing to the Annandale kin — Carlyle seldom attempts to control himself, is seldom interesting or entertaining of set purpose, he is yet, for interest and entertainment, a letter-writer among a thousand. Single-minded and single-hearted, true as the very truth, in the words of his mouth he utters the meditations of his heart. Gifted with eloquence, with humor, with pathos, with eyes that see everything and a memory that loses nothing, with an energy of speech which (compared with that given to the majority of his fellow creatures) is clearly superhuman, Carlyle uses his amazing literary vehicle as an Arabian magic carpet to transport him to his correspondent. The letter is the writer; the word is the man.

So much for one fact. The other, not now stated for the first time, is that Carlyle, in his familiar letters as in his published works, presents the curious combination of mystic and realist. The world that can be tested by the senses is, in Carlyle's belief, only the vesture, sometimes muddy, sometimes clear, of the divine principle. For many readers, the expression of this ruling idea of Carlyle and his work is confused not only by apparently contradictory phrasings, but by the shifting of his conception of God between theism and pantheism. When, however, Carlyle utters himself

most earnestly and most characteristically on this cardinal point of his belief, no manner of man can misunderstand him. "Matter," exclaims he, "exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth. Heaven and Earth are but the time-vesture of the Eternal. The Universe is but one vast symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical, a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him? — a gospel of Freedom, which he, the 'Messias of Nature,' preaches as he can by act and word." It was only to be expected that the favorite quotation of a man whose high belief can be stated thus, of a man who regarded time as an illusion, should be the lines from Shakespeare's *Tempest*: —

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Now, although it is proverbially difficult to prove a negative, the ease with which a negative can be stated should be equally matter of proverb. Accordingly, we find that Carlyle, in his letters, a hundred times denounces the world as he sees it for once that he describes, or even suggests, the world as he would see it. Silent heroes should be the rulers of England. Silent heroes are rare birds, even among the dead. Instead of them, talking parliamentarians are at the head of things; and Carlyle has to say what he thinks of Gladstone and Disraeli, the alternately ruling talkers. When, in 1874, Disraeli proposed to grant him a pension and bestow on him also the Grand Cross of the Bath, he wrote to John Carlyle: "I do, however, truly admire the magnanimity of Dizzy in regard to me. He is the only man I almost never spoke of except with contempt."

Men of letters fare no better than men of action. They should be priests, in white, unspotted robes. What does Carlyle find them? In 1824, after pinning

Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt fiercely to the page, he writes to Miss Welsh: "'Good heavens!' I often inwardly exclaim, 'and is this the literary world?' This rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute not only of high feeling and knowledge or intellect, but even of common honesty! The very best of them are ill-natured weaklings. They are not red-blooded men at all. . . . Such is the literary world of London; indisputably the poorest part of its population at present." So Carlyle wrote of writers when he was putting on his literary armor, and not very differently when he was putting it off. His Hero as Man of Letters was almost invariably seen at a distance, either of time or space. He spitted Coleridge on his sharpest spear, and two blasting, withering descriptions of Charles Lamb — with forty years between them for reflection — remain to the everlasting hurt of Carlyle's own reputation.

Vitriol blesseth neither him that gives nor him that takes, yet Carlyle stayed to the end of his many days essentially high-minded. Honorable, simple, helpful, charitable in deed though not in word, he was seen at the limit of his course to have a better heart, a character less deteriorated, than many a man — no less good at the start — who has indulged himself with "omitting the negative proposition." The habit of scorn would in the long run have been more harmful to character than the habit of tolerance and facile praise, except that Carlyle had an extraordinarily high standard of principle and performance, and held to it not only in his judgment of others, but also in what he exacted of himself. The fact that Carlyle never tried to reconcile the inconsistency (as it may have seemed to some persons) between the Deity of his worship and the symbolic manifestations of that Deity in a world so little to Carlyle's liking no doubt helped him to keep his spiritual integrity.

In company and contrast with the mysticism of Carlyle's thought — "idealism" is the better word, if it be strictly interpreted — is the eager realism of his literary methods. As a result of this piquant union, Carlyle means one thing to one man, and another, quite different thing to another man. The Carlyle of X, the strait idealist, is a moonish philosopher, to be shunned by A, the strait realist, who rejoices in the closely packed narrative, the wild action, and the portraits of men and women, that make but a trivial appeal to X. This union of natures is plain enough in Shakespeare, in whom nothing surprises. The hand which gave us the *Tempest* gave us also Juliet's nurse and Hotspur's description of "a certain Lord." Too often, however, the idealist's grasp of the concrete is wavering and intermittent; too often the soul of the realist needs little feeding.

Carlyle vibrated between these two elements of his nature, and fortified one with the other. When, after burrowing in the dust-heap of the past or fishing into "the general Mother of Dead Dogs," he had brought to light some pearl (or, it might be, only some oyster-shell) of fact, he often improved the opportunity to show the larger significance of the little gleam or glint of reality. It was the defect of a fine quality that, in his later work, and especially in *Frederick*, he spent himself on irrelevant facts which helped to make Carlyle's longest book a splendid failure, with episodes of indubitable success.

The looser form of the letter more properly admits the isolated concrete. Shrewd, welcome bits of fact are everywhere in Carlyle's letters; everywhere, too, are those other expressions of a great realist, — vividly "composed" elements of landscape, and portraits that give every token of life except breath. As with every artist, whatever he depicts takes color from him, and is seen through his temperament. In the summer of 1837 Carlyle writes to Sterling

from Scotsbrig: "One night, late, I rode through the village where I was born. The old kirkyard tree, a huge old gnarled ash, was nestling itself softly against the great twilight in the north. A star or two looked out, and the old graves were all there, and my father and my sister; and God was above us all." Here be worn, familiar things. Gray has been to the village churchyard at the hour of parting day, and a procession has followed in his footsteps. But this kirkyard, where Carlyle has since laid himself down with his kindred, is Carlyle's.

The reappearance (usually heightened or elaborated) of bits of prospect or topography first recorded in Carlyle's letters is an interesting characteristic of his writing. His first visit to Paris was of much service to him in fixing the places and scenes of *The French Revolution*; the trip into the country of Cromwell's birth and the examination of Naseby field come into sight again in the book, — witness especially the "Cease your fooling," and the troopers' teeth that bit into Carlyle's memory; and a number of rough drafts for details of *Frederick* appear in letters from the Continent. A brief note, during a visit to Mr. Redwood in 1843, of the Glamorganshire "green network of intricate lanes, mouldering ruins, vigorous vegetation good and bad," was afterward dilated (in the *Life of Sterling*) into the spacious and beautiful landscape beginning: "Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan."

Distinguished as are Carlyle's portraits of places, it is probably his portraits of persons that abide longest and most completely in the memories of most readers. Robespierre, Mirabeau and Mirabeau *père*, Frederick and Frederick William, — it is one sign of Carlyle's power that he can make subordinate

characters salient and still bring out his hero, — Voltaire, Cromwell, and the Abbot Samson, are a few of the pictures that line his galleries. Wonderful as are these renderings of men he never saw, his sketches of men he had known are almost literally "speaking likenesses." Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Mazzini, Louis Napoleon, are among the many who are painted to a miracle in Carlyle's letters. Behold a great American, in a letter to Emerson : —

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen ; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs we make in Yankee-land ! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous craglike face ; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown ; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed : — I have not traced as much of silent Berserker-rage, that I remember of, in any other man. 'I guess I should not like to be your nigger' !"

At the risk of numbering this paper with the books of Chrysippus, we must look again at the portrait of De Quincey, which is, perhaps, the artist's chief triumph. Although it is to be found in the *Reminiscences*, it yet belongs here well enough, for that book is not so much a book as a long, rambling letter, partly of remorse, partly of pity, from Carlyle to himself. "He was a pretty little creature," says this terrible, sad old man, remembering after forty years, "full of wire-drawn ingenuities ; bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride ; with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities of conversation : 'What would n't one give to have him in a Box, and take him

out to talk !' (That was *Her* criticism of him ; and it was right good.) A bright, ready and melodious talker ; but in the end an inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw ; shaped like a pair of tongs ; and hardly above five feet in all : when he sat, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little Child ; blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face, — had there not been a something too, which said, 'Eccovi, this Child has been in Hell !' " One would be sure, without other evidence than "*Her* criticism" in this description, which is also a "character," — to use the old word, — that *She*, too, had been terrible. The broken order, the curious punctuation, the capitals and italics, the leave of absence granted to the verb, the quick interjections, all taken together make the passage a concentrated example of Carlyle's *vox humana* style, — of his writing when it is most like speech, sublimated.

In his use of persons, as of places, there are pregnant comparisons to be made between Carlyle's first study and the final portrait. Sterling and old Sterling are cases in point ; Coleridge, perhaps, the best instance of all. The main lines and the personal atmosphere, always visible, I think, in the sketch, are reproduced by Carlyle in the finished work. But in the heightening of lights, in the deepening of shade, in composition, above all, he makes many changes, which almost invariably result in greater intensity of effect.

From such comparisons, if patiently conducted, might come luminous comment on the question of Carlyle's style, — a question more vexed than the Bermoothes.

So far and so much for Carlyle's general aspect as a letter-writer. I have tried to show that, in addressing himself to a very few friends, and especially to his own family, he displays a different set of qualities. The difference between his vehemence toward the world at large

and his gentleness toward his mother sometimes seems as marked as that between the two visions of the prophet Jeremiah: the one a seething caldron, the face thereof from the north; the other, a rod of an almond tree. The world, in truth, for this peasant of genius, was, to the considerable degree in which he remained a peasant, an assemblage of persons and things to be approached with many reserves and a deal of more or less violent disapproval. Annandale, contrariwise, was an honest, strength-giving corner of the world, which did for him through life the office of the earth to Antæus. He went back to it so often that he never lost his native accent, and, in certain respects, the point of view to which he was born. So long as Carlyle's mother lived, there was rarely a year in which he did not make a pilgrimage to Scotsbrig; and, after she died, he went oftener to her grave than most sons, dwelling at a distance from their mothers, visit them in life. Scotsbrig also came to him in the shape of letters, as well as in the unsentimental (though, rightly beheld, not unpathetic) guise of oatmeal, bacon, clothes, and what not. The Carlyles held that good meal could not be bought in London; so, when the barrel wasted, it was filled again from home. One far-brought fowl we all remember as the epic subject of a letter from Mrs. Carlyle in Chelsea to her sister-in-law in Scotland. Carlyle had his clothes made in Annan, partly from thrift, partly from distrust of London tailors.

However much he depended on the people and the kindly fruits of his native soil, however much the exclusiveness of the Carlyles may have been only that common to all Scotch peasant families, it is still hard to credit — though on the excellent authority of Mrs. Oliphant — that their mutual love was not "by ordinar," even among Scotch peasants. Especially is it difficult of credence that the attachment of Carlyle and his mo-

ther was not as rare as it was beautiful. In 1832, after the death of his father, he writes to his brother Alick, at Scotsbrig: "O let us all be gentle, obedient, loving to our Mother, now that she is left wholly to our charge! 'Honour thy Father and thy Mother': doubly honour thy Mother when she alone remains." For twenty years this double honor was more than trebly paid. The son writes once to his mother: "Since I wrote last I have been in Scotsbrig more than in London." And so it often is to the end, — and after. Dreaming and waking, he looks far up across England and the Solway. In the spring, the plough and the sower pass between his eyes and the page of Cromwell or The French Revolution; in the autumn, he has a vision of the yellow fields, of "Jamie's" peat-stack, and the "cauldron" singing under his mother's window. The mother's trembling thought of her children answers their love for her. "She told me the other day" (writes one of Carlyle's sisters), "the first gaet she gaed every morning was to London, then to Italy, then to Craigenputtock, and then to Mary's, and finally began to think them at hame were, maybe, no safer than the rest. When I asked her what she wished me to say to you, she said she had a thousand things to say if she had you here; 'and thou may tell them, I'm very little fra' them.'"

As from his first clear earnings Carlyle sent his father a pair of spectacles, and his mother "a little sovereign to keep the fiend out of her hussif," so throughout he never forgot her in the least or the greatest particular. From year to year he sent her money and tobacco, — which they often smoked together in the farmhouse, — books and comforts and letters. The letters, of course, were far the best of all to her. Often as they came, they could not come often enough. In 1824 Margaret Carlyle wrote to her son: "Pray do not let me want food;

as your father says, I look as if I would eat your letters. Write everything and soon." Everything and soon it always was; and in these many letters Carlyle strove to bring near to the untraveled ones at home all that he was seeing and doing. One means of doing this was to describe interesting places in terms of Annandale. Thus, in telling his sister Jean about Naseby, he wrote:—

"Next day they drove me over some fifteen miles off to see the field of Naseby fight—Oliver Cromwell's chief battle, or one of his chief. It was a grand scene for me—Naseby, a venerable hamlet, larger than Middlebie, all built of mud, but trim with high peaked roofs, and two feet thick of smooth thatch on them, and plenty of trees scattered round and among. It is built as on the brow of the Hagheads at Ecclefechan; Cromwell lay with his back to that, and King Charles was drawn up as at Wull Welsh's—only the Sinclair burn must be mostly dried, and the hollow much wider and deeper."

Carlyle knew that his mother would be eager to hear of Luther and Lutherland. In September of the last year but one of her life, he writes to her from Weimar that "Eisenach is about as big as Dumfries;" that a hill near by is "somewhat as Locherbie hill is in height and position." The donjon tower of the Wartburg (which he translates for her, Watch Castle) stands like the old Tower of Repentance on Hoddam Hill, where his mother had visited him during his "russet-coated idyll" there, many years before. "They open a door, you enter a little apartment, less than your best room at Scotsbrig, I almost think less than your smallest, a very poor low room with an old leaded lattice window; to me the most venerable of all rooms I ever entered." That afternoon they drive to Gotha in a "kind of clatch." Carlyle helps out his English for his mother with bits of their common Doric, and falls unconsciously into Scotch locu-

tions, such as "you would be going" or "you would be doing," when he means "you are likely to go" or "likely to do." In larger matters it is the same. Carlyle may have been chanting the *Miserere* to some correspondent, but if he writes to his mother on the same day the note changes to *Sursum corda*, even though it must visibly struggle up from the depths. Nor do the Immensities and the Eternities appear in his letters to her. In these the Lord her God is also his God.

The belief in personal immortality came to Carlyle, so far as I can discover, but dimly and infrequently. This chill lack of faith, so common in our day, sharpened the dread of his mother's death. So early as 1844 he writes in his *Journal*: "My dear old mother has, I doubt, been often poorly this winter. They report her well at present: but, alas! there is nothing in all the earth so stern to me as that constantly advancing inevitability, which indeed has terrified me all my days." Yet, in Carlyle's letters after her death, a dovelike peace seems to brood over his deep sorrow. With Roman piety he records the death-trance, sixteen hours long, in which his mother, her face "as that of a statue," lay waiting for the end. It was another "*Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti*;"

and all Carlyle's words about that holy parting are grave and sweet.

Whatever of loveliness there may have been in the life together of Carlyle and his wife,—and there was much, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary,—in death they were far divided. "She lies with her gentle forbears in the abbey kirk at Haddington; he, in Ecclefechan kirkyard with his peasant forbears. When Carlyle was dying, the Lord remembered for him the kindness of his youth,—his mother might have believed,—and "his mind seemed to turn altogether to the old Ecclefechan days." Said his niece, Mrs.

Alexander Carlyle, in a letter soon to be published: "He often took Alick for his father (uncle Sandy), and he would put his arms round my neck and say to me, 'My dear mother.'"

Great writer as Carlyle is, many critics feel that he can never become classical. The word "classic," as Sainte-Beuve has pointed out, is a stretchable term; but very possibly the Soudanese lexicographer, descended from a native of New Zealand, will label many of Carlyle's phrases "post-classical," and place him with Browning and Ruskin, who felt his influence, in the Silver Age of

English. Certainly, the Soudanese Quintilian will do well to tell his pupils the story of Erasmus's ape, and warn them against the danger of imitating Carlyle. Classical or post-classical, Carlyle's name is as closely linked with the French Revolution and the Life of Oliver Cromwell as is the name of Thucydides with the Peloponnesian War, that of Tacitus with the Emperors of the Julian line, or that of Gibbon with the Decline and Fall of their Empire. Yet even if Carlyle's historical titles were torn from his grant of immortality, he would survive as one of the most remarkable of English letter-writers.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

THE ALCALDE'S VISIT.

MISSER WILLIAMS had just returned from the North. He had come down in the fruit steamer. He had taken Tete to the North with him to wait upon the señora, having borrowed him from the Señorita Carlota. Of the two ladies, Tete did not know which he adored the more.

Misser Williams had lost several valuable articles. This he had not discovered until after he had left the steamer, so that now he was sending Tete back at once with letters to the American captain and the Alcalde at Saltona, to see if they could aid him in finding out the whereabouts of his belongings.

Tete had tried to catch a ride on the fruit train, but Garcia was inexorable. His orders were that the peons, natives, workingmen, and boys should not be allowed to travel thus through the plantations, and Tete must perforce walk all the way to the company's wharf under the rays of the scorching sun. As usual, he was grumbling one moment and smiling the next. The train rumbled down from a side plantation and ran round

the curve. Tete shook his head. "No," he said. "They will not allow that I ride. And what difference, — I that have the good legs!"

He ran up the little path that here arose and skirted the track. The breeze began to blow upon his face, — the strong, sweet breeze from the bay. Tete stopped under a great tree, himself as straight as a young palm. He stretched out his arms; his fine, straight hair blew about his eyes.

"I love to live!" he shouted to the parrots overhead. "I love, I love to live! Their North is fine! Their casas are grand! But give to me my island, my breezes, my palms, my bananas, and my people!" A listener would have thought little Tete a real-estate owner, a planter, a sovereign.

When Tete reached the wharf it was midday. The cars had arrived long before him with their load of green fruit. The inspector, a large, red-faced Scotchman, was busy counting the bunches as they were handed over the side.

"We feel that the sun shine, but we

have not the red skin to show," said Tete. "That *Seño' Inspecto'* will soon be wash away. He maiké several river every minute."

Tete had joined the peons near, and stood with them watching the disposition of their favorite fruit. They gazed with longing eyes at the bunches which were thrown overboard, and floated on the waters of the bay. One might have been tempted to jump into the water to save some of the finest five-hand bunches, but for that scavenger the shark. The fin which he poked above the surface, now and then, showed that he was ready for his next meal at any time.

"And what will you be doing here, Tete?" asked the inspector.

"It is Misser Williams who send me to Saltona on some messages, *seño'.*"

"Messages?"

"*Si, seño'.*" Tete's pouting lip closed downward like the lid of a trap, at the suggestion of curiosity in the inspector's tone.

"And how will you be getting there?"

"The *Esperanza* will carry me, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

The inspector went on counting, — "Nine, eight, ten, ten, eight. Suppose I refuse to let ye go, me lad? Ten, nine, ten." The inspector almost lost count of the numbers of hands on the different bunches.

"The messages of the Misser Williams must be carry, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

"That will be a poor six-hand bunch, Petrozo. Throw it overboard. Suppose I refuse ye, lad — seven, eight, ten, seven. They will be getting smaller, Petrozo."

"Those message must go there, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

"Try it, me lad."

"I will do as the *seño'* advise."

"Captain, this youngster says he will be going to Saltona with ye."

"Can't go!"

Tete pouted. He did not express his feeling at once in words. Like others of the human race, he took it out on

somebody else. He turned and rushed along the stringpiece of the wharf. He came to where Antonio Tallaza was sitting. Antonio Tallaza was fishing. Tete seated himself on the other side of the piles, his legs hanging down toward the water. The pile against which he leaned swayed with his slight weight.

"Those toredos! They will leave them no wharf at all, the next thing!"

Antonio Tallaza scowled at Tete's muttering. He scowled more fiercely at the shark which came nosing round the hook and carried away his bait. He was experimenting with the oysters that grow on trees. Of that in sequel.

Tete laughed. Antonio Tallaza turned upon him with rage. He raised a piece of the filling of the wharf. Tete jumped to his feet. He seized the stone from Antonio Tallaza, and threw it with a great splash at the shark.

"Thou fish of the devil!" said he, beating the American captain over the shoulders of the shark, "thou swimmer from hell! stealing the morsel which is dangling to tempt thy Christian brother!"

"You will hand to me that branch of oysters, Tete."

Tete lifted the branch which was hanging full with shells. At that moment the steamer's whistle sounded. He dropped the mass of bait into the water. The shark opened his jaws. The dainty disappeared.

"Ah! that thou wert there, also!" ejaculated Antonio Tallaza, as he saw the great jaws close.

So the loading was over. The steamer would be starting in a moment. No one had ever got ahead of the American captain. No, no, not even in this land where getting ahead was meat and drink. Tete stood stolid, deaf even to the revilings of Antonio Tallaza. What was it to him that Antonio Tallaza must walk up the long, hot wharf; that he must plunge into the mud left by the falling tide, to pluck from the roots of the man-

grove the bivalve-ridden stems? He, Tete, had other worlds to conquer.

"Thou wilt lose thy boat! That please me very well," growled Antonio Tallaza, as he plodded up the track.

"I know my business best, Antonio Tallaza; you may employ yourself in attending to your shark."

The fruit steamer had been warped round from the end of the wharf to avoid Palm Tree Island.

"Let go your lines!" shouted the American captain from his station on the upper deck.

The gangplank was removed. The propeller turned over once, twice. Tete ran lightly along the stringpiece. The steamer was well away from the wharf, and getting farther away every second. Could he do it? If he did not, there was no small boat to save him, and there were the sharks. One's heart stood still. It was a phenomenal leap. The slight body flew swift and straight as a die. It landed on the lower deck, just escaping the rail.

The American captain saw it with the tails of the eyes which were avoiding Palm Tree Island on the one side, and the coral reef on the other. This was no time for discipline. Later he would see to that. But later he remembered nothing save the pluck and the courage.

"I have a great mind to put back to the wharf, you young devil," smiled the American captain.

"I would be glad to save you that trouble, *Seño' Capitan*," said Tete very politely.

The señora had tried to teach Tete that polite words are never wasted. Fortunately, he sometimes remembered this.

Arrived at Saltona, twelve miles across the great bay as the crow flies, Tete skir-mished. Juan Ruiz, who kept the cock-pit outside the town, wondered what little Tete Dessange was doing so far from home. "And has the little Tete brought his cock to fight at my Gallera to-night?" he asked.

"I have not brought my cock, Juan Ruiz. It is the truth, no doubt, that my fine young cock could tear the brains from every cock in Saltona. Then I should take thy dollars back to the Cattle Farm with me, Juan Ruiz. But I am here on much more important businesses than that fighting of the cock."

Juan shrugged his shoulders and turned on his horny heel. He knew only too well the reputation of Tete's black one-eyed cock.

Then Tete addressed a gentleman who was lounging slowly down the baking, uneven street. The stranger was a fine-looking man, though his skin was darker than Tete's own. His starched white suit, fresh pink shirt, and fine Panama hat proclaimed him a personage of some importance. He raised his cigarette to his lips and puffed lazily. Probably, if Tete could have read his thoughts, he would have found that the gentleman was saying to himself over and over, "The English company must be squeezed a little more, — just a little more! They can stand it. They could not leave now! It would be fatal to them. They have invested so much in" —

"You wish to speak to me, *mucha-cho*?" for Tete had touched his crownless hat. As he did so, he noticed the large seal ring on the slim dark hand that held the cigarette.

"Will the *seño'* be so good direct me to the *Seño' Alcalde*?"

"What should you want with the *Alcalde*, boy?" The tone was pleasant enough.

"I have some messages for the *Seño' Alcalde*, *seño'*."

The stranger held out his hand. Then Tete formed his plans, and soliloquized thus: "Betta retain those messages in my bosom. That will serve *Misser Williams* the best. The man that is on the spot know the most than the other man which is not there."

"A letter? You can give it to me. I am the *Alcalde*."

Tete pulled the straw brim from off the wisps of black hair which stuck up like burned branches. He bowed politely, and looked about to left, to right, assuming an air of great secrecy and importance.

"I convey a message to the *Seño' Alcalde*, it is true, but no written message." How limp and wet the manager's letter to the *Alcalde* felt against his warm little body! "The message is from the *Don Felipe Rodriguez*, the father of my *Seño'it'* *Carlota*. The *Don Felipe* ask the *Seño' Alcalde* to present himself at the Cattle Farm on Thursday and dine."

The *Alcalde's* cunning eyes shot forth a gleam of joy. He raised his slim fingers and stroked his drooping mustache to hide an exultant smile. Then it might not be true about the *Don Hilario*! Else the *Don Felipe* would never send for him.

"On what day, *muchacho*? Thursday?"

"Si, *Seño' Alcalde*."

Tete watched every movement of the *Alcalde*. He noted the well-starched cuffs and the gleam of the handsome sleeve-links.

The *Alcalde* pondered for a moment. He desired to accept, above all things. What was in the way to prevent? Only that he might meet some one whom he did not care just now to see.

"Where is the American manager, *muchacho*? At *Las Lilas*?"

"No, *Seño' Alcalde*. *Misser Williams* has return to the es-States. He go in steamer *Esperanza*, who sail today."

"Ah! North again! He must be fond of that North. For me, I like not that North. Here I am great man, gentleman. There I am — Well, well! say to the *señorita* — ahem! — the *Señor Don Felipe* — that I will come with great pleasure. Thursday, — why, that is the day after to-morrow, boy!"

"And to bring a small hair trunk,

and remain days without number, *seño'*." Tete's experience had been with visitors from the States.

The *Alcalde* raised his hand to his mouth again. His joy was as broad as his smile. She must have rejected *Don Hilario*, then!

"Where is the *Señora Sagas* — *Williams, muchacho*?" The *Alcalde* was a wise man; he wished to be sure of his ground.

"She accompany the *Misser Williams*. Also the old *señora*, the *Señora Cordeza*; also the peons, *John Francios* and *Carate*; also the maid *Fanache*; also" — Tete had lost his wits in the mazes of invention.

"I care not about the plans of the *Señor Managero*. How shall I get from the wharf to the Cattle Farm? My horse is afraid of the fin-keel. No steamer for some days yet."

"The *seño'it'* — I would say, then, the *Seño' Don Felipe* — will have a horse at the wharf, the company's wharf. And now I return, *Seño' Alcalde*."

The *Alcalde* mused, smiling. "The boy's slips are certainly reassuring. She has undoubtedly sent for me. Of that I am certain." And then aloud, "You shall take my boat, *muchacho*." They were walking toward the quay. "There is a fine fresh breeze. Here, *Garcia*, take the *muchacho* across to the company's wharf. Return at once. I shall need the boat on Thursday. She must be painted." Fine visions flew through the brain of the *Alcalde* of a magic name on the stern, and a moonlight sail on the waters of the bay with one — "And to bring a little hair trunk, *Seño' Alcalde*."

"I shall arrive on the Thursday, *muchacho*."

"And I will myself meet the *Seño' Alcalde* when he shall arrive."

Tete's airs of importance rivaled those of an ambassador who had come on a mission for the arrangement of a royal wedding.

As Tete started on his return trip his

pout was gone. A smile illumined his lips. His eye had grown soft and gentle as a fawn's.

Tete stood at the mast, his arm clasp- ing it, to insure safety, his straight black hair blowing in the wild, sweet breeze.

"And why should I not do those for my Misser Williams, who make a travel person of me? And if in the es-States I carry the señora' shawl, can I do less for those who are kind in their hearts to me? And if I do use my Seño'it' Car- lota' name, will she not laugh and show her white teeth when I reveal to her all this fine plan which I make?"

Tete felt in the bosom of his shirt, and drew therefrom a letter addressed in Misser Williams's round, straightfor- ward hand. The outer covering was stained by the fine red string which was tied round the packet, but Tete knew that the inner paper was intact.

"To be sure it is soak of my sweat," said Tete, "but it dry in the trade wind. If I deliver this letter, would not those sleeve-link get hid? And am I wrong in supposing that the round, flat thing on some one's es-stomack, I have seen, oh! many times before? I should like to put my ear to that es-stomack. It is the firs' time a es-stomack shall tick! I shall return the letter to Misser Wil- liams when the time come, and I must inform Misser Williams that my way better than hees way. One must put salt on the tails of such a bird."

On the following Thursday the Al- calde of Saltona set sail for Caño San- dros in his fine fin-keel boat. He had changed its name from "La Paloma" to "La Carlota." The paint was scarce- ly dry. The waves lap-lapping at the stern washed it away little by little. It was as well that the Alcalde did not know this; he was, in a measure, super- stitious. The boat had a holiday ap- pearance, and the Alcalde, in his green- striped suit, and his lilac shirt with pink dots, set off with an orange-colored tie, looked the embodiment of happy hopes.

True to his promise, Tete was in wait- ing at the company's wharf. He be- strode a large brown bull, and held the rein of a fine gray stallion.

"That horse looks very much like the one that belonged to old Sagasta, — the one that the American managero rides now," thought the Alcalde.

There was no train at the wharf. The fruit ready for the market had all been cut for the week and sent North. The hair trunk, which had been brought by the Alcalde at Tete's suggestion, was hoisted out of the boat and dumped upon the wharf.

"The fine hair trunk of the Seño' Alcalde will be sent for by train," said Tete. "The agent has give the order." Tete's imagination had no limit. It was boundless as the ocean upon which he gazed.

The strangely assorted pair struck back into the interior. The Alcalde led upon the gray, which he thought had been sent for him by the order of Don Felipe, — the gray which had in real- ity belonged to the Señor Sagasta, and which Misser Williams, ignorant and trusting, believed to be resting in the stall as cure for a slight sprain.

Tete followed the Alcalde, upon the big brown bull, which Misser Williams, grown a little lazier now, and less in- quisitive, thought far away over the hills, carrying suckers to the newly cleared land.

The Alcalde rode with the ease and assurance of the accomplished horse- man. Tete rode with the same ease and assurance, though with less grace. His short legs stood out straight from the sides of the aparejo upon which he sat. Sometimes he varied the monotony of his journey by standing upright on his flat pack saddle, and with the crooked stick that he carried he goaded the bull into a run. This annoyed the gray, who jumped and caracoled unpleasantly, at which Tete chuckled silently. When the Alcalde remonstrated in rather vio-

lent language, Tete, ever polite where interest demanded, answered, "It is this devil of a bull that run, *seño'*. He wish to gore the horse. I should not be surprise if he gore the horse before we arrive at the Cattle Farm." On account of such remarks the Alcalde did not ride with his accustomed pleasure.

As the pair neared the outskirts of the home inclosure of Las Lilas, a horseman came riding swiftly down toward them. It was Misser Williams astride the little roan. When the Alcalde saw that it was the American manager, he made as if to turn the gray short in his tracks. The path was narrow, and Tete, who had also caught sight of the manager, strange to say, had placed the bull across it. He was standing up on the saddle to pick some lilies that drooped from an overhanging vine.

The rage that consumed the Alcalde turned his face to a dull ash color. He saw at once that the boy had duped him; for what cause he could not determine. That the American manager was here at Las Lilas instead of steaming Northward in the *Esperanza* made him feel anything but comfortable. A quick backward glance over his shoulder showed him a narrow path, with a steep precipice on one side, on the other a high wall of ragged rock, and across the path the heavy body of the big brown bull. There was nothing for it but to go on. The Alcalde gave the spur to the gray and faced Misser Williams.

"Ah, *señor*, a pleasant surprise!" said Misser Williams.

The Alcalde raised his fine large Panama and made the American a sweeping bow. "*Señor*," he said, "this imp of the devil has had the assurance to tell me that you and the *señora* had gone again into the North. I am pleased to find that the *Señor Superintendente* is still among us."

"The gray!" gasped the manager, as he eyed the stallion. "You are welcome to all that I have, *Señor Alcalde*:

my house is yours, my servants are yours."

The Alcalde interrupted the manager: "Pardon, *Señor Manager*, but I should like to own that devil's spawn" — he pointed backward at Tete — "for the space of a half hour."

"Tete belongs at the Cattle Farm," said the manager, smiling, "though he is as much here as there. But the gray, *señor* — I cannot understand — he has been laid up with a sprain."

Misser Williams looked searchingly at Tete, who stood on his saddle plucking great yellow tubes. Then the Alcalde wheeled the stallion, and together they regarded the boy. Apparently, both gentlemen were beginning to realize that some one had been taking liberties. As the gaze of two pairs of eyes brought no response from Tete, the American signed to the Alcalde to precede him.

"After you, Alcalde."

The Alcalde, seeing that there was no possibility of passing by Tete and the bull, resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Why did you tell the *Señor Alcalde* that I had gone, Tete?" called back Misser Williams.

"Because I wished the Alcalde to believe it, *seño'*."

Misser Williams raised his shoulders with a careless shrug. "You see, *Señor Alcalde*. They never have a reason for what they do; they are hopeless liars."

Suddenly the Alcalde's saddle slipped. He put his slim hand quickly behind him and clutched the crupper to right it. This action shortened his coat-sleeve. There was a flash from his wrist. Misser Williams started.

"This is the path to Las Lilas, *Señor Alcalde*. You will go home with me and dine." The tone sounded more like a command than the manager intended that it should.

"I should be most happy, *señor*, but I am promised at the Cattle Farm of the *Señor Felipe*."

"Not to-night, surely, señor. They are all away at Haldez. They have gone on some very particular business. I am going to join them this evening. Come home and dine with me, and we can ride over together when the sun goes down. They will be delighted to welcome you."

The Alcalde had no intention of spending more time in the manager's company than was necessary. He was consumed with rage, but he was also consumed with hunger. The fame of the cook at Las Lilas had reached even farther than Saltona. He leaned out of his saddle and glowered back at the toes of Tete, who was seated sidewise. His bull plodded with wide strides slowly after the horses. The Alcalde thought, "What excuse can I give for wanting to turn and rush down to the coast again in this devil's sun?" Aloud he said, "That young liar! He brought me a message from Don Felipe."

"And not one from me?" asked Misser Williams.

The manager was regarding Tete. The boy shook his head violently and waved the letter in the sun. Then he stood up on his saddle.

"You are right, Señor Alcalde," said he, smiling. "I have my motives."

"Imp of the devil! I shall ask you to send that boy to the cep' to-morrow, Señor Managero."

The manager was thinking deeply. "If Tete has done wrong, he shall certainly be punished, Señor Alcalde." For the borrowing of the stallion and the brown bull Tete might need disciplinary measures. Misser Williams looked serious. "But you will not refuse my invitation, señor? I am alone, with the exception of the Señora Cordeza."

The Alcalde's inner man was gnawing, and, all things considered, he could do nothing but accept.

And now they had reached the veranda steps. The gentlemen alighted. The horses were led away, the bull trotted after, and all were tethered so securely

by Tete that no slight effort would release them.

"Lola, show the Señor Alcalde to the green chamber, and bring pure water and some fresh clothes."

"The blue room is nearer," said Lola, argumentative like her race.

"Take the Señor Alcalde to the green room, Lola." The entire order was repeated.

Lola retreated sulkily. The Alcalde followed in her wake. The woman went for water. The Alcalde tried to close his door. It had swollen and would not close, as all the household knew. For doors grow, as every one must know who has built a house.

Misser Williams was not long behind his guest. He hovered over him; he made it a point of hospitality to see with his own eyes that fresh water and cool linen were brought to the chamber. He sat just outside the door, where he could watch his every movement, and talked with his guest.

The Alcalde was constrained, and did his dressing in a very awkward manner. Sometimes he turned his back on the manager; without ostentation, however.

When Tete went to the stables, Cito Mores was lounging against one of the posts. Bully, Leon, and two ragged grooms were each busily engaged in lounging against his own particular post, each one chewing his own particular straw.

"Why did you bring the Alcalde to Las Lilas, boy?" asked Cito Mores.

"That is my business, Cito Mores. I must look after Misser Williams, since there is no one else to look after him. Perhaps, Leon, and you, Bully, it would be a good thing to attend to the roan and the gray, and not eat up all of the straw that they may have no beds."

"But the Alcalde," persisted Cito Mores. "Why did he come?"

"He knows no more than you yourself, Cito Mores. Do you think that he would have come if I tell to him the

reasons? If you will take the advice from one which has travel and which know the world, you will draw near the casa; the Señor Managero may require you presence."

Misser Williams and his guest sat upon the broad veranda, beneath the shade of a bougainvillea vine. Lola brought out a tray with cigarillos and some fine old rum. She took the yellow water jar from its short branch upon the natural pilotijo. She placed it, dripping with moisture, upon the table. It made a wet, cold ring. Old Marta must have the time to concoct a special dish for so distinguished a guest as the Alcalde. Juan must bring mangoes from the large tree down by the river. He must also bring aguacate pears of the finest from the pasture patch, though they were not well ripe as yet.

The Alcalde sat with his green-striped coat buttoned tightly across his breast, his arms squarely folded. The heat was excessive; the breeze had died away.

"Open your coat, Señor Alcalde, I beg of you. It is a hot day, even at Las Lilas. Let me hand you a fan." Misser Williams took a palm leaf from the rack behind his head.

The Alcalde sat like a statue. He bowed stiffly.

"I thank you, Señor Superintendente. I find it cool enough."

Silent contradictors in the shape of round beads of moisture stood upon the Alcalde's brow. He felt sick and faint. It was a long, hot ride to the coast, but if the stallion had stood at the steps, the Alcalde would have made a vault and spurred for distance and for honor. He wondered feebly how all this was to end. He took up his glass in an embarrassed manner. He allowed the manager to pour out his drink for him. He thanked him, with a constrained bow.

Spicy odors were wafted appetizingly round the corner of the casa. One could hear old Marta, with Pedro to hinder, clattering her dishes and discoursing on

different methods of flavoring. The Alcalde might have had the strength of mind to take his departure, but had he the strength of stomach? His inner man almost spoke aloud.

"A light for your cigarillo, Señor Alcalde."

Lola was standing near, smiling and bare of foot, her dress starched and full of holes. She held a tray with a silver dragon all aflame. A broken saucer for ashes was in this proud company.

A stiff bow from the Alcalde; stiffer acknowledgment in the words, "My thanks to you, Señor Managero. I have given up the practice — my heart" — The Alcalde pressed his hand upon the place where that member beat with rage, disappointment, and chagrin. Underneath that hand was a round, flat object, of somewhat different shape and size from the organ named.

Misser Williams puffed silently. He was musing upon the fact of having come upon the Alcalde just as he tossed away a cigar, very long and very black. Few persons lie gratuitously. There must always be a motive for premeditated sin; unless, like the French, one pursues the habit to keep his hand in. What could be the Alcalde's motive?

The Alcalde grew fixed, rigid; he clasped his hands over the vacuum within him.

At the suggestion of Tete, Cito Mores, with the grooms, had come round from the stables. The three had seated themselves upon the lowest of the veranda steps. Tete had been exercising his legs by balancing himself upon the veranda rail, his motions like those of Dondy-Jeem, a tight-rope walker whom he had once seen over at Haldez. He, however, kept a close watch upon the Alcalde. At times he withdrew his gaze to fix a pitying glance upon Misser Williams, as if to say, "Poor innocent! So ignorant of the world! It is I, Tete, which must employ myself in serving those interest of yours."

"The dinner is served, Señor Managero."

It was Lola who spoke, trying to fasten together the edges of a hole in her waist, where the starch would not allow the pin to enter.

The manager arose. He bowed to the Alcalde and signed to him to lead the way.

They entered the dining-room. The Señora Cordeza entered at the same moment from another door. Wrinkled and yellow, her mantilla thrown over the high comb that she wore, she stepped lightly toward the table. She bowed to the Alcalde with a certain dignity combined with a languid grace, which reminded one, in spite of himself, of moonlit verandas and odorous breezes of the night. Her eyes, once the pride and toast of all the estates round about Las Lilas, were still large and dark, and they sent a challenge to the Alcalde as they were raised to his. Now was her harvest. The young señora was away. For when does a daughter of the sunny South realize that she has long passed by the milestone where the word "attractiveness" is "writ large"?

That glance of the Señora Cordeza met with no response. The Alcalde felt that he was meat for her masters. He had matters of more importance to distract him than the mere smiles of woman. Unlike the luminous orbs of the Señora Cordeza, his small eyes were set far back in his head and close to his aquiline nose. His movements were embarrassed. Each awkward gesture seemed to confess, "I am in a devil of a box; how am I to get out of it?"

"A little of the san-coche, Señor Alcalde?"

The half-famished man was minded to reply, "I am not hungry, I have no appetite." But St. Anthony himself could not have withstood the spicy odors of that seductive dish, although he might have withstood the charms of the Señora Cordeza. The Alcalde pulled the

sleeves of his green-striped coat down, down over his knuckles; he grasped his spoon; he began to eat with ungraceful motions.

The san-coche was delicious. A feast for the gods! Who could be prudent? In a twinkling the soup-plate was bare. He would enjoy yet another dish of this delightful stew. Custom makes us unmindful. To compass our desires prudence is thrown to the winds; we grow careless to the point of discovery, from the habitual coquette to the chronic embezzler of other men's money. With one hand the Alcalde pushed back the long, drooping mustache; with the other he raised the spoon hurriedly to his lips. The green-striped sleeve slipped upward toward the elbow. Misser Williams's eyes grew round and large; they were glued to the objects before him. The Alcalde laid his spoon down with a sigh of contentment, to find the manager's gaze fixed upon his cuffs.

"Those sleeve-links remind me very much of some that I lost on the steamer, Señor Alcalde, — those of which I wrote you." The manager's tone had never been more polite.

The Alcalde's eyes dropped. He started hurriedly to pull his sleeves over his cuffs, but at once thought better of it.

"These sleeve-links? Señor Managero — Ah! How could I forget my errand! Will my dear Señor Managero pardon me? I put them in my cuffs this morning, that I might bring them to the Señor Managero myself."

"How more than kind, Señor Alcalde!" The manager rivaled the Alcalde in bows and smiles. "Do not remove them, I beg. They are yours."

The Alcalde, having appreciated from the time that he could speak the amount of truth that lies in this generous declaration, slowly removed the links from his cuffs.

"Allow me," he said, and placed the links in the manager's politely reluctant hand. No defeated general on the field

of battle ever surrendered his sword with a greater degree of grace. "They were discovered upon the wretched peon who stole them from the managero. I have him safe in the cep' at Saltona. His feet are in the stocks." The Alcalde concealed the fact that he should be more than glad to see the Señor Managero in the same predicament. "He awaits the Señor Managero's disposition. Shall it be the army, or shall he be shot at once, as he deserves?"

"You may put him in the army, Señor Alcalde." Misser Williams smiled sweetly. "They prefer death, I believe."

Tete had followed Lola into the room with some peppers.

"The Señor Alcalde has a very fine watch," hazarded Tete. (He stood gazing at the Alcalde as if he would say, "*Who is deserving of the cep' now?*") "I saw it open wide when he leave the fin-keel."

"Ah!" Misser Williams's tone was one of pleased discovery.

Cito Mores and the grooms had lounged near the doorless opening of the dining-room. All eyes were fixed upon the Alcalde.

"Your fine dishes make me forget my errand." The Alcalde slid those long, brown fingers into his waistcoat pocket. "I started with the purpose of bringing the Señor Managero all of his belongings. Is it then certain, señor, that this fine watch belongs to you?"

The familiar timepiece was laid in Misser Williams's hand. "It was a present from my wife; one that belonged to the Señor Sagasta," he said simply. He pressed the spring. The cover flew back. "We say in the North, the *blessed, honest North*," — Misser Williams spoke with emphasis, — "He who runs may read."

"That depend on which ways he will run at that time, Misser Williams. Now, if the Señor Alcalde run to the coast" —

"Be quiet, Tete!" The reproachful tone was sugared with a smile. The

manager handed the watch back to the Alcalde.

The Alcalde put the dear temptation from him with a sigh. "I do not read the English, Señor Managero."

"That is a mistake, señor. It is well to know all languages. It often prevents misunderstandings."

Misser Williams turned the inside of the cover to all the light that the jealousies allowed to enter, and read, "*Presented to John Thomas Williams by his loving wife, Suzon. Bless her!*" he added.

"Every one in the island knows that watch, high as well as low. It is not difficult to find the owner of such a watch. The Señor Sagasta bought it on the last visit he made to Spain."

It was the Señora Cordeza who spoke, in the purest Spanish. One should be cautious how one undervalues the charms even of a Señora Cordeza.

"It is useful to know all languages," repeated the American manager. "I suffer from much the same trouble with the Spanish. Not quite the same, either." Misser Williams smiled broadly. "And — and — there was — the Señor Alcalde will pardon me — a long note-case — did — did — did — you" —

The Alcalde glanced toward the opening. Cito Mores and the grooms, with the freedom of the trusted servants of that indolent land, were leaning against the veranda posts. They were resolute-looking men. Their faces showed a watchful interest. The Alcalde remembered with joy the changing of some large bills from his pocket to his safe, that very morning, — bills for which the American captain would gladly exchange his silver dollars.

He put his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth a case. "Is this the one, perhaps, Señor Superintendente?"

The manager took the case eagerly, and opened the leathern flap. He looked up blankly. If one could have analyzed the expression on the Alcalde's face, one

would have said that it was a look of concealed triumph.

"I suppose there was no money in it, when it was recovered, señor?"

"Not a peso, Señor Managero."

Misser Williams proceeded to search the interior of the note-case with the familiarity which old acquaintance gives. He took from it a gold-bearing draft.

Mama Cordeza's inquisitive eye caught the number 1000.

"Let us be thankful for small favors, Alcalde. This draft would be of no use to any one else."

"Of not the very slightest use, Señor Managero."

The Alcalde spoke with a settled conviction. He ground his teeth together. Regardless of the Señora Cordeza's presence, he raised his clenched hands and shook them in air. The linkless sleeves flapped against the dark wrists.

"Ah! But that thief! Ah! But that jail bird! I will have him shot! I will have him to remain in the cep' until his feet rot from his ankles! He shall never walk again! A-a-a-ah! Any death is much too good for a thief!

And that he should have stolen from my good friend the managero! He shall be taken to-morrow outside the town! He shall be stood against the wall! He shall be sent to hell, where he belongs!"

Misser Williams was slowly removing the ivory studs which had done duty for the links, and replacing them with his recovered treasures. The Alcalde addressed himself again to the savory stew.

"How can I thank you, my dear Señor Alcalde? I have my buttons just in time to wear them to the wedding of the Señorita Carlota. She marries the Don Hilario at Haldez to-morrow morning."

The Alcalde dropped his spoon with a tremendous splash.

"And they will tell you in the States that there is no honesty in the Spaniard!" said Misser Williams in a musing tone.

"Thus one sees how unjustly we are represented the world over," added the Alcalde in an almost even voice.

"Let us continue our dinner," rejoined the manager. "The san-coche will be cold, and we shall not get to the wedding."

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

I.

TWENTY years ago, at Harvard College, in the rooms of all students of certain social pretensions who affected books, you were sure to see on the most conspicuous shelf, in green and gold or in half calf, the works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The name, boldly printed, greeted you as you entered the door, and served, together with sundry red-sealed certificates and beribboned silver medals, to inform you of the general respectability and gentility of your host. Of a Sunday morning, this stu-

dent was likely to be discovered complacent over the Book of Snobs or serious over Vanity Fair.

Public opinion went that Thackeray was the novelist of gentlemen and for gentlemen; that Dickens was undoubtedly strong, but he had not had the privilege of knowing and of delineating the things which were adapted to interest the most select of Harvard undergraduates. In every fold there are some to lower the general standard of critical excellence; there were some partisans of Dickens. They were judged, as minorities are, found guilty of running coun-

ter to accepted opinions, and outlawed from further literary criticism.

These Harvard critics did not make for themselves this opinion of Thackeray; they brought it with them from home.

We suppose that parents, what time their son started in the world on the first path which diverged from theirs, deemed that they were equipping him with the best master to teach him concerning the ways of that world. Theirs was the old lack of faith, so common to the fearful; they sought to guard their son from the world by pointing out to him its vanity, its folly, its emptiness. "Oh, if he shall only know what the world is," they thought, "he will escape its evils to come." So they gave him Thackeray, and wrote him long letters on idleness and vice. His bookshelves and his inner pockets thus encumbered, the youth found Harvard College a miniature of the world of which he had been warned. There were materials enough for such a conclusion. A seeker will find what he goes forth to seek. The youth learned his Thackeray well, spent four years enjoying his little *Vanity Fair*, and then departed from Cambridge to help build up the larger world of *Vanity* which shows so fine in America to-day.

There is no phenomenon so interesting as the unconscious labor of boys and men over the task of shaping, hewing, whittling, and moulding the world into accord with their anticipations. All lend helping hands to the great master implement, public expectation. A young fellow goes to college, and joins a group of a dozen others. Brown, the rake, thinks, "Here's a Lothario who will sup at Dame Quickly's with me;" Smith, the boxer, says, "A quick eye, — I'll make a boxer of him;" Jones, who translates Homer for the group, sees rhythm and Theocritus in the new-comer's curly hair; Robinson, the philosopher, feels a fellow Hegelian. These rival expectations leap out to meet the stranger; they struggle among them-

selves. Of the students, some agree with Brown, some with Smith, others with Robinson or Jones. The sturdiest of these expectations chokes out the others and survives. After a short time — our young fellow yet entirely undiscovered — a strong current of unanimous expectation has decided that he shall be a boxer. All obstacles to the execution of this judgment are taken away, and moral earthworks are quickly thrown up, guarding him from Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Expectation seats him beside Smith; expectation turns the conversation upon champions of the ring; expectation draws the gloves upon his fists; it offers him no Eastcheap, no Theocritus, no Hegel. The youth takes boxing lessons; soon he learns the language of the fraternity; he walks, runs, avoids mince pies, eschews books, and with a single eye looks forward to a bout in Hemenway Gymnasium. Thus the tricky spirit expectation shapes the destinies of common humankind. Thus do parents begin to expect that their son will see the world with their own and Thackeray's beam-troubled eyes; they insist that he shall, and in due time he does.

Once convince a young man that Thackeray's world is the real world, that vulgarity, meanness, trickery, and fraud abound, and you put him in a yoke from which he shall never free himself. This is the yoke of base expectation. This is what is known in Scripture as "the world;" it is the habit of screwing up the eyes and squinting in order to see unworthiness, baseness, vice, and wickedness; it is a creeping blindness to nobler things. The weapon against the world is, as of old, to use a word of great associations, faith. Faith is nothing but noble expectation, and all education should be to supplant base expectation by noble expectation. What is the human world in which we live but a mighty mass of sensitive matter, highly susceptible to the great force of hu-

man expectation, which flows about it like an ever shifting Gulf Stream, now warming and prospering noble people, and then wantonly comforting the unworthy?

Feeble folk that we are, we have in this power of creation an element of divinity in us. Our expectations hover about like life-giving agencies. We are conscious that our hopes and our fears are at work all the time helping the oncoming of that which we hope or fear. The future is like a newborn babe stretching out its arms to the stronger. It may be that this power in us is weak, intermittent, often pitifully feeble; but now and again comes a man with a larger measure of divine life, and his great expectations pass into deeds. Before every Trafalgar first comes an expectation that duty will be done.

Thackeray has no faith; he does not entertain high expectations. His characters do shameless things, and Thackeray says to the reader, "Be not surprised, injured - seeming friend; you would have done the like under the like temptation." At first you contradict, you resent; but little by little Thackeray's opinion of you inoculates you; the virus takes; you lose your conviction that you would have acted differently; you concede that such conduct was not impossible, even for you, — no, nor improbable, — and, on the whole, after reflection, that the conduct was excusable, was good enough, was justified, was inevitable, was right, was scrupulously right, and only a Don Quixote would have acted otherwise.

Nothing sickens and dies so quickly as noble expectation. Luxury, comfort, custom, the ennui of hourly exertion, the dint of disappointment, assail it unceasingly: if a man of ten talents, like Thackeray, joins the assailants, is it not just that admiration of him should be confined to those who are willing to admire talents, irrespective of the use to which they are put?

II.

England has found it hard to bring forth men of faith. In the great days of Queen Elizabeth, a number of uniting causes produced an emotional excitement which lifted Englishmen and Englishwomen to such a height that Shakespeare saw Othello, Hamlet, Brutus, Coriolanus, Miranda, Cordelia. There was the material stimulus of commerce with strange countries, the prick of money; there was this curious earth, inviting wooers; there was the goad of conscience, troubled to renounce the religion of old; there was the danger of foreign conquerors; there was manly devotion to a Virgin Queen. England roused herself, and, "like a dew-drop from the lion's mane," shook off the trammels of petty interests, of vulgar self-seeking, and presented to her poet great sights of human nobility. Not that the moral elevation of a nation is very much higher at one time than at another, but a little swelling of noble desires so breaks the ice of custom that a poet must see the clearer waters which lie beneath. If Shakespeare were alive to-day, we doubt not that he would tell of new Othellos, new Cordelias; but it was easier for him then than it would be now, or how could such a host of noble men and women people his pages?

Since that time England has been prosperous and comfortable; and as her comfort and prosperity have increased she has drifted further and further from a great acceptance of the world. Dryden and his group, Fielding, Sheridan, men of talents in their different generations, have succeeded, who contemplate themselves, and, expecting to find the world a fit place for them to live in, have helped to render it so.

A hundred years ago England shook herself free from the dominion of vulgar men. In France, the triple burden of church, monarch, and nobility, the prohibition of thought, the injustice of power,

had lain like millstones on the people; each individual had borne his own burden, but one after another each saw that not he alone groaned and sweated, but his brothers also. The fardel a man can bear by himself he can no longer carry when he sees an endless line of other men weighted down and staggering. Sight of injustice to others made each individual in France throw off his own yoke; and the most exultant cry of justice, of brotherly love, ever heard, was raised. No country lives alone. French passion flushed to England. Englishmen were roused: some were for liberty; others saw their dull old homes and habits transfigured in the blaze of new ideas. Noble Republicans bred noble Tories. Everything was ennobled; babies looked more beautiful to their mothers; Virgil interested schoolboys; ragamuffins and ploughboys felt strange disquiet as they heard the words "liberty," "country," "brotherhood," "home." This shock and counter-shock prepared the way for the great poets of that time, and made Walter Scott possible. Scott had faith; he saw a noble world. But the idealism of France passed away, its glow faded from the English cliffs; danger was locked up in St. Helena, and prosperity and comfort, like Gog and Magog, stalked through England.

Thackeray was bred when Englishmen were forsaking "swords for ledgers," and deserting "the student's bower for gold." His father died when he was very young. His mother married for her second husband an Indian officer, and Thackeray was sent to school in England.

In a new biographical edition of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Harper & Brothers are publishing, Mrs. Ritchie has written brief memories of her father at the beginning of each volume, with special relation to its contents. These memories are done with filial affection. Thackeray's kindness, his tenderness, his sympathetic nature, are writ-

ten large on every page. He has many virtues. He dislikes vice, drunkenness, betrayal of women, pettifogging, huckstering, lying, cheating, knavery, the annoyance and tomfoolery of social distinctions. He would like to leave the world better than he found it, but he cannot see. Pettiness, the vulgarity of money, the admiration of mean things, hang before him like a curtain at the theatre. Romeo may be on fire, Hotspur leap for the moon, Othello stab Iago, Lear die in Cordelia's lap; but the sixteenth of an inch of frieze and fustian keeps it all from him.

At nineteen Thackeray spent a winter at Weimar. He soon writes to his mother of Goethe as "the great lion of Weimar." He is not eager to possess the great measures of life. He is not sensitive to Goethe, but to the court of Pumpernickel. He wishes he were a cornet in Sir John Kennaway's yeomanry, that he might wear the yeoman's dress. "A yeomanry dress is always a handsome and respectable one."

In 1838, when in Paris, he writes: "I have just come from seeing Marion Delorme, the tragedy of Victor Hugo, and am so sickened and disgusted with the horrid piece that I have hardly heart to write." He did not look through pain and extravagance into the noble passion of the play. He lived in a moral Pumpernickel where the ideal is kept outside the town gates.

Pumpernickel was his home, and he has depicted it in *Vanity Fair*. This book reflects Thackeray's intellectual image in his prime; it is his first great novel, and is filled with the most vivid and enduring of his beliefs and convictions. There are in it a vigor, an independence, and a sense of power that come when a man faces his best opportunity. Into it Thackeray has put what he deemed the truest experiences of his life. He has also written two long sequels to it. The *Newcomes* is the story of his stepfather, Major Carmichael - Smyth in *Vanity*

Fair; Pendennis, that of Thackeray himself and his mother wandering in its outskirts. There is this one family of nice people, gathered into an ark as it were, floating over the muddy waters. Thackeray was able to see that his immediate family were not rogues; he was also able to draw a most noble gentleman, Henry Esmond, by the help of the idealizing lens of a hundred odd years; but the world he thought he saw about him is the world of Vanity Fair.

Thackeray had so many fine qualities that one cannot but feel badly to see him in such a place. Had his virtues — his kindness, his tenderness, his charm, his capacity for affection — been energetic enough to dominate his entire character, he would have lived among far different scenes; his readers would have beheld him potting flowers by some vine-covered house in a village where neighbors were simple, honest, and true, — where round the corner stood a Mermaid Tavern, to which poets and far-voyaging sailors would come, full of stories about a glorious world. Who would not have liked to sit by Thackeray's hearth in such a home, a fire warming his kindly feet, his good cheroot gayly burning, a mug at his elbow, and he reading his last manuscript? Was it Thackeray's fault that this was not to be? Or did he suffer the incidental misfortunes which large causes bring to individuals as they follow their own regardless paths?

III.

Thackeray is the poet of respectability. His working time stretches from the Reform Act almost to the death of Lord Palmerston. He chronicles the contemporary life of a rich, money-getting generation of merchants and manufacturers, lifted into sudden importance in the national life by steamboats and railroads, by machinery for spinning, weaving, mining, by Arkwright, Watt, Davy, and Stephenson. His is a positive, matter-of-fact world, of which Peel is the states-

man and Macaulay the man of letters. Macaulay, in his essay on Bacon, has given us the measure of its spiritual elevation: "We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox; and that, to a wise man, disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *ἀσποροῦμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel, with an inestimable cargo, has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself; the Baconian constructs a diving-bell. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works." This is the very nobility of machinery. As we read, we listen to the buzz and whir of wheels, the drip of oil-cans, the creaking and straining of muscle and steel. Such things serve, no doubt, in default of other agencies, to create a great empire, but the England of Thackeray's day was a *nouveau riche*, self-made, proud of its lack of occupation other than money-getting.

Thackeray was fallen upon evil times. He was born into this moral estate of Pumpernickel, and he has described it with the vividness and vigor of complete comprehension. He has immense cleverness. He knows whereof he talks. Never has a period had so accomplished an historian. The *bourgeoisie* have their epic in *Vanity Fair*.

During the formative period of Thackeray's life the English nation was passing under the influence of machinery. There was the opportunity of a great man of letters, such as Thackeray, to look to it that literature should respond to the stimulus of added power, and grow so potent that it would determine what direction the national life should take. At such a time of national expansion, literature should have seen England in the flush of coming greatness; it should have roused itself to re-create her in nobler imagination, and have spent itself in making her accept this estimate and expectation, and become an England dominating material advantages and leading the world.

The interest in life is this potentiality and malleability. The allotted task of men and women is to take this potentiality and shape it. Men who have strong intelligence and quick perceptions, like Thackeray, accomplish a great deal in the way of giving a definite form to the material with which life furnishes us. What Michelangelo says of marble is true of life:—

"Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
Ch'un marmo solo in se non circonscriva
Col suo soverchio."

The problem of life is to uncover the figures hiding in this material: shall it be Caliban, Circe, Philip Sidney, Jeanne d'Arc? Thackeray, with what Mrs. Ritchie calls "his great deal of common sense," saw Major Pendennis and Becky Sharp; and he gave more effective cuttings and chiselings and form to the potential life of England than any other man of his time.

The common apology for such a novelist is that he describes what he sees. This is the worst with which we charge him. We charge Thackeray with seeing what he describes; and what justification has a man, in a world like this, to spend his time looking at Barnes Newcome and Sir Pitt Crawley? Thackeray takes the motes and beams floating in his mind's eye for men and women, writes about them, and calls his tale a history.

Thackeray wrote, on finishing *Vanity Fair*, that all the characters were odious except Dobbin. Poor Thackeray, what a world to see all about him, with his tender, affectionate nature! Even Colonel Newcome is so crowded round by a mob of rascally fellows that it is hard to do justice to Thackeray's noblest attempt to be a poet. But why see a world, and train children to see a world, where

"The great man is a vulgar clown"?

A world with such an unreal standard must be an unreal world. In the real world vulgar clowns are not great men. Thackeray sees a world all topsy-turvy, and it does not occur to him that he, and not the world, is at fault. This is the curse of faithlessness. He himself says, "The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face."

Thackeray has been praised as a master of reality. As reality is beyond our ken, the phrase is unfortunate; but the significance of it is that if a man will portray to the mob the world with which the mob is familiar, they will huzza themselves hoarse. Has not the Parisian mob shouted for Zola? Do not the Madrileños cheer Valdés? Do not Ouida and the pale youth of Rome and Paris holla, "d'Annunzio! d'Annunzio!" There is no glory here. The poet, not in fine frenzy, but in sober simplicity, tells the mob, not what they see, but what they cannot of themselves perceive, with such a tone of authority that they stand gaping and likewise see.

Thackeray's love of reality was merely an embodiment of the popular feeling which proposed to be direct, business-like, and not to tolerate any nonsense. People felt that a money-getting country must take itself seriously. The Reform Act had brought political control to the bourgeoisie, men of common sense; no ranters, no will-o'-the-wisp chasers, but "burgomasters and great oneyers," — men who thought very highly of circumstances under which they were prosperous, and asked for no more beautiful sight than their own virtues. Influenced by the sympathetic touch of this atmosphere, novel-readers found their former favorites old-fashioned. Disraeli, Samuel Warren, Bulwer Lytton, G. P. R. James, seemed false, theatrical, and sentimental. Thackeray was of this opinion, and he studied the art of caricature as the surest means of saving himself from any such fantastic nonsense. He approached life as a city man, — one who was convinced that the factories of London, not the theories of the philosopher, were the real motive force underneath all the busy flow of outward life. He found his talents exactly suited to this point of view. His memory was an enormous wallet, into which his hundred-handed observation was day and night tossing scraps and bits of daily experience. He saw the meetings of men as he passed: lords, merchants, tinsmiths, guardsmen, tailors, cooks, valets, nurses, policemen, boys, apprewomen, — everybody whom you meet of a morning between your house and your office in the city. He remarked the gestures, he heard the words, he guessed what had gone before, he divined what would happen thereafter: and each sight, sound, guess, and divination was safely stowed away in his marvelous wallet. England of the forties, as Thackeray saw it, is in *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*. "I ask you to believe," he says in the preface to *Pendennis*, "that this person writing strives to tell the truth."

Where lies the truth? Are men merely outward parts of machinery, exposed to view, while down below in the engine-room steam and electricity determine their movements? Or do men live and carry on their daily routine under the influence of some great thought of which they are half unconscious, but by which they are shaped, moulded, and moved? A French poet says: —

"Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort, est le Dieu des idées."

But Macaulay says that the philosophy of Plato began with words and ended with words; that an acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The British public applauded Macaulay, and young Thackeray took the hint.

IV.

Nobody can question Thackeray's style. His fame is proof of its excellence. Even if a man will flatter the mob by saying that he sees what they see, he cannot succeed without skill of expression. Readers are slow to understand. They need grace, pithy sentences, witty turns of phrase, calculated sweep of periods and paragraphs. They must have no labor of attention; the right adjective alone will catch their eyes; they require their pages plain, clear, perspicuous. In all these qualities Thackeray is very nearly perfect. Hardly anybody would say that there is a novel better written than *Vanity Fair*. The story runs as easily as the hours. Chapter after chapter in the best prose carries the reader comfortably on. Probably this excellence is due to Thackeray's great powers of observation. His eyes saw everything, saving for the blindness of his inward eye, and his memory held it. He was exceedingly sensitive. Page after page is filled with the vividness of well-chosen detail. He cultivated the art of writing most assiduously. From 1830 to 1847, when *Vanity Fair*, the first of his great novels, was published, he was writing all the time, and for almost all of that time

as a humorist, drawing caricatures, — a kind of writing perhaps better adapted than any other to cultivate the power of portraying scenes. The caricaturist is restricted to a few lines; his task does not allow him to fill in, to amplify; he must say his say in little. The success of wit is the arrangement of a dozen words. This training for sixteen continuous years taught Thackeray a style which, for his subjects, has no equal in English literature.

To-day we greatly admire Stevenson and Kipling. We applaud Stevenson's style for its cultivation and its charm: we heap praises upon Kipling's for its dash, vigor, and accuracy of detail. All these praises are deserved; but when we take up Thackeray again, we find pages and pages written in a style more cultivated than Stevenson's and equally charming, and with a dash, vigor, and nicety of detail that Kipling might envy. Descriptions that would constitute the bulk of an essay for the one, or of a story for the other, do hasty service as prologues to Thackeray's chapters. Conversations of a happy theatrical turn, with enough exaggeration to appear wholly natural, which Stevenson and Kipling never have rivaled, come crowding together in his long novels.

There are two famous scenes which are good examples of Thackeray's power, — one of his sentiment, one of his humor. The first is Colonel Newcome's death in the Charterhouse. The second is the first scene between Pendennis and the Fotheringay. "Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. 'In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley?' She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained it was not of her he spoke, but of Ophelia of the play. 'Oh, indeed; if no offense was meant, none was taken: but as for

Bingley, indeed, she did not value him. — not that glass of punch.' Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. 'Kotzebue? Who was he?' 'The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably.' 'She did not know that — the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson,' she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. . . . 'How beautiful she is!' thought Pen, cantering homewards. 'How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! . . . Pendennis, Pendennis, — how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect, she is!'"

This scene is very close upon farce, and it is in that borderland that Thackeray's extraordinary skill shows itself most conspicuous. Difficult, however, as it must be to be a master there, — and the fact that Thackeray has no rival in this respect proves it, — it is easy work compared to drawing a scene of real love, of passion. Perhaps some actions of Lady Castlewood are Thackeray's only attempt thereat. The world of passion is not his world. His ear is not attuned to

"Das tiefe, schmerzenvolle Glück

Des Hasses Kraft, die Macht der Liebe."

Charlotte Brontë, Tourguenief, Hawthorne, Hugo, Balzac, all excel him. Thackeray hears the click of custom against custom, the throb of habit, the tick-tick of vulgar life, all the sounds of English social machinery. The different degrees of social efficiency and inefficiency rivet his attention. What interests him is the relation that Harry Foker or Blanche Amory bears to the

standard of social excellence accepted by commercial England in the forties. He is never — at least as an artist — disturbed by any scheme of metaphysics. His English common sense is never lured afieid by any speculations about the value of a human being uncolored by the shadows of time and space. He is never troubled by doubts of standards, by skepticism as to uses, ends, purposes; he has a hard-and-fast British standard. He draws Colonel Newcome as an object of pity; he surrounds him with tenderness and sympathy. Here is Thackeray at his highest. But he never suggests to the reader that Colonel Newcome is not a man to be pitied, but to be envied; not a failure, but a success; not unhappy, but most fortunate. The great poets of the world have turned the malefactor's cross into the symbol of holiness. Thackeray never departs from the British middle class conceptions of triumph and failure. In all his numerous dissertations and asides to the reader, he wrote like the stalwart Briton he was, good, generous, moral, domestic, stern, and tender. You never forget his Puritan ancestry, you can rely upon his honesty; but he is not pure-minded or humble. He dislikes wrong, but he never has a high enough conception of right to hate wrong. His view is that it is a matter to be cured by policemen, propriety, and satire.

Satire is the weapon of the man at odds with the world and at ease with himself. The dissatisfied man — a Juvenal, a Swift, a youthful Thackeray — belabors the world with vociferous indignation; like the wind on the traveler's back, the beating makes him hug his cloaking sins the tighter. Wrong runs no danger from such chastisement. The fight against wrong is made by the man discontented with himself and careless of the world. Satire is harmless as a moral weapon. It is an old-fashioned fowling piece, fit for a man of wit, intelligence, and a certain limited imagina-

tion. It runs no risk of having no quarry; the world to it is one vast covert of lawful game. It goes a-traveling with wit, because both are in search of the unworthy. It is well suited to a brilliant style. It is also a conventional department in literature, and as such is demanded by publishers and accepted by the public.

Thackeray was born with dexterity of observation, nimbleness of wit, and a quick sense of the incongruous and the grotesque. He lost his fortune when a young man. He wrote for a livelihood, and naturally turned to that branch of literature which was best suited to his talents. It was his misfortune that satire is bad for a man's moral development. It intensified his natural disbelief in the worth of humanity, but gave him the schooling that enabled him to use his powers so brilliantly.

Thackeray was often hampered by this habit of looking at the grotesque side of things. It continually dragged him into farce, causing feebleness of effect where there should have been power. Sir Pitt Crawley, Jos Sedley, the struggle over Miss Crawley, Harry Foker, the Chevalier de Florac, Aunt Hoggerty, are all in the realm of farce. This is due partly to Thackeray's training, and partly to his attitude toward life. If life consists of money, clothes, and a bundle of social relations, our daily gravity, determination, and vigor are farcical, because they are so out of place; they are as incongruous as a fish in trousers. But Thackeray forgets that there is something disagreeable in this farce, as there would be in looking into Circe's sty and seeing men groveling over broken meats. To be sure, Thackeray makes believe that he finds it comic to see creatures of great pretensions busy themselves so continually with the pettiest things. But it too often seems as if the comic element consisted in our human pretensions, and as if Thackeray merely kept bringing them to the reader's notice for

the sake of heightening the contrast between men and their doings.

V.

Thackeray is not an innovator; he follows the traditions of English literature. He is in direct descent from the men of the *Spectator*, Addison, Steele, and their friends, and from Fielding. He has far greater powers of observation, wit, humor, sentiment, and description than the *Spectator* group. He excels Fielding in everything except as a story-teller, and in a kind of intellectual power that is more easily discerned in Fielding than described, — a kind of imperious understanding that breaks down a path before it, whereas Thackeray's intelligence looks in at a window or peeps through the keyhole. Fielding is the bigger, coarser man of the two; Thackeray is the cleverer. Each is thoroughly English. Fielding embodies the England of George I.; Thackeray, that same England refined by the revolutionary ideas of 1789, trained by long wars, then materialized by machinery, by a successful bourgeoisie and the quick accession of wealth. Each is a good fellow, — quick in receiving ideas, but slow to learn a new point of view. Fielding is inferior to Thackeray in education, in experience of many men, and in foreign travel. Tom Jones is the begetter of Arthur Pendennis, Jonathan Wild of Barry Lyndon. Some of Fielding's heroines, wandering out of Tom Jones and Amelia, have strayed into Pendennis, Vanity Fair, and The Newcomes. The fair émigrées change their names, but keep their thoughts and behavior.

It is said that a lady once asked Thackeray why he made all his women fools or knaves. "Madam, I know no others." It may be that living in Paris in his youth hurt his insight into women; it may be that the great sorrow of his wife's insanity instinctively turned his thoughts from the higher types of women; perhaps his life in Bohemia and

in clubs limited his knowledge during the years when novel-writing was his chief occupation. The truth seems to be that Thackeray, like Fielding, was a man's man, — he understood one cross-section of a common man, his hopes, aims, fears, wishes, habits, and manners; but he was very ignorant of women. He says: "Desdemona was not angry with Cassio, though there is very little doubt she saw the lieutenant's partiality for her (and I, for my part, believe that many more things took place in that sad affair than the worthy Moorish officer ever knew of); why, Miranda was even very kind to Caliban, and we may be pretty sure for the same reason. Not that she would encourage him in the least, the poor uncouth monster, — of course not." Shakespeare and Thackeray looked differently at women.

Thackeray lacked the poet's eye; he could not see and was not troubled.

"Ahi quanto nella mente mi commossi,
Quando mi volsi per veder Beatrice,
Per non poter vedere, ben ch'io fossi
Presso di lei, e nel mondo felice!"

But poor Thackeray was never near the ideal, and never in paradise. Some critic has said of him that because he had Eden in his mind's eye, this world appeared a Vanity Fair. No criticism could be more perverted; he had Vanity Fair in his mind's eye, and therefore could not see paradise.

This treatment of women is half from sheer ignorance, and half from Thackeray's habit of dealing in caricature with subjects of which he is ignorant. He behaves toward foreign countries very much as he does toward women. France, Germany, Italy, appear like geography in an opera bouffe. They are places for English blackguards to go to, and very fit places for them, tenanted as they are by natives clad in outlandish trousers, and bearded and moustachioed like pards. His delineations of Germany, and those pen-and-ink sketches by Richard Doyle in his delightful Brown, Jones

and Robinson, made so strong an impression upon an ignorant portion of the public, of which we were, that it was frightened to death in 1871, when it thought of the French armies trampling down poor little Germany. Thackeray looked on Germany, as he did upon the world, with the greedy eye of the caricaturist, and he could not refrain from his grotesque sketches. Of the French he says: "In their aptitude to swallow, to utter, to enact humbugs, these French people, from Majesty downwards, beat all the other nations of this earth. In looking at these men, their manners, dresses, opinions, politics, actions, history, it is impossible to preserve a grave countenance; instead of having Carlyle to write a History of the French Revolution, I often think it should be handed over to Dickens or Theodore Hook. . . . I can hardly bring my mind to fancy that anything is serious in France, — it seems to be all rant, tinsel, and stage-play." His attitude toward French literature is distorted by lack of sympathy to an astonishing degree.

Thackeray's fault was not merely a certain narrowness of mind, but also that he allowed himself to see only the grotesque and disagreeable, until habit and nature combined to blind him to other things.

VI.

Thackeray is not a democrat. Democracy, like many another great and vague social conception, is based upon a fundamental truth, of which truth adherents to the conception are often ignorant, although they brush against it in the dark and unwittingly draw in strength for their belief. The fundamental truth of democracy is that the real pleasures of life are increased by sharing them, — that exclusiveness renders pleasure insipid. One reason why democracy has prevailed so greatly is that everywhere, patent to everybody, in the simplest family life, there is proof of this truth. A man amuses himself skipping stones:

the occupation has a pleasure hardly to be detected; with a wife it is interesting, with children it becomes exciting. Every new sharer adds to the father's stock of delight, so that at last he lies awake on winter nights thinking of the summer's pleasure. With a slight application of logic, democrats have struggled, and continually do struggle, to break down all the bastions, walls, fences, and demilunes that time, prejudice, and ignorance have erected between men. They wish to have a ready channel from man to man, through which the emotional floods of life can pour;

"For they, at least,
Have dream'd [that] human hearts might blend
In one, and were through faith released
From isolation without end."

What is the meaning of patriotism? Does the patriot think his country wiser, better, more gifted, more generous, than another? Perhaps, and in this he is almost certainly wrong; but the power of patriotism to disregard truth lies in the fact that it is one of the most powerful conductors of human emotion ever discovered. It is part of the old human cry, "Self is so small; make me part of something large." *Esprit de corps*, which makes people unreasonable and troubles the calculations of the bloodless man, is a like conductor of the emotions in lesser matters; and the fact is familiar that the larger the body, the greater is the emotion generated.

Humanity has had a hard task in civilizing itself; in periods of ignorance, ill humor, and hunger it has built up a most elaborate system, which has been a great factor in material prosperity. This system is the specialization of labor, which serves to double the necessary differences among men, and to make every specialty and every difference a hindrance to the joys that should be in commonality spread. The age of machinery increased specialization, specialization increased wealth, wealth was popularly supposed to be the panacea

for human ills; and the bars and barriers between men were repaired and strengthened. Specialization in Thackeray's time was in the very air; everything was specialized, — trade was specialized, society was specialized, money was specialized; there was money made, money inherited from father, money inherited from grandfather, — money, like blood, growing purer and richer the further back it could be traced. Every act of specialization produced a new batch of social relations.

Thackeray is very sensitive, especially to this elaborate system of specialization, and to its dividing properties, strengthened and repaired by the commercial Briton. Thackeray has no gift for abstraction; he does not take a man and grow absorbed in him as a spiritual being, as a creature in relations with some Absolute; he sees men shut off and shut up in all sorts of little coops. He is all attentive to the coops. The world to him is one vast zoölogical garden, this Vanity Fair of his. He does not care that the creatures are living, growing, eating, sun-needing animals; he is interested in the feathers, the curl of the tail, the divided toe, the pink eye, the different occupations, clothes, habits, which separate them into different groups. A democrat does not care for such classification; on the contrary, he wishes to efface it as much as possible. He wishes to abstract man from his conditions and surroundings, and contemplate him as a certain quantity of human essence. He looks upon the distinctions of rank, of occupation, of customs and habits, as so many barricades upon the great avenues of human emotions; Napoleon-like, he would sweep them away. He regards man as a serious reality, and these accidents of social relations as mere shadows passing over. This is the Christian position. This is the attitude of Victor Hugo, George Eliot, George Sand, Hawthorne, Tourgenef, Tolstoi, Charlotte Brontë.

No wonder that Charlotte Brontë made this criticism upon Thackeray's face: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a child-like simplicity, — perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness, inconsistency, — weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable. . . . A certain not quite Christian expression." This is a true likeness. Thackeray was not a Christian. He acted upon all the standards which Christianity has proclaimed to be false for nearly two thousand years. He had a certain childlike simplicity. Some of his best passages proceed upon it. Take the chapters in *Vanity Fair* where Amelia is neglected by Osborne, or the scene at Colonel Newcome's death. These incidents are described as they would appear to a child. The impressions seem to have been dinted on the sensitive, inexperienced mind of a child. This quality is Thackeray's highest. He is able to throw off the dust of years, and see things with the eyes of a child, — not a child trailing glory from the east, but one bred in healthful ignorance.

Walter Bagehot, in his essay on *Sterne* and Thackeray, compares the two, and, after describing *Sterne's* shiftless, lazy life, asks, What can there be in common between him and the great Thackeray, industrious and moral? Bagehot found that the two had sensitiveness in common. There is another likeness, — a certain lack of independence, a swimming with the stream. Thackeray has an element of weakness; it appears continually in his method of writing novels. He puts his character before you, but he never suffers you to consider it by yourself; he is nervously suggesting this and that; he is afraid that you may misjudge what he conceives to be his own correct moral standard. He points out how virtuous he really is, how good and noble. He keeps underscoring the badness of his bad people, and the weakness of

his weak people. He is like a timid mother, who will not let her brood out of sight while any one is looking at them. Moreover, his satire never attacks anybody or anything that a man could be found publicly to defend. He charges upon social malefactors who are absolutely defenseless. He belabors brutality, avarice, boorishness, knavery, prevarication, with most resounding thwacks.

In the year 1847 *Vanity Fair* was published. Thackeray won great fame as the terrible satirist of society. And what did society do? Society invited him to dinner, in the correct belief that it and Thackeray agreed at every point. We think that such satire betrays a certain weakness and lack of courage. Did the Jesuits invite Molière to dinner after *Tartuffe*?

Thackeray's face had, according to the criticism we have quoted, "a weakness not unamiable." Certainly Thackeray was not unamiable; he must have been most lovable in many ways. The childlike characteristic to which we have alluded is enough to prove that; and in chapter after chapter we find evidence of his human kindliness. Take, for example, the passage quoted by Mr. Merivale, in his somewhat pugnacious *Life of Thackeray*, from Titmarsh's letter on Napoleon's funeral at Les Invalides. Here is a description of an English family in three generations, a somewhat foolish family, perhaps, given with some affectation, but perfectly genuine in its sympathy with childish hopes and fears. His books are full of passages of a like character. If further evidence were needed, Mrs. Ritchie's prefaces to this new edition supply it most abundantly.

VII.

A novelist, however, in the end, must be judged according to a common human measure. This the novelist, like other men devoted to special pursuits, resents; he interposes a claim of privilege, and demands a trial by his peers. He claims

that as a man he may be judged by Tom, Dick, and Harry, but as a novelist — in that noble and sacrosanct capacity — he is only within the jurisdiction of men acquainted with the difficulties and triumphs of his art. This is the old error, — the Manichean heresy of trying to divide the one and indivisible into two. It reminds one of Gibbon's "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." It is the character of the novelist that provides tissue for his novels; there is no way by which the novelist can sit like an absentee god and project into the world a work that tells no tales of him. Every man casts his work in his own image. Only a great man writes a great novel; only a mean man writes a mean novel. A novel is as purely a personal thing as a hand-shake, and is to be judged by a simple standard which everybody can understand.

There has been a foolish confusion of nomenclature, due to the desire of critics to make a special vocabulary for themselves, partly to the end that they may be known to be critics, partly to shut themselves off into a species of the literary genus that shall be judged only by members of the same species. Hence the silly words "idealism" and "realism." M. de Maupassant says: "How childish it is to believe in reality, since each of us carries his own in his mind! Our eyes, ears, noses, tastes, create as many different varieties of truth as there are men in the world. And we who receive the teachings of these senses, affected each in his own way, analyze, judge, and come to our conclusions as if we all were of different races. Each creates an illusion of the world for himself, poetical, sentimental, gay, melancholy, ugly, or sad, according to his nature." This is a correct statement, but it does not go far enough. The world not only looks different to different people, but, as it is the most delicately plastic and sensitive matter imaginable, it is always tending to become for any

community what the man in that community with the greatest capacity for expression thinks it is. Like an old Polonius, the city, the village, or the household sees the world in shape like a camel, or backed like a weasel or a whale, according as the prince among them thinks. Consider a fashion in criticism or in dress. Sir Joshua Reynolds admired Annibale Carracci, and all the people who looked at pictures, in very truth, saw beautiful pictures by the great, glorious Annibale. A group of dressmakers and ladies of quality in Paris wear jackets with tight sleeves, and every city-bred woman in France, England, and America sees the beauty of tight sleeves and the hideousness of loose sleeves.

Strictly speaking, everything is real and everything is ideal. The world is but an aggregate of opinions. The man who sees an ugly world is as pure an idealist as he who sees a glorious orb rising like the sun. The question for poor humanity is, Shall the earth shine or float dead and dull through eternity? Every man who sees it golden helps to gild it; every man who sees it leaden adds to its dross.

Shall we look with Miranda?

"O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!"

Or with Timon?

"The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany."

The novelist is on the same standing-ground as another; only he has the greater influence, and therefore the greater responsibility. This world and

all which inherit it are a dream; "why not make it a nobler dream than it is?"

Before this great act of creation, the petty details of the novelist's craft — plot, story, arrangement, epigram, eloquence — drop off like last year's leaves. These details will always find individuals to study them, to admire them, to be fond of them. They will have their reward, they add to the interest of life, they fill the vacant niches in the rich man's time, they embroider and spangle. They quicken our wits, stimulate our lazy attentions, spice our daily food, help us to enjoy; but they must not divert our attention from the great interest of life, the struggle between rival powers for the possession of the world. It is a need common to us and to those who shall come after us, that the world suffer no detriment in our eyes. We must see what poets see; one cannot help but dogmatize and say that it is base to believe the world base. We need faith; we cannot do without the power of noble expectation.

"Is that Hope Faith, that lives in thought
On comforts which this world postpones,
That idly looks on life and groans
And shuns the lessons love has taught;

"Which deems that after three score years,
Love, peace and joy become its due,
That timid wishes should come true
In some safe spot untouched by fears?

"Or has he Faith who looks on life
As present chance to prove his heart,
As time to take the better part,
And stronger grow by constant strife;

"Who does not see the mean, the base,
But sees the strong, the fresh, the true,
Old hearts, old homes forever new,
And all the world a glorious place;

"So bent that they he loves shall find
This earth a home both rich and fair,
That he is careless to be heir
To all inheritance behind?"

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

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